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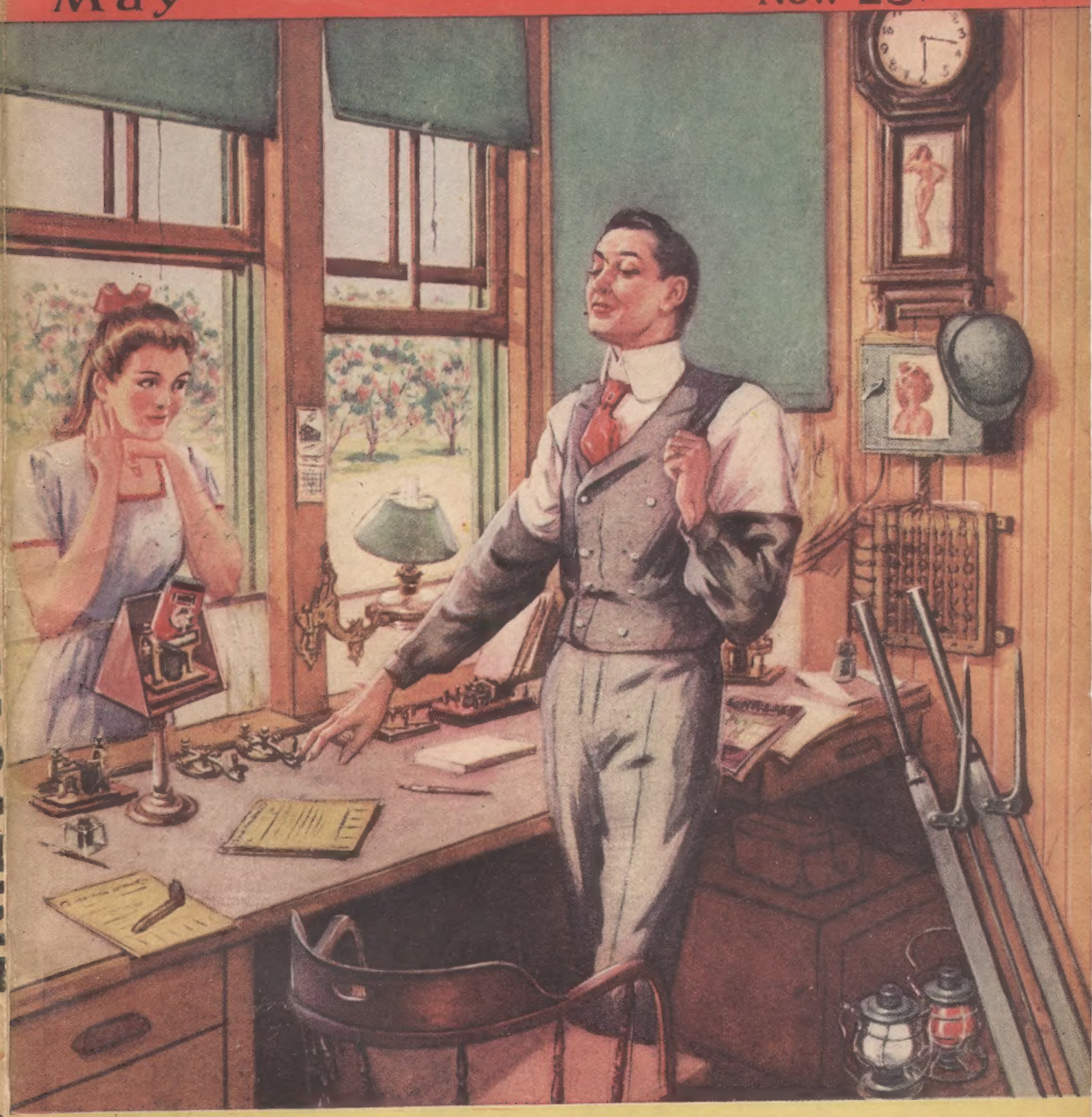

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A year later our representative was asked, as they so often are, to recommend a successor to the chief accountant of Jim's company, a successor to the man under whom Jim worked. He recommended Bert and Bert was hired—as Jim's boss and at a salary considerably larger than Jim received. Four months later, Bert was made comptroller and given another salary increase.

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An Unusual Story—Yes

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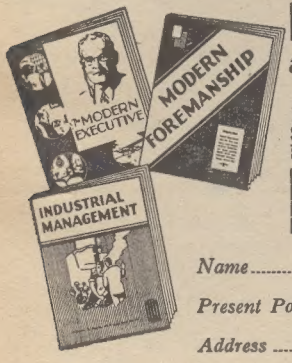

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RAILROAD MAGAZINE

May, 1942 · *Vol. 31, No. 6* · *25 Cents*

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A RED STAR *Magazine*

THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, Publisher, 280 Broadway, NEW YORK, N. Y.

WILLIAM T. DEWART, President

THOMAS W. DEWART, Vice President and Treasurer — WILLIAM T. DEWART, JR., Secretary

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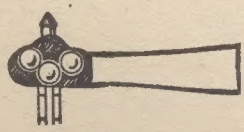

WE COULD SAY, with some degree of truth, that this change was made to satisfy oft-repeated reader pleas for restoration of *Railroad Magazine* to its previous status. In October, 1931, many of you remember, we cut our pages from 160 to 144, and our price from 25 cents to 15. We are now restoring those cuts.

But the chief reason is rising production costs. We used to buy our paper stock from Finland, at moderate expense. War ended that. Then, with metal needed for National Defense, printing and engraving bills shot sky-high. The latest blow was a recent Post Office ruling that no more periodicals could be mailed outside of North America "for the duration." Every available inch of shipboard space is required for munitions and troops. *Railroad Magazine* cannot be sent even to paid subscribers in the British Empire, except Canada.

We gladly support all measures necessary to win the war. At the same time, of course, we must publish *Railroad Magazine* every month, even though it means raising our price to readers in U. S. A. This news is both bad and good. The good part is the additional sixteen pages which give you more reading matter and extra pictures. Larger size plus recent improvements in the grade of paper, better photo reproductions and fully trimmed edges, make *Railroad Magazine* today, more than ever, a book to be proud of.

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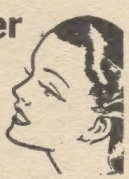

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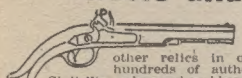

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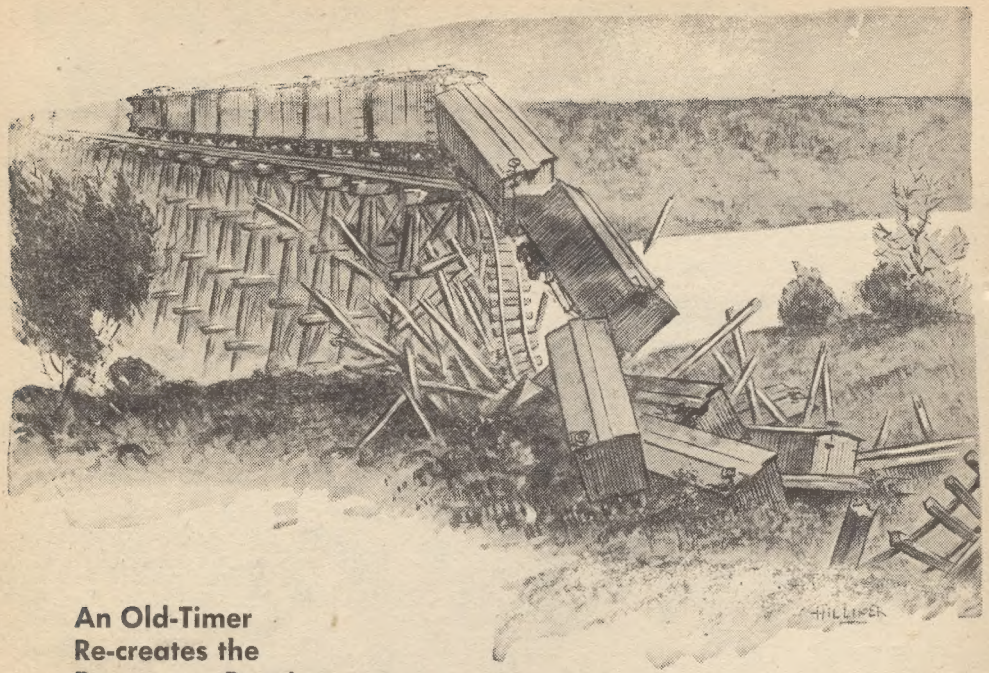


An Old-Timer Re-creates the Dangerous Past in ——

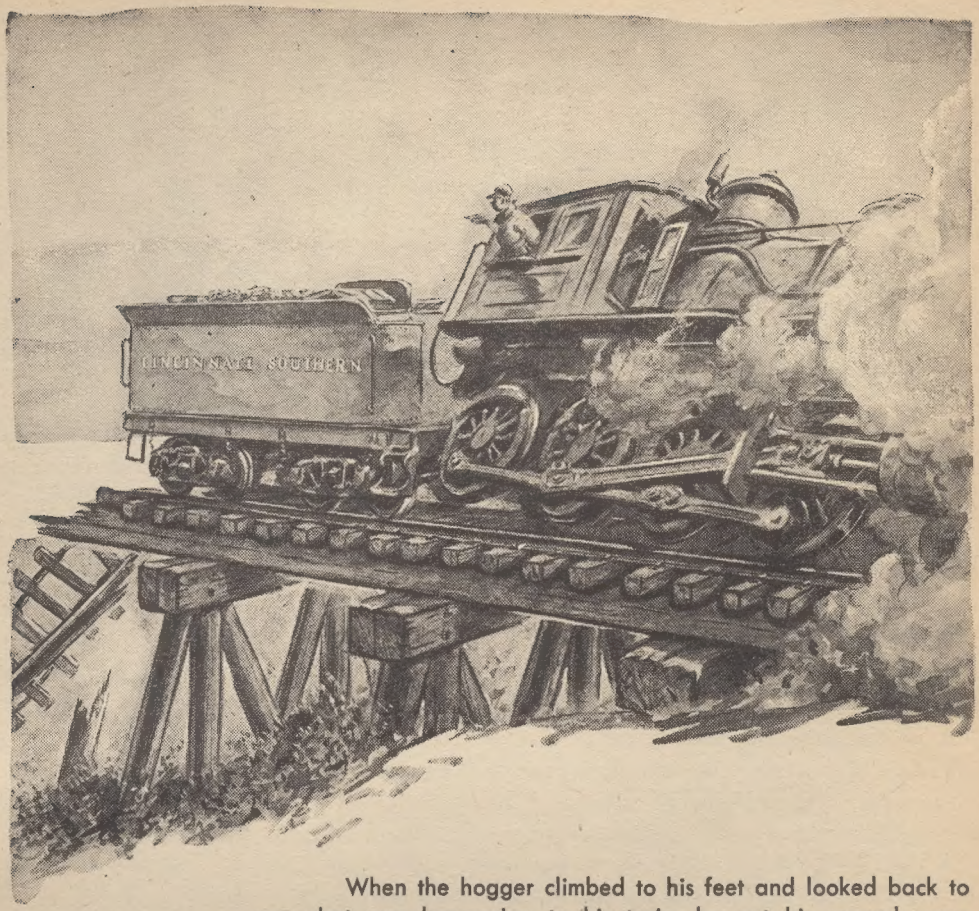
Cincinnati Southern Memories

THE Cincinnati Southern is part of my life and I am part of the Cincinnati Southern. I can hardly remember the time during my sixty-six year career when I've been out of earshot of the road's locomotive whistles. You almost could say we were born together, the CS and I; for at the very moment I first saw the light of day in a lonely log cabin in the mountains of Pulaski County, Kentucky, gangs of laborers nearby were leveling the roadbed, laying down ties and rails for the iron trail which the City of Cincinnati was building into Chattanooga, Tennessee. In a way, the clank of those spike mauls was my first lullaby.

By PERRY KEENEY

This line, which I consider to be the South's most romantic and picturesque mountain railroad, was a daring piece of construction. I've heard old-timers tell how a steam line through the Cumberland Mountains was talked of and planned as far back as the 1830's, but the rugged range of lofty heads and deep gorges and almost uncrossable rivers seemingly defied engineers to violate their solitude with dynamiting engine stacks.

In the 1870's, though, the harassed metropolis of Cincinnati, throttled by dominating railroads, and jealous of the rapid growth of its



When the hogger climbed to his feet and looked back to see what was happening to his train, he got his second scare

Ohio River sister, Louisville, Ky., was driven to fight.

"We want the shortest line possible into Chattanooga," its citizens demanded, and when engineers attempted to explain the difficulties to be met with in the mountains, the impatient Cincinnatians waved them aside.

"Burrow under everything that blocks your way," they said.

The engineers obliged. How well they did the job is indicated by the fact that though the road has since been surveyed time and again in hopes of avoiding tunnels and heavy grades, those fellows correctly found the Emory River to be the only direct route through the Cumberlands. When the rails of the 338-mile broad-gage pike were linked together on September 16th, 1879, in the middle of Tunnel 15 at Robbins, Tenn., twenty-seven bores, varying in length from 230 feet to nine-tenths of a mile, had been drilled under the mountains. More than one hundred and twenty bridges carried the rails over gorges, broad rivers and turbulent streams.

At first the city attempted to operate its railroad, but in 1881 the local administration had to give it up as a bad job. The CS was then leased to Baron Erlanger, an English capitalist, who owned controlling stock in the New Orleans & North Eastern and the

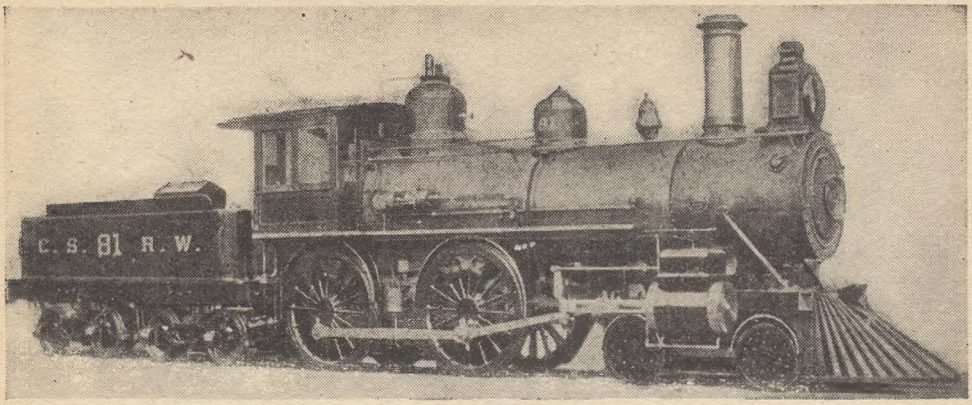


Photo from George M. Sittig, 193-10 Woodhull St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Number 81, a Baldwin passenger girl built for the Cincinnati Southern in 1883.

Alabama Great Southern, operating between New Orleans and Chattanooga. This company also controlled the Texas Pacific.

John Scott, an English rail executive, came over from London to become the Cincinnati Southern's first general manager, and the name of the four railroads was then changed to the Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific, well remembered as the *Queen & Crescent Route.*

The Erlanger management is further distinguished for having installed one of the first electric block systems ever used in the United States. Alex C. Jeffery, a retired hogger crony of mine now living in Chattanooga, informs me that he well remembers the placement of those banjo-faced targets at the mouths of tunnels 2 (King's Mountain), 15, 24, and 26, in 1882. Four other bores: 23 and 24 (near Oakdale) and 25 and 26 (near Harriman Junction) were protected by the staff system, wherein an engineer picked up a token designating a clear track at one station, and dropped it off at another beyond the tunnels he was running. If there were several sections of a train, the last hogger carried the staff.

Despite precautions, however, a succession of costly wrecks, coupled with unfortunate mistakes in management and financing by the English officials, soon threw the City's project into receivership. The other lines, I've always heard, remained solvent.

S. M. Felton, who subsequently took charge of American railroads in France during the first World War, was appointed receiver of the CS in 1892. He promptly cut wages; began laying 85-pound rail. Too, he extended the electric block system to give the road the first complete installation on this side of the Atlantic. Under his energetic leadership, the Cincinnati Southern bobbed back to solvency in 18 months, and was ready for lease to the Southern, in 1895, at terms to the liking of the "Queen City."

Since then, eleven tunnels have been cut. Modern bridges have replaced frail, spidery structures. The line is double-tracked today, except through the tunnels and over some of the bridges. Improved electric block systems, and the first automatic train control apparatus on American railroads, guard the 130-pound rails over which heavy *Mikes* and *Pacifics* wheel

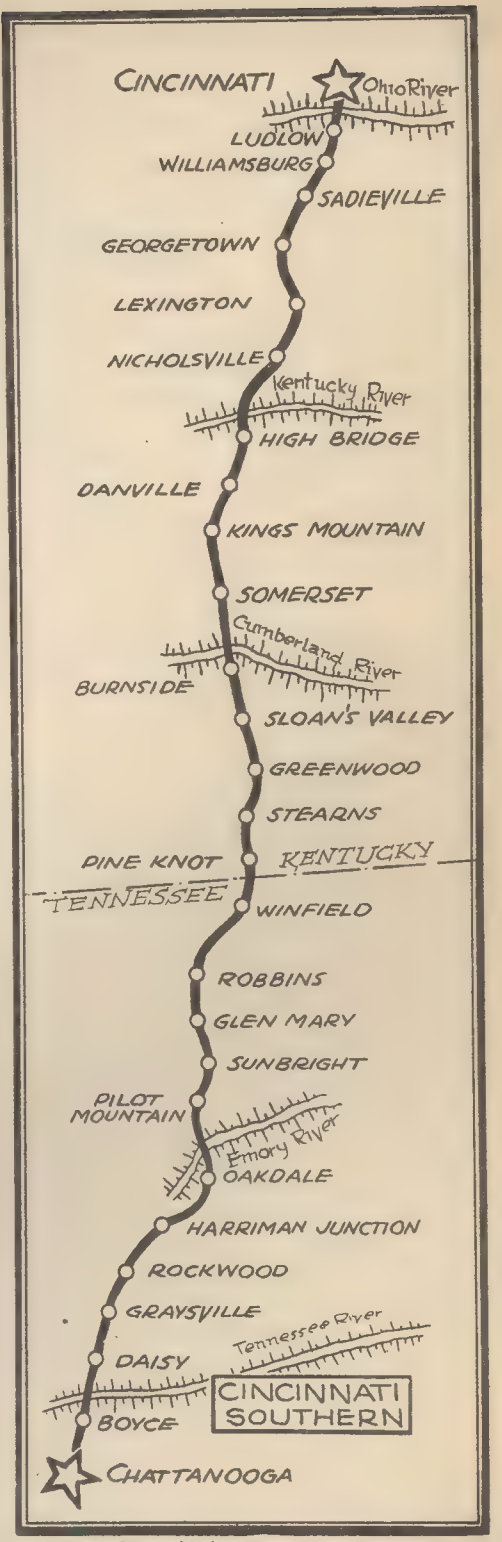
trains which make our old-time runs seem, in comparison, as buggy rides of yesteryears.

MY OWN association with the CS payroll began in 1900, when I was given a laborer's job in the Somerset Shops. Those were reckless days, though not so tough, according to seasoned rails, as during the eleven-year period of Erlanger management. In 1900, for example, there had been thirty-two head-enders on the road, not to mention tail-enders, side-swipes and derailments! It was not uncommon, then, I was told, for crews to be caught in the mountains with wrecks before them and pile-ups behind. Days passed before they were once more rolling on the high iron.

Crews worked beyond endurance—sometimes on the road for seventy hours at a stretch. The closing of a sidetrack switch was sandman time. The men fell asleep the moment wheels stopped turning. Is it any wonder that sections of trains were forgotten, or orders misread, which caused collisions?

Take Pat Taylor's experience on Greenwood Hill, between Tunnels 7 and 8, on the last day of 1887. Then, as now, there was a ruling grade south between Danville and Chattanooga, with an uphill climb of seven and one-half miles of winding track from Tunnel 5, at Sloan's Valley, to Greenwood. In the vicinity of Tunnels 7, 8 and 9, this pitch was considerably steeper than its present rating of 1.3 percent.

On the date in question, Pat and his tallowpot, Charley Candy, were wheeling *Number 1* southward, while Bill Michaels, a daredevil runner from the Chesapeake & Ohio, was scorching the ballast toward Cincinnati with *Number 2*. Pat Murphy, a flannel-



Map of road, showing 5 river crossings

mouthed Irishman, was Bill's fireman.

Skipper Sam Shrum received orders at Helenwood.

"Meet Number 1 at Summit, Bill," he said, handing Michaels the flimsies.

But instead of reading them as the rules require, Michaels stuffed them in his pocket and left town thinking Sam said *Somerset,* instead of the little coaling station that used to stand on top of Greenwood Hill.

This is the sort of railroading that sent many good men to glory, and I can't understand how a conductor like Sam Shrum let Michaels run the meeting point. Somehow, these things are never explained, and they topped the hill, where Bill truly let the glass windows fall down Greenwood, checking them only for Number 9, the devil's reception room, where the rails swing through an underground eight-degree reverse curve.

With the meet at Summit in his pocket, Pat was working a wide open throttle to battle the grade through the tunnels. He was covered up in Number 7, trying to keep the fumes out of his lungs, while Michaels was breezing downgrade through Number 8 rathole.

These two tunnels are so close together you can throw a rock from one to the other, and the mountains crowd the track on all sides. Almost the moment Michaels' engine came out of Number 8, Pat's blasted through the portals of bore 7. Murphy was in the deck when Michaels leaped from his seatbox and, without a word, grabbed the astonished tallowpot and pitched him from the cab. Then he, himself, joined the birds. Pat Taylor, didn't see Number 2 in time to get off, and Charley Candy must have been opening his firedoor when the hogs met. At any rate the tallowpot was burned to death and Pat was pulled out of the cab more dead than alive. Michaels, too, was thought to be under his engine, until somebody found him searching the wreckage for his watch.

LESS than a year later, Pat cheated the grim reaper again, this time on the most impressive structure along the route of the Cincinnati Southern – the famous Cumberland River Bridge, which is soon to disappear beneath the waters of Wolf Creek Dam. Here the track swings northward through Burnside, Ky., on a ledge high up against the mountainside; then plunges over a short tangent to a curving trestle across the valley and onto the main structure spanning the river. The entire bridge is close to half a mile long and has a height of 160 feet.

The north canyon wall, which rises nearly double that distance, seems to have been stacked by a mastermason. Pediments are anchored to it on a narrow ledge at the mouth of Tunnel 4, a 1164-foot bore curving through solid rock. The rails then cross a narrow plateau before shooting into Tunnel 3, which has a length of 1767 feet. Thus freight trains of today are in both tunnels while the engine is on the bridge.

Pat Taylor and conductor Sam Martin were going north up Burnside Hill as the second section of a drag, when the front man broke in two between the tunnels. Pat's hog was busting her stack as he paced her across the bridge for a run at the tunnels, and almost anyone can imagine his plight when he saw a wild caboose and then three cars come rocketing out of Number 4, hell-bent for his pilot.

The engine-crew froze on their seatboxes. There wasn't time to work problems in arithmetic—the answers would have added up the same, any-

Out of Tunnel Number 4, where Pat Taylor once stopped a runaway caboose and three boxcars with his locomotive pilot, one of the Southern's big new Diesel-electric freight hogs growls with ninety loads of merchandise.

The south portal of Tunnel Number 5, where Pat Taylor and Joe Pimlock staged their last meet

way. A 160-foot leap from the engine meant death, so they decided to risk it the other way and stay with the old girl in her trouble. Pat shut off steam and the pig took the lick on the chin. The caboose leaped high in the air; then a cloud of dust and blowing steam engulfed the crummy and cars.

When the hogger climbed to his feet and looked back to see what was happening to his train, he got his second scare. A gon was in the act of taking a nose dive through the span of the trestle behind his engine. Then he remembered a load of stacked wheels back of the tank. The collision had toppled them over and they were crashing through the structure. Cars bounced down after them like sheep and as Pat gutted the hog, he sent up a prayer for the caboose. When the dust finally settled, eighteen loads had spilled through two demolished spans. The engine stood close to one end and, across the gap, Sam's caboose teetered perilously. All hands thanked their stars for a lucky break that day.

ABOUT the time I was rounding out my first year in the Somerset Shops, Tom made his last unscheduled meet. It happened in the dead of night. Engineer Joe Pimlock and tallowpot John Welch, wheeling freight, headed in at Sloan's Valley for varnishes 5 and 9. Tunnel 5, one of four straight smoke holes, blasted for 879 feet through solid rock, yawned less than a hundred yards from the north end of the side track. Joe pulled up

to the clear post. Then, as he was stabbed plenty, he proceeded to fall asleep. So did everyone else in the crew.

A short doze often blanks a man's mind. Anyway, as *Number 5* came thundering up the hill and out of the tunnel, she woke the boys too late to catch the engine number. Someone must have dreamed an extra varnish by, for they took her for *Number 9*. The bleary-eyed brakeman opened the gate and Pimlock notched the throttle and hooked up the Johnson bar for the coming run through the tunnel.

At that very minute, Pat Taylor and fireman Gould were shooting the works on the grade to the north portal with *Number 9*. Fate worked with split-second precision. Had Pimlock been but a minute later shoving his hog's snout into the south entrance, Pat would have seen his headlight through the short, straight bore. But Pimlock's smoke blacked out the light, and the first inkling either engineer had of company in the tunnel was when the hard-working hogs met with terrific force near the middle of the rat-hole.

Naturally, the wreckage of the wooden equipment caught fire, and fanned by the tunnel draft, soon became a roaring inferno. The intense heat cracked the roof of the bore like chinaware. Tons of it fell around the almost demolished locomotives, leaving a hole above them so large that old girls going through Number 5 today sound as though they are exhausting into a barrel. Several days passed before the rocky cavern cooled sufficiently for the removal of the wreckage and the heat-scarred hogs on which five men paid with their lives for a few minutes shut-eye on a sidetrack.

YOU might think that incidents like this would have flagged down my own running aspirations. But I had a bad case of throttle fever, and I made my first trip firing on the 22nd day of May, 1901. We had almost every type and make of freight power: wagon-top Moguls, Consolidations, and banjo-faced jacks, built by Baldwin, Rhode Island, Cook, Pittsburg, McQueen, and the Schenectady Works. The most interesting of them all, to my mind, were ten Baldwin 2-8-0s bought by the Erlanger management in 1883.

Originally numbered 55 through 60, and 67 through 71, they later became 580 through 589, and were the first engines I ever heard called "hogs". They had 20x24-inch cylinders, 160-pound boiler pressure, 48-inch drivers, and weighed 62 tons.

The first five were short-rodders. That is to say, the main rods were connected to the second pair of drivers, a characteristic which made them as touchy as race horses, provided the tallowpot could keep a head of steam. And take it from one who knows, that was a task to test the talent of the most experienced oldtimer. Their fireboxes were the longest I'd ever seen (11½ feet), but so shallow and narrow they reminded you of biscuit pans. Full-length ashpans beneath them measured less than a foot in depth. These had iron dampers attached up front, while wire screen gates closed them off at the rear.

We were often forced to clean an ashpan of this type from four to five times on a single man-killing trip and it was a job I'll never forget! Since the mills were deckless—the boilers extended to the backs of the cabs—and the tenders coupled close, we couldn't use a long hook to rake the fire. Our equipment consisted of a

slash bar and a short clinker hook, together with a fourteen-inch ashpan rake with a handle twelve feet long. It was shove through the front damper and drag to the back one. Lying on the ground under a hog on a sweltering July day, and sweating up a storm from the hot ashes under your nose, caused monkeys to dance on the boilerhead.

Firing, too, was no cinch, particularly on the short rod jobs, whose firedoors were so low the smallest lump of coal would block them. It was like stoking your furnace through the ashpit port and I'm not fooling when I say that I got on my knees to feed those hogs with scoops cut down to 24-inch handles.

One summer's afternoon in 1903, we almost lost a "short-rod" job in the Emory River at Oakdale Yards. This garden stretches for almost two miles along the east bank, hemmed in by tall mountains. The railroad enters from the north through Tunnel 24, and gets out of town via Numbers 25 and 26. The only time you see the sun down in that basin is at noon, and then you have to lie on your back. On the p.m. in question, yard goat hogger Larry Guffy, and tallowpot Ed Lewis, both off duty, figured they needed a drink and ambled over to the roundhouse, where they had a jug of comfort hidden on the 580.

They located the old girl just outside the office, facing the turntable, with her tank near the edge of the twenty-five foot drop to the river. She had a head of steam, but her pump was shut off, and she was as barefooted as a rabbit when Ed climbed up to get the liquid refreshment.

Meanwhile, Superintendent M. W McGuire put in his appearance, enroute to the smokey-house office. M. W., who had come to the Cincinnati Southern from the Erie, was an old wheelhorse, and undoubtedly the most eloquent cusser I ever knew. Everyone feared his quick temper and his sharp Irish tongue. Larry was no exception now. He had to think fast.

"Hand me my oil can," he barked at the brakehead, pretending they were getting the 580 ready for a trip.

Ed was puttering around in the cab – just plain stalling – when Larry yelled, "Move 'er ahead so I can get this last cup."

The kid hossed her over and gave her a gasp of steam, and she jumped like a cricket toward the turntable.

"Look out!" Larry bellowed, "you're going in the pit!"

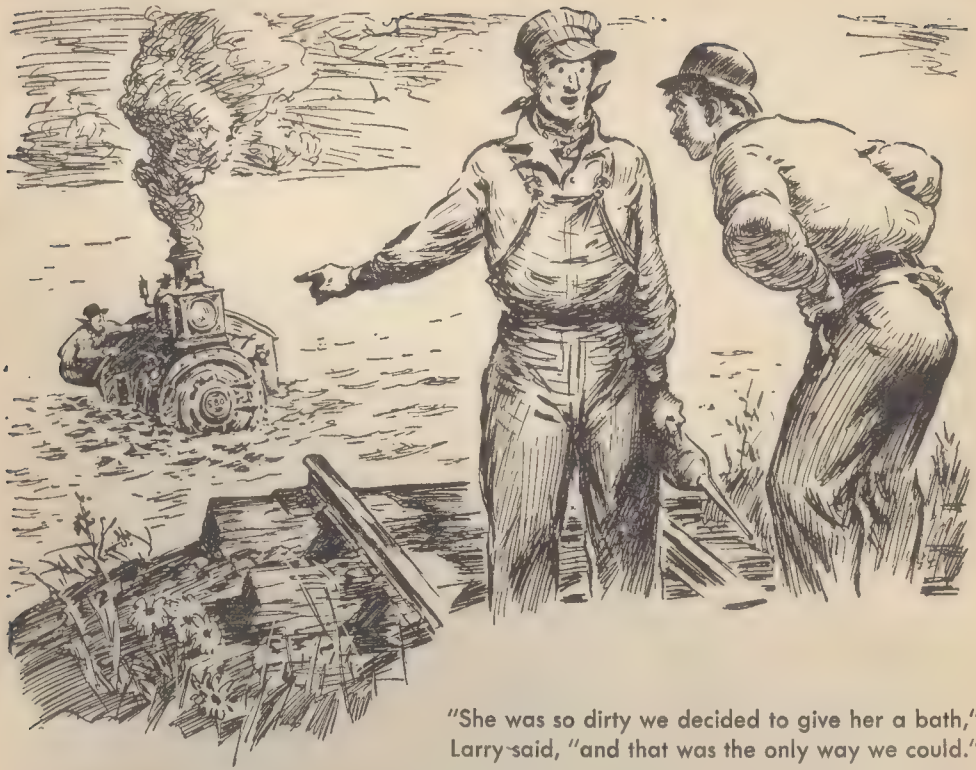
At that, Ed laid the Johnson-bar back and cracked the throttle again. Reversing her course, the peppery little hog leaped toward the Emory River. Startled, Ed shoved her forward, giving her another shot in the arm.

Well, it was equal to any three ring circus you ever saw! The mill began shuttling between the steam and the turntable, getting livelier with every move. Ed's hands were as busy as if he had been trying to hold a hot potato. He lost his lead, and KERPLUNK, the tank disappeared into the river. The old lady sat down behind her, decks awash.

It was funny to all but Larry and Ed. The fireboy was clinging to the reverse lever, sighting along a boiler that pointed up the bank at a 45-degree angle. Larry was sweating and cussing a blue streak.

"I told you to move 'er, not duck 'er, you dumb bakehead!" Larry stormed.

The next moment McGuire tore around the corner of the office like a mad bull, and everyone opened his



"She was so dirty we decided to give her a bath," Larry said, "and that was the only way we could."

mouth for the concussion to follow.

"What the hell are you jaspers trying to do?" McGuire yelled, "drown her?"

Larry's quick-thinking brain was still ticking.

"She was so dammed dirty we decided to give 'er a bath," he explained, "and that was the only way we could do it!"

The rest of us must have been oogling like young mocking birds, expecting McGuire to burn 'em down. But as he watched Ed struggling to get out of the cab, his Irish humor came out.

"Guess you're right," he chuckled and walked off. And do you know, those nursemaids got away with it!

BUSINESS has always been good on the Cincinnati Southern. Forty sections of a drag in 1903 were almost daily occurrences, and everything was double-headed, owing to the light bridges over the Ohio, Kentucky, Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. The Class A eight-wheelers took the lead on varnish jobs with more than six coaches, while early 500 Class hogs were spaced three cars ahead of the larger 600 Class Consolidations in the case of freights. Our tonnage was 1150, double-heading. Pig iron, lumber and coal constituted the principal revenue loads.

When you remember that eighty engines were required to wheel forty sections, it's easy to understand why there was always a job on the CS for boomer hoggers and student tallowpots. Runners from every railroad in this country, Canada and Mexico, tried a spell there. Most every mill had either a runner learning the road or a student fireman on deck, and I recall a day when no less than seven tallowpots went to glory in one wreck.

The dispatcher of fifty years ago might well look slightly cross-eyed. Long hours of getting brain-fagged train crews over one-track main, without the assistance of today's nearly foolproof signalling devices, probably accounted, too, for the chewed-off right handlebar of his moustache

It was the first Saturday in August, 1903. A double-header left Oakdale with two Erie hoggers pulling a northbound drag. Steve Cline, on Rhode Island 606, was one of them; Jim Fitzgeralds, handling Baldwin 688, the other. Old man Duke, who had come to the railroad with several others from the Seaboard, pulled out of Somerset that same day on Rhode Island 604, leading a boomer from Mexico named Tom Haynesworth, who had Baldwin 682. There was a student fireman on each of the four engines.

It seemed that Tom Snyder, another highstepping hogger, had stood for the 604 with Duke. But his best girl was in town and a picnic was scheduled for the afternoon. So Tom had given chief-caller Charley Ware fifty cents "not to find him." Fireman Phillips signed the book, instead, remarking at the time, "This will be my last trip." How true those words proved to be!

The Erie hoggers had orders to head in at Cumberland Falls, but they overlooked their hand and blasted through for a run at the grade to Tunnel 10. Meanwhile, Duke and Haynesworth were stepping along from the north to make the hill to the same bore. It is a curving stretch, three thousand feet north of the tunnel (now cut out), and in those days a dense growth of timber obscured the view.

Somewhere along this curve, the cornfield meet took place. There was not time to do much—shut off steam and maybe join the birds—before the crash came. Everything went over a thirty-foot sandstone cliff, the four engines tangling like a handful of fishhooks.

When the steam cleared there were seven firemen under the wreckage. The eighth tallowpot escaped with the aid of a flying seatbox. He was Bert Wimble, who subsequently perfected the smoke duct used on our Southern engines today. Bert was baling diamonds into the southbound lead engine and managed to get off, but ran into an argument with a barbed-wire fence. As he worked to climb over it, the seatbox struck him on his caboose end and lifted him clear. The next second, a boxcar slid over the spot where he had rolled into the wire.

I was at Somerset when the wreck whistle wailed at the roundhouse. Women and children came running from all directions, reminding me of a western cattle stampede. You see, the railroad was always crowded with trains—it was single track then—and the women never knew who was involved in the main line meet. No attention was paid to the callboard. The first men to reach the roundhouse went with the wrecking outfit, ranking crews receiving a day's pay for missing the call.

Shortly before this tragedy, the South's first steam derrick, a little twenty- or thirty-ton affair, had arrived at Somerset. Joe Newby was wrecking master, but he and the brass hats had disagreed about the pay on the new machine, and Joe pulled the pin.

As a result Granville Abbott was sent out of Somerset on the job. It was a terrible mess, and Abbott, being unfamiliar with the steam derrick, had a whale of a task cut out for him. More than 150 men worked all night opening up the main, and when it was necessary to move the derrick, Abbott forgot to lower the crane to clear Tunnel 10. Larry Guffy looked back and saw the impending disaster, but before he could stop his hog, the boom was knocked off and the derrick nearly demolished at the tunnel's mouth.

STATE LINE, which straddles the Kentucky-Tennessee border, is in the heart of the coal mining and lumbering section. Many years ago, a bootlegger built a house having one room in one state and another in the other. It was a tough spot, many killings occurring in the vicinity. But whenever the sheriff or revenue officers came to raid the place, the whiskey was always moved conveniently across the line.

The Kentucky mountaineers are the shootingest folk in the world. Most any old bewhiskered fellow can take a rifle and pot the eyes out of a squirrel without disturbing an eyelash, and some of them used to amuse themselves by extinguishing the lights of passing freight trains.

It finally got so bad we doused all gage lamps and the cab was a perfect blackout. But if a brakeman went on top, his glimmer was almost certain to be shattered, and the same thing happened when the hack man went back to flag. Engineer John Lynch lost an orb when a hillbilly took a shot at his cab light at Strunk, Ky., and I've heard, too, of a trainman who was snuffed out when a drunken mountaineer wagered he could douse the middle lamp in a cluster of three.

This brings to mind three months of mortal terror that engineer McCormack and I went through after being scared half out of our wits by shots on Greenwood Hill. I was flirting with a married woman who lived in that locality, and Mac had warned me that her hubby was a crack shot.

"He'll pick you off one of these nights," he said.

But brave me replied:

"Hell, I ain't scared of him."

Later, I was dozing on my seatbox while we dropped down the grade one evening, and when we passed her house I was awakened by two shots. They were as close together as clock ticks, but I fell on the deck between the first and second explosions. The equally scared hogger landed on top of me.

"What did I tell you, you crazy bakehead!" Mac grumbled. "Damned if you won't get us both killed!"

For better than ninety days, then, we did a vanishing act each time we passed the lady's house, and might have gone on indefinitely if we hadn't finally learned that torpedoes had been placed on the track at the time of the "shooting." But I'd had my lesson. Thereafter I let the other fellow fool with married women.

On another occasion I had a girl at Sloan's Valley, a buxom Kentucky beauty who later "done me wrong" by running away with a corn-cracker. Many a day I whistled pet signals to let her know her honey boy was coming to town, and she was generally on her porch to wave.

One morning I lost my cap, and when we stopped at Cumberland Falls for water, a flood was falling. I've never seen it rain so hard and when I started over the coal gate, my hogger, Bill Heath, said: "Get my ounce cap out of my grip and wear it."

I did, but by the time I'd finished filling the tank, the little hat was so wet it flopped like a soggy dish rag.

We were running ahead of Number 2, a mail train, but I forgot this and as I whistled a signal, I swung out of the gangway to wave at my Sloan's Valley sweetheart. There she was, standing on the porch, as pretty as a picture. I gave her a big hand and at that self-same moment the brim of Bill's cap flopped over my face and stuck. The next second I thought the world had come to an end when something slapped me across the

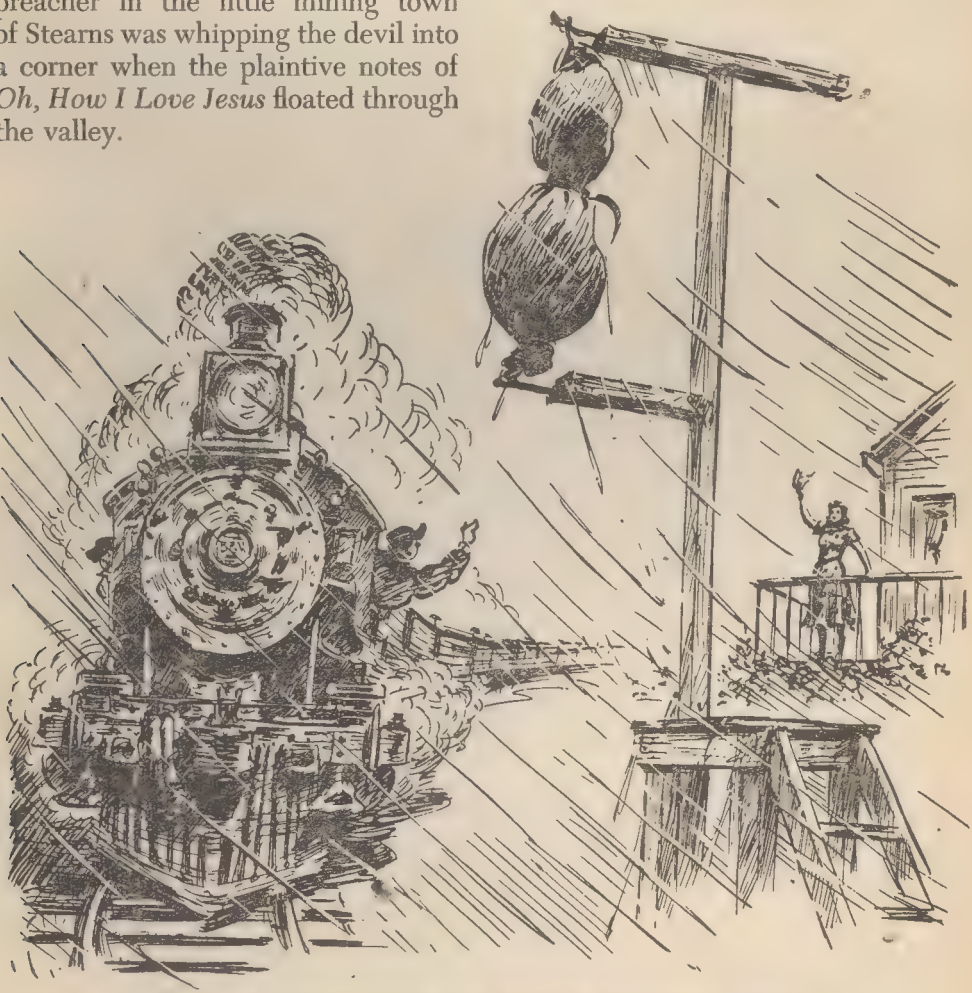
head like the kick of a mule, then wrapped itself around my neck. My arms were almost jerked from their sockets, but I contrived to stay on the hog. I don't know whether or not they ever found the sack of mail I'd knocked loose from its crane, but it was many a day before I could touch my face with a razor again.

Speaking of signals not incorporated in the *Book of Rules,* we had a hogger by the name of "Dutch" Eiford who could get any kind of a tune out of his whistle. He used to practice while he was hauling coal down through the lonesome mountains. One night a new preacher in the little mining town of Stearns was whipping the devil into a corner when the plaintive notes of *Oh, How I Love Jesus* floated through the valley.

The preacher stopped in the middle of his sermon and holding up his hands for quiet in the congregation, he listened to the notes, as clear and distinct as though they had been coming from human lips. They swelled louder and louder, then faded away to the north.

"Brothers and sisters," the parson said, and his voice was trembling with emotion, "only a religious man could whistle a song as that engineer has."

For some weeks afterward Dutch stood ace high in the community. Then one night he fell down the mountain blasting *How Dry I Am,* and the



There she was, standing on the porch, as pretty as a picture

parson changed his mind. His incensed letter to the super ended by Dutch being advised "to use his steam to pull boxcars, instead of entertaining the citizens of Stearns."

NO ONE ran the tunnels of the "Rathole Division" very long without brushing elbows with the grim reaper. If you read "Smoke Deflectors" in the February, 1941, issue of RAILROAD MAGAZINE, you have some idea of what it means to be gassed in one of those hell holes. Men came out with their necks and ears looking like peeled onions. We tried everything to keep from suffocating. Some of us carried water buckets with sponges floating on top in which to bury our faces, while others pulled jumpers and coats over their heads. Such expedients helped breathing but how our hides did bake in those 165-degree ovens!

Tunnel 27 proved my own undoing. She has since been eliminated, but back in the first decade of the present century she stretched 3000 feet of concentrated misery through the heart of Walden's Ridge. Laced tighter than the ladies of the gay Nineties, her timbering was still insufficient to prevent a clammy dampness that made our engines lose their feet, so that they frequently couldn't get through. Then, what with the coughing exhausts of a double-header, there was nothing to do but lie down in the filthy tunnel ditch beside the track, where the fumes weren't so bad, and wait for the air to improve.

I was stoking the second mill of a drag for an old-timer named George Snyder on the particular day, along about the close of 1903, when I made my last run as a road fireman. Following well established precedent, the hogs slipped down in the bore and after a couple of unsuccessful attempts to get under way again, Snyder whistled three times for the brakie to cut us in two. But the shack was inexperienced and failed to understand.

Heaven knows how long we were in there. When we pulled out, I was on the deck, as near dead as I will ever be without pushing open the Pearly Gates. A slug of liquor at Norwood, Tenn., brought me around, and I continued to Chattanooga, but once you have suffered from tunnel gas, you never quite get over it.

Trainmaster Morgan Crane saw that I was in pretty bad shape when I stopped around at his office the following day, and advised me to go braking. When I told him that notion didn't interest me in the least, he fixed me up on a yard goat at Somerset.

IF THE intense heat was too much for some of us white firemen, the Negro tallowpots didn't seem to mind it. Coming directly from the cotton fields, they grinned unconcernedly as their overalls caked with salt from sweating pores.

There was one black boy whose hide was tougher than an alligator's. It never got too hot for "Pants," so named because he wore those big, flaring trousers popular with Negroes at the time. Pants fired for Hubert Miller south of Somerset, and one day they headed a drag in at Coulterville with a pocketful of meets. Miller went to the telegraph office to chew the fat with the gang, and after awhile the dispatcher gave him a chance to leave town. He hurried to the engine, but when he climbed up, Pants just wasn't there.

The boiler pressure had fallen to ninety pounds, and as the puzzled hogger stood in the gangway looking for his bakehead, he heard a racket

in the firebox. Peering through the firedoor, he saw Pants squatting on a plank, as cool as a cucumber, knocking honeycombs off the flue sheet. What fire there was left on the grates, he had raked against the sides of the door. Yes, they stayed there for the remainder of the trains!

Miller, incidentally, had plenty of troubles about that time. Take the night his brakes were cut out, by mistake, on Pilot Mountain. Handling the lead engine of a southbound drag, he headed in at Glen Mary, where the second hog, three cars behind, was uncoupled to do some switching. A hogger named Heinicle, who had just come over from the Erie, was handling this pig. When everything cleared, they headed out for the nine mile battle up the hill, and there was no occasion for Miller to pinch down his Rhode Island Mogul until he was out of Tunnel 17 at the Summit. Even on the other side, he let the wheels roll awhile before he felt for them. All he got was exhaust from the brake valve.

Still there was nothing to be uneasy about, for he knew that the Erie hogger could cut in and do the braking by signals. So he whistled a short and two longs. Heinicle answered, but instead of a slackening of speed, the old girl began going places. He whistled again; got two shorts in return—and still more speed.

As Miller tells it, the ensuing ten miles into Lancing was the wildest riding he ever had. The drag popped in and out of Tunnels 18, 19, 20, and 21 so fast his ear-drums were sputtering like chain firecrackers. He and tallowpot Bert Richardson finally deserted the cab, taking refuge in the tender just before both seatboxes toppled to the deck, which was a foot or more deep with coal.

The little station of Annadel was nearly swept off the map as the runaway passed. But south of there, where a hump slowed them down to thirty miles an hour, Miller managed to get back to the reverse lever.

C. E. "Dutch" Eiford, the whistling hogger, who learned to play tunes on the quill, now pilots hotshots for the Southern

His plan was a desperate one, but something had to be done. He opened the cylinder cocks, pulled back the sander, and then eased the Johnson-bar up to center. With a prayer on his lips for the old girl to take the punishment he was going to give her without stripping herself, he laid her back.

There was a mighty good steel in the Rhode Island! She hunched and almost had a fit, but took it like a thoroughbred. When everything stopped on the hill, Miller hit the ground.

"Why in tarnation didn't you cut in your brakes and help me out?" he yelled to the Erie hogger.

"Hell, I thought you were trying to give me a ride!" Heinicle replied.

MY YARD GOAT job in Somerset lasted about two weeks. Then a boilermaker's helper quit and I took the assignment. The first engine I worked on was the 651. Just out of the Ludlow Shops, she was as stiff as an old lady with rheumatism. When I attempted to move her one morning she got out of hand and kissed the 541 before I could do anything about it. The frames of both engines were bent, and their pilots smashed to kindling wood.

General Foreman J. A. McGill took one look at the damage and another at me.

"You go home and stay there," he shouted.

Fifteen days later he sent for me.

"Mr. Keeney, you are not worth a damn on night work. But I'm going to let you try the day shift—just as long as you keep from tearing up any more equipment."

I've been on the Rathole Division ever since. It has been a period of such changes that if old Pat Taylor could come back to the Cincinnati Southern, he wouldn't recognize it as the pike he used to wheel his Class A over. Probably, too, he'd rub his eyes in wonder when he saw today's strange critters snaking 90 cars up through the Cumberlands, where little 600s used to sob their hearts out, double-heading half the tonnage. I'm speaking, of course, of the new multi-unit Diesel freight machines.

And if Pat climbed into the seatbox of a 6400 passenger girl, the poor old hogger would have a headache trying to figure out the meaning of all of the gadgets that decorate her boilerhead —controls for devices that make it possible for her to wheel twelve or fourteen cars at speeds considered downright reckless in the good old days.

Yes, the Southern has turned the CS into a railroad equal to any mountain line. But when I glide over its finely ballasted route, protected by the most ingenious safety devices yet perfected by man, my hat goes off to Tom and all of the others who rode the hard years out in jouncing cabs and waycars. Proud, too, I am, to think that I have had a part, myself, in this thundering pageant of progress.

Lincoln funeral train engine. The Cleveland, Columbus & Cincinnati's Number 113 (*Nashville*), bedecked with a Brady portrait, flags and bunting for her sombre journey of 1865. She was built in '52, by the Cuyahoga Locomotive Works

North America's First Railway

WHICH was the earliest railway on the North American continent?

Not the great Baltimore & Ohio, although that line, chartered February 28th, 1828, was the first to operate permanently with steam power.

Not the Delaware & Hudson, upon whose rails on August 8th, 1829, ran the first practical locomotive to highball on our soil.

Not the queer, little, oval-shaped, steam road which Col. John Stevens operated privately on his estate at Hoboken, N. J., in 1826. (*See page* 93.)

No, none of these answers our question. We know that Colonel Stevens was authorized, between 1811 and 1819, to lay rails for two steam roads: one in New Jersey between Trenton and New Brunswick, the other in Pennsylvania between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh; but alas! neither of these two ambitious projects got past the blueprint stage.

We know also that four wooden railways were built respectively at Kiskimentas Creek, Pa., in 1816; at Bear Creek, Pa., and at Mauch Chunk, Pa., in 1818, and at Nashua, N. H., in 1825. Nevertheless, we'll have to go back further in history to award the title of "first."

How about the mile of wooden rails laid by George Magers to the powder mill at Falling's Creek, Va., ten miles from Richmond, in 1811? This road, we are told, was operated partly by gravity and partly by water-wheel power, and boasted a towering trestle seventy-five feet high. It functioned as an amusement-park concession for years after an explosion had destroyed the mill in 1819. But even the Magers

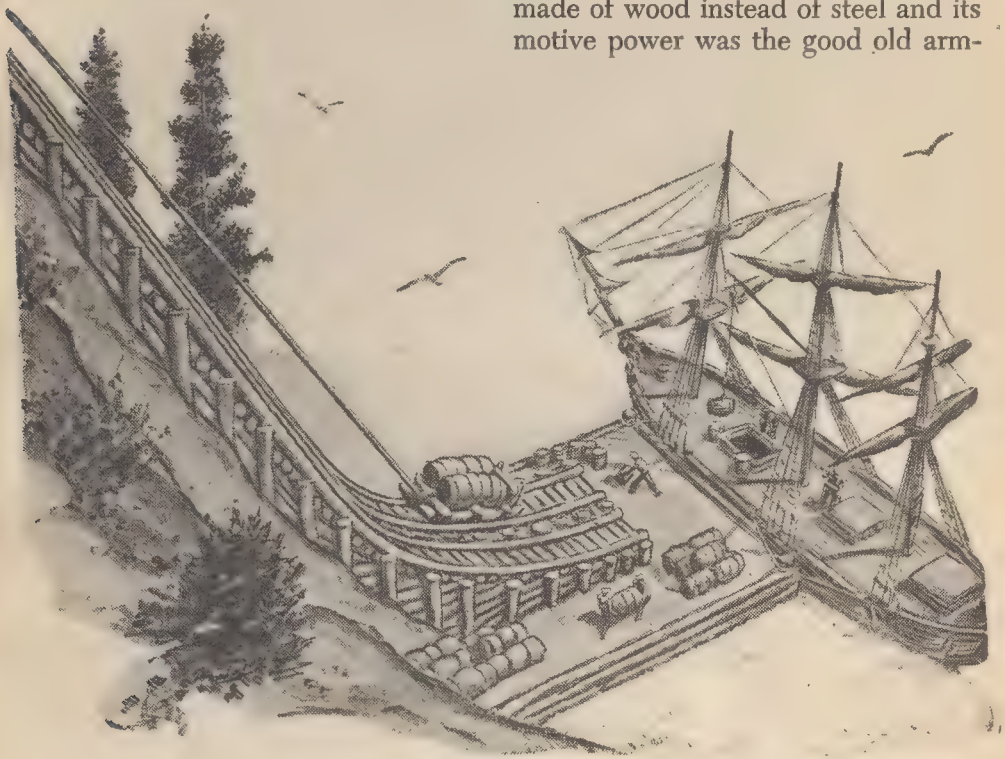
railway is not the Number One of our chronology.

In the fall of 1809—three years before the War of 1812—at least two wooden-rail lines were put into service. One of them, barely sixty yards long, was sponsored in September by Thomas Leiper near the old Bull's Head Tavern at Philadelphia. This was followed about a month later by a similar railway, three-quarters of a mile in length, extending between Leiper's rock quarries on Crum Creek, Delaware County, Pa., and a point in Ridley township.

Each of these roads was a pioneer, but none of them was the earliest to be built on our continent. Maybe, then, the title should be awarded to the inclined railway which Silas Whitney began operating with horsepower near Boston, Mass., in 1807?

No, even Whitney's venture was antedated by the cable road, two feet wide, equipped with wooden rails and operated by gravity, which was erected in 1795 on an inclined plane at Boston, to transport the products of a brick kiln on Beacon Hill to a street below. The device assisted in building the now famous Bunker Hill Monument. Many people claim it was North America's earliest railway. But it wasn't.

The very first, according to Robert R. Brown, of Montreal, Eastern Canadian representative of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, was the inclined plane, equipped with wooden rails, which was used in the middle 1700s to haul merchandise up and down the Niagara escarpment near what is now the New York State border of Canada. This remote ancestor of today's iron trail was certainly a rail-way, even though its rails were made of wood instead of steel and its motive power was the good old arm-



Artist's conception of the earliest railway on our continent

strong variety. We are indebted to Mr. Brown for the research that went into this article and its illustrations.

BACK in 1760, after the British captured Fort Niagara from the French, the rich furs gathered by English trappers had to enter what later became the United States on the sturdy backs of Indians.

The pelts were brought in *bateaux* or canoes through Lake Erie and down Niagara River to a point near the falls, where the portage began. At Lewiston, N. Y., a village at the base of the escarpment, the river was deep enough to admit sailing vessels. English ships called at the docks, took on loads of natural riches of the Great Lakes region and sped them to various points along Lake Ontario.

When Pontiac's Indian war began, the English used this means of getting munitions and supplies to their red-coated troops at Detroit. Thus the railway came into being.

The right-of-way—if you prefer to call it that—was nothing more than the original Indian footpath down the bluff. Under the able command of Sir William Johnson, the English forces lost no time in widening the trail at the top of the cliff into a wagon road, to facilitate traffic once it had ascended the escarpment. This still did not obviate the necessity of carrying merchandise by man power up and down the incline. However, in 1762 Major Wilkins, the commander at Niagara, organized his military sappers and constructed a tramway down the escarpment.

In a letter to his superior, General Amherst, the Major reported he had used American volunteers in leveling off the grade. He said that now supplies could be loaded on a truck or carriage equipped with runners and hauled up the hill by a cable, with two or three men working a large windlass. The carriage he mentioned was probably similar to a modern railroad push-car, except that wooden runners took the place of wheels. Wilkins also had two sets of parallel wooden planks laid down the face of the cliff. These were held in place with hefty pegs hammered into the soil and were the "rails" over which "trains" ran.

By 1764 they had a real engineer on the job. Capt. John Montresor was sent to the Niagara region to supervise the building of light fortifications along the portage road; but once he arrived there, his professional interest was whetted by the elementary tramway and he set to work improving it. Captain Montresor got the bright idea of having both sledges, one on each track, joined to the same cable after passing through the windlass, so that one car in descending would help pull the other one up the incline. The manifest of downbound freights was usually limited to light pelts, while the uphill drag was loaded with heavier items such as rations for hungry soldiers and provender for their guns. Thus it was still necessary for at least one man to turn the windlass to operate the tramway.

CAPTAIN MONTRESOR'S journal shows that in one day, May 23rd, 1764, an undisclosed quantity of tents and ammunition, plus ten barrels each containing one hundred pounds of gun powder, went up the incline for use by troops in the field. On that same day the captain had to send up new rope for the windlass, as the old cable was rotting fast under the heavy strain. Three days later the tramway had its first recorded accident. The rope broke, allowing a trailer loaded

with fourteen barrels of food to hurtle down into the river.

So important was the escarpment railway that Montresor asked General Amherst for two cannon, one of which was placed at each terminus to forestall any possible attempt by the Indians to destroy it.

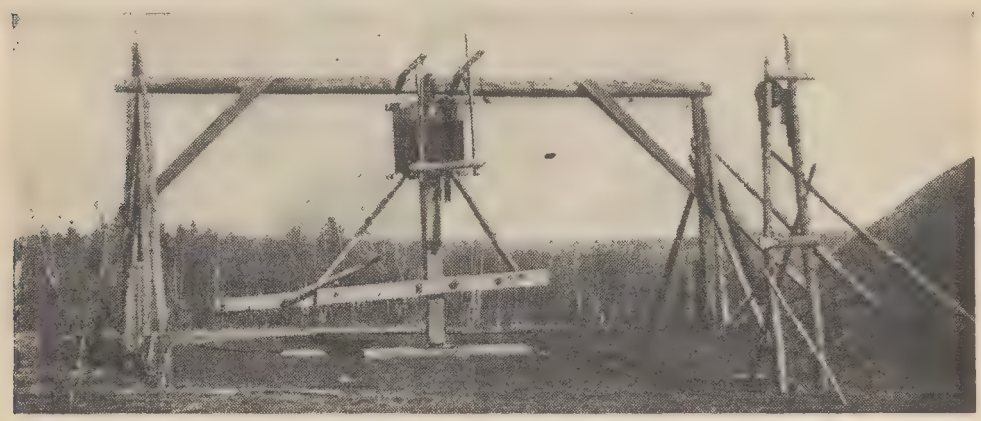
Although it seems insignificant today, with North America's carriers rushing millions of tons of defense material across the continent, these early "railroaders" who tugged at the windlass above Lewiston felt mighty proud when in two days, 852 barrels of provisions and almost as much ammunition went over the cliff and was paddled stealthily up the river toward the army in the field.

The pioneer line soon had its first commercial customer. A half-pay lieutenant named Pfister, in the Royal Americans, made a contract with General Gage to carry all the army's stores, *bateaux*, etc., from Lewiston, N. Y., to the summit of the Falls, where the British could sail the cargo up the Niagara River safely into Lake Erie. The materials, packed in advance in standard-sized barrels, were lashed onto trailers of the cliff-side railway, and up they went. Then Lieut. Pfister loaded the shipments on horse- or ox-drawn wagons for the trip to Fort Schlosser, N. Y.

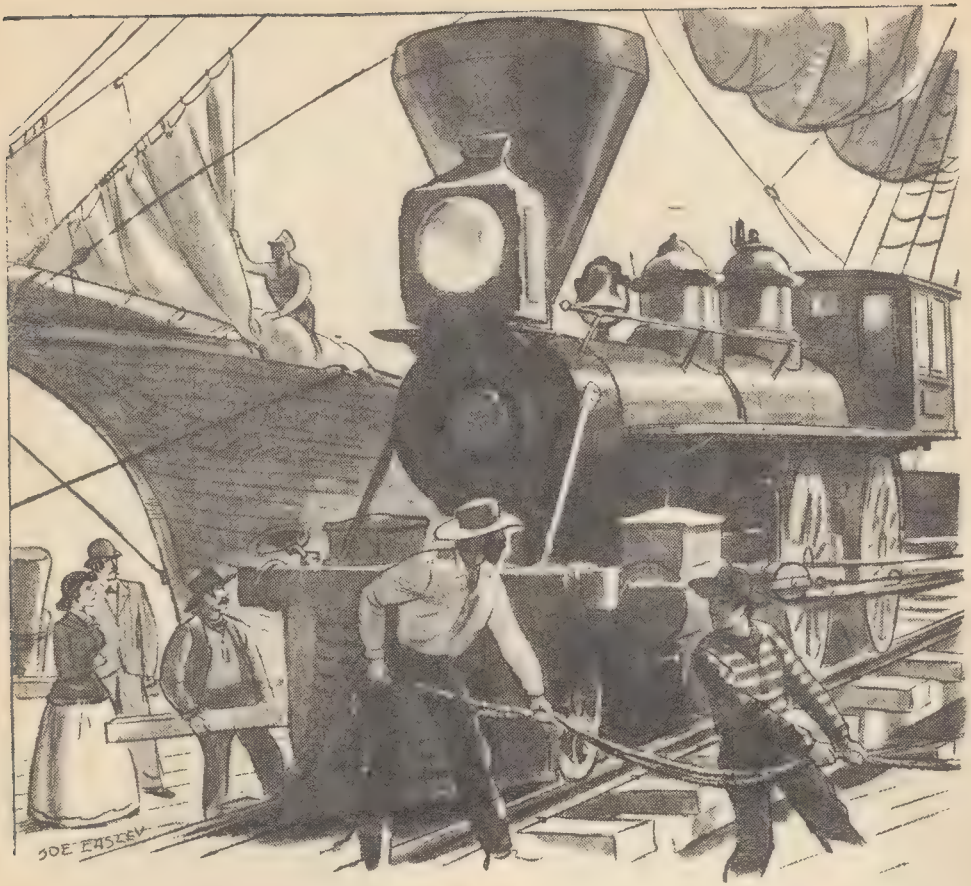
According to some historians, wheels were used instead of runners in the latter half of the tramway's career. Although we have no proof of it, this is probably true, as the conveyance remained in almost constant use until 1825. Virtually all the furs, produce and commercial transactions between the Mississippi Valley region and the eastern states passed over this tramway. It would have been impossible to handle such a volume of traffic on sledges.

Long before the Niagara tramway, sledges were hauled over roads consisting of round poles or logs laid crosswise. Traces of one such road, dated about 1745, may be found in Nova Scotia. But logs laid *crosswise* for sleds without wheels do not constitute a rail-way. The Niagara line was more than that.

North America's first railway was eventually put out of business by the Erie Canal. However, its spirit must have derived some consolation when the iron pike displaced the canal.



This hoisting gin at the old coal mine in Chignecto, Nova Scotia, was probably similar to capstans on Lewiston tramway



Oregon Central

Historical Novelette: The Saga of Ben Holladay

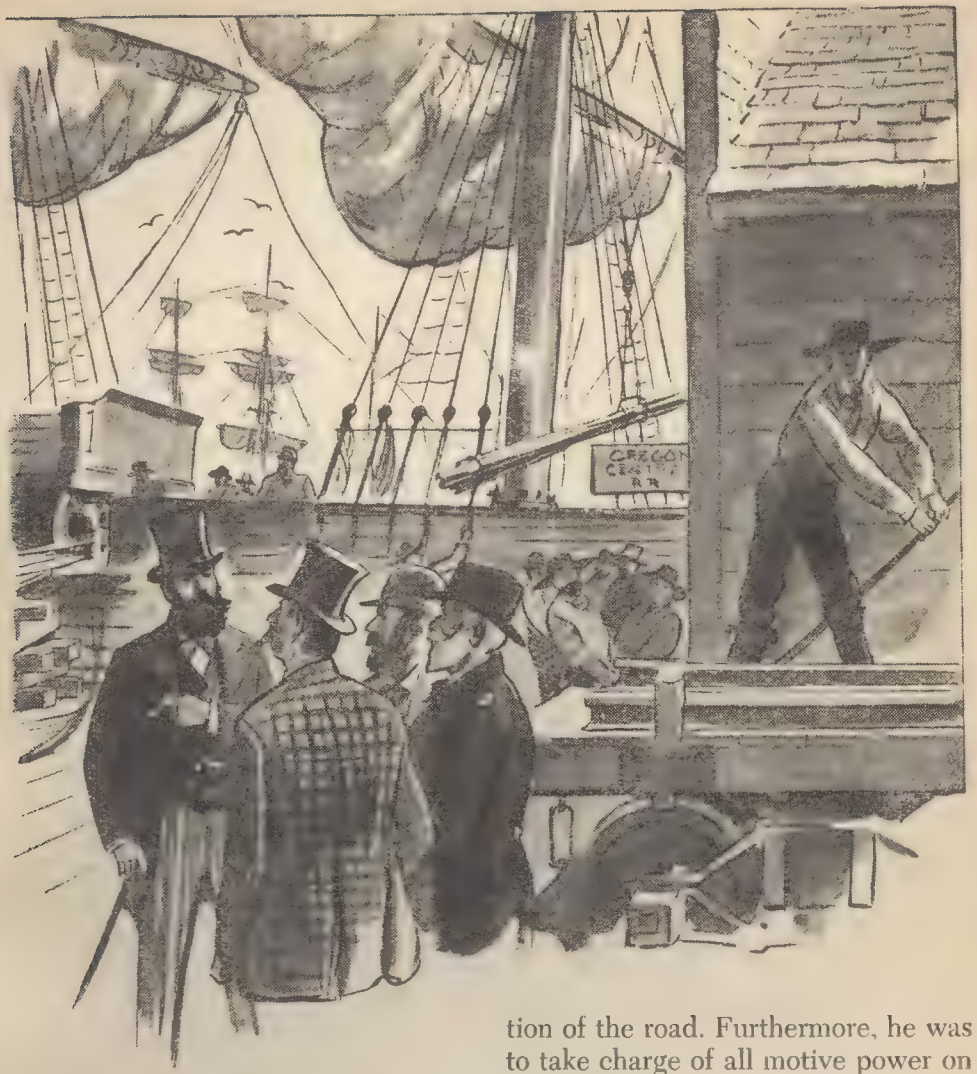
By E. S. DELLINGER

Ex-Trainman, Missouri Pacific and Frisco

ALL over the Northwest, in every settlement, lumber camp and trapper's cabin, the word had spread around that Oregon was going to have a railroad. Maybe two railroads. One was supposed to build on the western side of the Willamette River, the other on the eastern side.

It was 1868. The Civil War had ended three years before. A re-united nation was plunging into its greatest era of railroad-building. Across the Rockies and over broad uninhabited prairies, the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific were engaged in a track-laying race. In Oregon, too, rival forces were shaping up for a race. Which of the two projected roads would dominate this rich territory?

Among the many men who were flocking into Oregon that summer to work for one project or the other was Larry Keene, husky and square-jawed. Larry arrived at Portland on a peaceful Sabbath morning. He stepped on-



to the rough-hewn wharf and looked around wonderingly at the unfamiliar scene.

The young engineer had come up from San Francisco on a coastwise trading boat owned by Ben Holladay, who was already a big figure in Western transportation. According to his instructions, Larry was to report to S. G. Eliot in East Portland. His job was to supervise the assembling of two new locomotives, which had been shipped to Oregon around Cape Horn, and run one of them during construction of the road. Furthermore, he was to take charge of all motive power on the new line as it came into operation.

The sight which met his eyes was enough to thrill the heart of a young man who had set out to make a career of railroad transportation. Portland was then a city of seven thousand, the industrial center of the Northwest. It was situated on the west bank of the Willamette River, where ocean-going vessels came in from the blue Pacific to meet the products of forest, ranch, and mine flowing out from the interior. Along the water front were fleets of flatboats and trains of wagons loaded with tons of produce, while

great rafts of logs, lashed alongside the mills, were ready to be cut into lumber and hauled away to far distant places.

Larry hired a strong-armed ferryman to row him across the Willamette to East Portland, where the new railroad grade loomed as a black scar on the face of grain fields yellowing to the harvest. His ardor cooled somewhat as he neared the other side. He had confidently expected to find a well-constructed line with a substantial roundhouse, shops, and terminal buildings. Instead, the roadbed was sloppily thrown up and laid with rusty iron, while the terminal buildings were a cluster of unpainted shacks made of rough boards stood on end and batted with narrow strips.

Larry sauntered around the premises. The only man in sight was sitting idly on a keg of railroad spikes beside a barnlike railroad shop. He was a loose-jointed Missourian of about Larry's own age, with a jack-knife in one hand, a pine stick in the other, and a big gun stuck into an abbreviated leather holster. The man shoved the battered old Confederate army hat away from friendly blue eyes, dislodged a quid of tobacco from a bearded cheek, and drawled:

"Somethin' I kin do for ye, stranger?"

"I'm Mr. Keene," the newcomer answered smartly. "Mr. Eliot hired me to come up here and take charge of the motive power on his new railroad."

"I'm Mr. Parsons," the other mimicked, holding out a big horny paw. "Hank Parsons, to be exact. Mr. Eliot hired me as cuss-todian to see that this new railroad don't get took off by them dern West-siders."

"Where is Mr. Eliot?"

"He ain't here. Went up to Salem yesterday."

Salem was the state capital, fifty miles south up the Willamette River.

"When will he be back?"

"Maybe tomorrow," the custodian said. "Maybe not till next week."

"I'd like to go inside and have a look at those two engines," Larry stated, reaching out to open the door of the shop.

"What engines?"

"You've got two locomotives here, haven't you?" the future motive-power chief asked with growing annoyance.

"Nope. Hain't now."

"What became of them?"

"Sold 'em to the Central Pacific down in Californy," Hank responded sadly. "Had to, to git money to pay off the hands with."

"A railroad must be in pretty bad shape to sell its only motive power," said Larry in dismay.

"Oregon Central's in a helluva shape, Mister," the custodian agreed, slicing a thin shaving from his pine stick. "It costs plenty money to fight a railroad war. You know how them West-siders are. . ."

LARRY had grown up on the rough and tumble frontier of Missouri and had fought more than one fistic battle in a good cause, to say nothing of years in the Army. Now that he was here in Oregon, he decided to find out what this scrap was about. He seated himself on an up-ended keg and queried the custodian.

"Who are the West-siders?"

"Joe Gaston an' them Portland fellers buildin' t'other railroad." Hank jerked a long-haired head in the direction of the west bank of the Willamette where Portland rose through the gray haze.

"Building two roads to California?"

"Yep, a-tryin' it."

"Is there traffic enough to support two roads?" Larry demanded. "I understood the country was thinly settled."

"You understand correct, Mister," said Hank. "They ain't traffic enough betwixt here an' Californy to support one road."

"Then why in tarnation are they trying to build two?"

"Jest fightin', Mister. Salem fellers want the railroad built up the east side of the river so's it'll boom Salem, while Portland fellers want it built up the west side so's it'll boom Portland."

"How much work have they done over there?" Larry indicated the rival railroad grade visible through the trees beyond the blue Willamette.

"Heap more'n we've done here. Legislature wants to give the land grant to the West-siders, too."

Larry sat on the shady side of the railroad shops visiting with Hank Parsons until nearly noon. His first impulse was to catch the next boat back to San Francisco and try for a job on the Central Pacific. He decided before going, however, to wait and meet the man who had lured him to Oregon.

S. G. Eliot journeyed down from Salem on a steamboat Tuesday afternoon. He was a middle-aged civil engineer who had taken Horace Greeley's advice and come to the West to seek his fortune on the Pacific frontier. Larry Keene met him at the boat landing. The meeting was embarrassing to both parties. Mr. Eliot asked Larry to walk over to the hotel with him. They said little on the way; but once within the room, Eliot settled down to sketch the checkered history of the Oregon Central.

The idea, he said, had originated in California. Marysville business men, aware of untold wealth locked in the forests, mines, and fertile valleys to their north, had sent a scouting party into the Northwest to estimate the cost and probable income of a railroad through to the Columbia River. These scouts had figured that such a line could be built for thirty millions and would earn a profit of twenty percent annually on the investment.

In 1863 they organized the California & Oregon Railroad Company and sent him, Mr. Eliot, in charge of a surveying party to locate the line from Marysville to Portland. He had expected a warm welcome from the people of Oregon, he told Larry, but before he had been long in the state he had encountered bitter opposition.

AT FIRST Mr. Eliot had not known where the opposition was coming from. Then investigation disclosed its source. The Oregon Steam Navigation Company, headed by Ainsworth, Reed and Thompson, three wealthy residents of Portland, had acquired an absolute monopoly on transportation through the Northwest. They had bought river boats, ocean steamers, and wagon trains, and had even built two short portage railroads around the falls of the Columbia so that not a pound of freight could come or go without paying tribute to them.

"Naturally," said Mr. Eliot, pacing the floor with hands clasped behind his broad back, "they were not going to stand idly by and watch an outside corporation build a railroad into their territory. They set their political machine to work and stopped my survey a few miles north of the California line. Then, to satisfy the people, they organized a company of their own with Joseph Gaston fronting for them, and pretended they were going to build a railroad themselves."

"Why didn't they?" Larry asked, thinking that an enterprise which promised twenty percent annual dividend was good pickings.

"They didn't want to. They already controlled the traffic and ruled the state."

"Then what?" Larry interrogated.

"Our people figured that a railroad from Portland to Marysville would settle the country, create new business, and capture the through traffic then going by water," Mr. Eliot answered. "I went personally to Washington, and with the aid of the Oregon and California delegations we secured a Congressional land grant of twenty sections to the mile for our California line, and an equal amount for some Oregon corporation to be designated later by the Oregon Legislature.

"That was in July, 1866. As soon as the bill was passed, I hurried home and went to Salem to organize a company with Oregon capital. While we were organizing, some of my associates asked me to invite Joseph Gaston into our company. They thought that since he was already interested in an Oregon-to-California railroad he would be a good man to have.

"Well, we took him in. That was a mistake. Pretending he wanted to get the signatures of a few Portland friends on the papers, he brought them down here; but instead of getting subscribers to our company, he went straight to Ainsworth. Before I knew what he was doing, he had organized a company in Portland and put a bill through the Legislature to give his company the land grant."

"That was a dirty trick," said Larry, drawn instantly to Mr. Eliot's side in the railroad war.

"And it wasn't their last one," grumbled the promoter. "I organized my company, surveyed my line up the east side of the river and began construction. They've fought me from that day till this, blocking every deal I've made to bring in outside capital."

"That the reason you had to sell your engines?" Larry inquired.

"Yes. I had money promised in the East. The opposition sent circulars to New York and Boston denouncing the railroad as a hare-brained scheme, and saying I was a swindler. They scared my men away and left me flat."

"What will you do now?"

"Go on building railroads as long as I can keep a man and two mules on the grade. I've got a few thousand left from the sale of the engines. By the time it's gone I hope to find a man with faith in Oregon and backbone enough not to be scared out of the state by a bunch of hoodlums with a pamphlet full of misrepresentations."

LARRY'S enthusiasm for the railroad venture was ebbing fast. He knew that a few thousand dollars would not go far toward building a 350-mile railroad. The young engineer firmly believed that the sensible thing for him to do was to go to California and work on a railroad which had engines, but he liked Mr. Eliot and he was not the kind to run out on a friend.

So Larry decided he'd stay in Oregon and see what happened. Because there was nothing else for him to do at the time, he hired out as a "mule-skinner" and went to work on a grading gang. He drove a pair of sorrel long ears, swearing, sweating and piling up earth on the fills of a railroad over which he had hoped to run fast-stepping locomotives.

Mr. Eliot disappeared from Oregon in July. Larry assumed he had gone to California seeking capital. The railroad promoter was away three weeks. One morning toward the end of the

month he drove a livery rig out from East Portland. He stopped in the shade of a clump of spruce trees twenty feet from where Larry was scooping earth from the borrow pit and dragging it out on a high fill.

The construction boss was teaching Hank Parsons how to load scrapers without breaking his neck or being dumped in between the heels of a pair of kicking mules. He left the pit, sauntered over to the trees, and climbed into the buggy with Mr. Eliot. They talked earnestly for nearly an hour. Then, when the gang knocked off for noon, they called Larry over.

"You're pretty well acquainted with the boys on the gang, aren't you, Keene?" was Mr. Eliot's first question.

"Yes, most of them," said Larry.

"Do you suppose we could persuade them to work for a couple of weeks and wait for their pay till we get more money?"

Larry knew how the men felt. They sat around the campfire every night cussing "Joe Gaston an' his damn West-siders." Every mother's son of them was rooting for Mr. Eliot, but they believed he was fighting a losing fight. They thought it was only a question of time until Eliot would be forced to give it up and let Gaston build the railroad.

So Larry said: "I don't know, Mr. Eliot. Some of us would stay, of course, but I'm afraid two-thirds of the gang will walk off the job if they get wind of a payday with no pay coming."

"I certainly don't want that to happen," Mr. Eliot remarked thoughtfully. "I've contacted an old transportation man in California with ten million dollars he wants to put into a good railroad. He's coming to Oregon next month to look over our proposition. I want the gang throwing dirt when he shows up, but I've not got the money to pay their next two week's wages."

"Have you part of it?"

"Yes. I have enough to pay them three or four days, but that's all."

Larry cocked a booted foot up on the buggy wheel. There had been several payday robberies since he had been at work on the gang, and some of the boys were hunting a safe place to hide their money until the thieves were apprehended.

"Why don't you call them together," he suggested, "and advise them to draw out tobacco money Saturday nights and leave the balance in the safe till the end of the month?"

"That's an idea," spoke up the construction boss. "Only don't call them together. They're already as suspicious as hell, expecting every payday to be told that the company's bankrupt. Let Keene go among them and drop the hint where it will do most good. They'll listen to him and fall for the idea. If you can stall them off till the end of August, you'll have your man lined up. Then you can pay them off an' they'll never know the difference."

ELIOT reluctantly agreed to this suggestion. Larry spent the next few nights sauntering around the fires, casually mentioning that the best place for their money was in the company's safe and that they draw out tobacco money but leave the rest there until the end of August. When Saturday night came, nearly every man drew only one day's wages and told the paymaster to keep the rest in the safe until the end of the month. The gang worked on in blissful ignorance until help arrived.

It came on the sixteenth of August. Not a soul in Oregon knew, save Mr.

Eliot himself and his board of directors, until the boat docked in Portland and Ben Holladay came down the gangplank, that Mr. Holladay was putting up the money and would take command of the Oregon Central.

Ben Holladay was known from end to end of the Western frontier as "The Little Napoleon of the Plains" and "King of the Overland Stages." Larry Keene was familiar with his story. Holladay was a daring adventurer with foresight, indomitable will and courage. During the Civil War he had woven a network of stage lines over the West and had kept open the lines of communication through the bloody Indian raids of the Sixties.

At the close of the war he dominated Western transportation. Then the railroads had started west along the worn trails of the pioneers. Mr. Holladay had read the fate of his staging empire in the scrawl of smoke creeping over the prairies. He had sold out his staging business to the Wells Fargo Express Company and had disappeared from the field of transportation.

There was joy in the grading camp when the news broke that he had turned with his wealth and experience to the trails of steel and that it was he who had come to the aid of the East Side line. Men who knew him were telling those who didn't that their troubles were over.

"He'll build this railroad now," they crowed. "Neither Gaston nor Portland nor hell itself can stop him."

Larry was not quite so positive of it. Mr. Holladay was worth millions—he knew that—far more than any man could hope to spend. But Oregon was a new land, an uncertain land, and building a thirty-million-dollar railroad in the face of the operation was a risky venture which might easily swallow the fortune he had accumulated.

Mr. Holladay made his first trip to the grading camp on a late afternoon near the middle of August. Larry, driving his sorrel mules up and down the embankment, saw him stop at the camp, climb out of the surrey and come, with Mr. Eliot, striding along the grade, carrying his plug hat tucked under his arm and walking as if he owned the earth. He was a man of about fifty, tall, dark and thin. He had a heavy black beard streaked with gray.

The two officials strode past the shovelers who were levelling the grade behind the team, and waited at its foot until Larry drove by. Mr. Eliot signalled for him to pull over to one side and brought Mr. Holladay to meet him. The elderly millionaire

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(Adv.)

grunted acknowledgement of the introduction and surveyed Larry critically. Larry, like the rest of the gang, wore a slouch hat with a black crust on it, gray cotton shirt wet with sweat and cowhide boots.

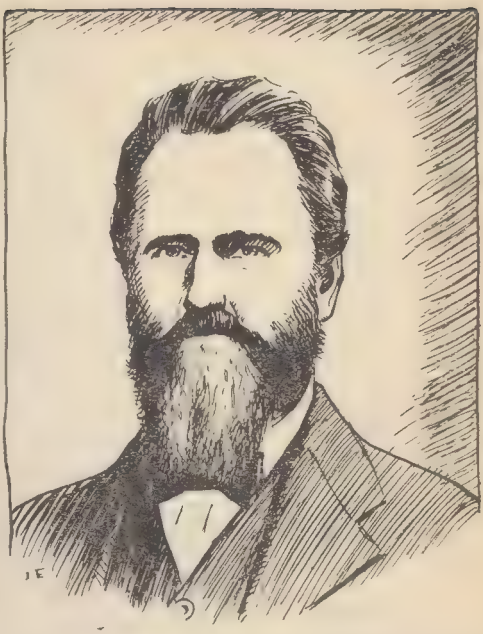
Mr. Holladay himself appeared as if he had stepped out of a bandbox. His white shirt was faultlessly clean. His long black coat and gray striped trousers were neatly creased, while his tailored calf skin boots were polished until they shone. To Larry he said curtly:

"Mr. Eliot tells me you are to be our superintendent of motive power."

"That's the job I was hired for."

"You don't look a helluva lot like a railroad official to me," Ben Holladay was blunt and outspoken.

"And these two four-wheelers don't look a helluva lot like railroad motive power," Larry retorted, jerking a thumb toward the weary long-ears.



Before he went into railroading, Ben Holladay was king of the Western stagecoach trails

THAT brief interchange was the first step toward understanding. A gleam of amusement came into Ben Holladay's hard eyes.

"How much do you know about locomotives?" he inquired.

"Plenty," said Larry. "I ran away from home when I was fourteen and went to work in the Hannibal & St. Joe shops in Hannibal. I've been fooling with engines ever since. I can tear 'em apart, put 'em together, an' make 'em run. I could make the pieces if I had the tools."

"That's all that's necessary, boy," said Holladay, laying a patronizing hand on Larry's dirty shirt sleeve. "You put somebody else on these mules an' come with me. We're goin to California to buy you some engines."

Larry surrendered his lines to Hank Parsons and rode into Portland. When he came out of a barber shop there, shaved, bathed, massaged, and shingled, Mr. Holladay inspected him critically and said:

"You look like an official now."

"Feel like one, too," Larry growled.

The trip to San Francisco passed quickly. Ben Holladay was a royal entertainer and a glib talker. He outlined vividly his schemes for developing the resources of the Northwest; and when he had tired of that he switched to reminiscences of his early life.

In a musing, boastful strain, he told Larry how he had started his business career as a clerk in a drugstore at Weston, Missouri, where the pioneer trails forked for Santa Fe and Oregon. Hearing men spin yarns of the adventurous life and enormous profits of the Santa Fe traders, he had gone out on the trail as a driver in the early Forties. On his first trip into the West, he

had observed carefully what products netted the largest profits. Returning home, he had made up his own train of twenty saddle horses, sixty miles, and fourteen wagons, loaded it with farm produce and bacon.

"Bought it all on credit from the farmers, too," he averred with a reminiscent chuckle. "Took the stuff out to Sante Fe, sold it fer enough to pay up my debts an' leave me a workin' capital. Next trip out I brung tea. I had it shipped from the East by water, and cleaned up a profit of a dollar a pound."

He went on to say it was he who had first conceived the idea of widening tires on wagon wheels so they would not cut into the sand. By thus lessening the drag on his teams, he had been able to make better time and go out three times a year instead of twice.

That was the beginning of a busy life profitably spent in transportation. Before the Mexican War, Ben Holladay had hauled goods to Santa Fe. During that war he had freighted supplies to the Army on march into the Southwest. Afterward he had hauled tea and coffee to the Mormon settlements around Salt Lake City, also butter and bacon to the hungry miners of California, and fat cattle to the shipmasters sailing around the Horn. At length he had built the stage lines to haul mail express and passengers across the plains.

"I've done my share," he bragged, "in helpin' to develop this Western country. When I started out on the trail in 1841 there was nothin' between the Missouri an' the Pacific except wild Indians an' the Spanish settlements of the Southwest. I've carried goods to 'em so they could live in the remote corners of prairies an' mountains. What I've done fer freightin' on the trails an' stagin' on the plains, I aim to do fer the railroads of Oregon."

THEY landed in California. Mr. Holladay stayed a day in San Francisco, while Larry scouted around for locomotives. There were none for sale. Every available engine had been taken over by the Central Pacific and run off to Sacramento and beyond. The second day they went to Sacramento. Larry, after conferring with motive power officials there, showed Mr. Holladay through the Central Pacific roundhouse.

The CP owned upwards of sixty engines. Most of them were out on the line, wheeling materials over the Sierras or handling construction trains in the Nevada desert. One clumsy fifty-ton Consolidation was in the house, waiting to go East with a trainload of rails and hardware. Larry stopped to look her over.

Mr. Holladay knew very little about locomotives. Larry seized this opportunity to teach him and to lay the foundation for effective equipment on the new railroad. The younger man directed attention to the huge size and the arrangement of the low drivers.

"Makes me think of a big, clumsy-footed, draft horse," said the former stage king.

"That's exactly what she is," said Larry. "She's the biggest engine made. She's built low on the ground and got the power. She was developed in 1866 to meet the demands for a heavy freight engine. Practically all railroad engines used to be eight-wheelers; a four-wheeled leading truck and four coupled drivers. In 1861 the builders brought out the Mogul type with a two-wheeled leading truck and six coupled drivers. But the weight limit on sixty-pound rails was about ten or twelve tons to the

axle, so when they wanted a heavier engine they built this type, the consolidation, put ten wheels under her instead of eight, an' made eight of 'em drivers. She'll pull the heavy freights of the future on steep grades and roads with heavy traffic."

"Is she the kind of engine you want?" Holladay asked.

"Not in Oregon. She's for use on heavy grades of the high Sierras. Here's the kind of engine we need."

Larry guided his boss to another stall. A trim little eight-wheeler with faded red stripes on her tank, tarnished brass bands around her boiler, and a smokestack you could hide a litter of half-grown mountain lions in, was enjoying a boiler wash.

She was a new twenty-ton job with 17x22-inch cylinders and fifty-two inch drivers. Evidently she had just arrived from the desert where she'd been hauling a construction train, for she was covered so thick with alkali dust you could scarcely tell her color. While they were looking her over, Larry noticed under the dust the outline of the name "I. R. Moores" which had been blacked out and a number painted over. I. R. Moores was an Oregon man. In fact, he had been the first president of the Oregon Central.

"Look here!" Larry exclaimed, tracing out the name under the paint and dust. "This is one of Mr. Eliot's old engines."

"Then we'll buy her an' take her back to Oregon where she belongs."

"I'll bet you don't buy her."

"I'll call you. Hi, Mister!" Holladay shouted to the Central Pacific superintendent of motive power, who was going to the farther side of the house to oversee the assembling of two new eight-wheelers in from the factory. "What'll you take for this engine?"

"What'll we take for her?"

"That's what I asked."

"My dear Mr. Holladay," said the super, "our engines are not for sale."

"I'll give you—"

"I'll tell you, she's not for sale. We're running the wheels off every engine we've got trying to get building materials over the mountains before snow flies so we can finish our line into Salt Lake City ahead of that Union Pacific crowd. We could use twenty more if we had 'em."

HOLLADAY was crestfallen. "Ain't you got any kind of engine you'd sell us?"

"No, sir. Yes, I have. I've got an engine I'll sell you."

"What kind?" Larry was suspicious.

"You name it when you see it."

He led them out behind the house and showed them a quaint little locomotive which the Central Pacific had bought during their first construction and discarded when their new engines had arrived. Grinning, he said:

"We'll sell that to you."

Larry looked her over. She was a nondescript machine built in San Francisco in 1862: a boiler on the front end of a car with two four-wheeled trucks, one coupled up for drivers. There was a pine board shack over the firebox for the engineer to ride in, and a rack behind for cordwood. Altogether she was a disreputable looking relic. Her top speed was fifteen miles an hour. Because it would require nearly a year to order new ones and ship them around the Horn, Larry advised Mr. Holladay to buy it.

"It's a deal," said Holladay, after they had agreed on a price.

The old-timer was torn down and shipped to Oregon. Hank Parsons helped to re-assemble her on the tracks in East Portland. Hank and the

boys kidded Larry about his motive power department, and nicknamed the engine *Limpin' Betsy.* Portland roared and he-hawed when he fired her up and sent her puffing noisily along the short length of second-hand iron; but Larry could laugh with them, for he felt sure the time was coming when he would have new engines which would be the pride of Oregon.

Larry did not see much of Mr. Holladay that fall, for the big chief was busy. He had burst into Portland like a runaway stage, upsetting old traditions and breaking down old cliques which had been forming there for twenty years. Everybody in Oregon was taking sides for or against him, and everybody was talking.

Larry, forming his own friendships among the younger set of Portland, heard keyhole versions of a few of his many conferences. Holladay first approached Joseph B. Gaston, president of the rival Central of Oregon Railroad and tried to buy him out. Gaston was a shrewd lawyer and politician. He had no money himself, but he was backed by the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. He was thoroughly sold on the idea of an Oregon-to-California railroad and believed that whoever built it would get rich. Mr Holladay offered him fifty thousand dollars worth of stock in the East Side company and a place on the board of directors. Gaston refused to sell. He declared he was going to build his own road.

"What with?" Holladay demanded

"We have three hundred sixty thousand dollars with which to start it." said Gaston.

"Three hundred sixty thousand dollars won't buy your spikes or angle irons," Holladay retorted.

"We have a land grant of twenty sections to the mile," Gaston replied.

"It takes more'n a land grant to build a railroad. It takes spot cash, an' you ain't got it."

"I'll get it."

"You'll play hell gittin' it. There ain't money enough in Oregon, an' the East won't back you."

Gaston stood pat. Failing to buy him off, Holladay tried Captain J. C. Ainsworth. Mr. Ainsworth was the head and brains of the transportation monopoly. He had been a steamboat captain on the Mississippi, the very captain whom Samuel L. Clemens had been piloting when he had become "Mark Twain." Ainsworth had quitted the Mississippi for the Columbia, had formed the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, and through it he had become the outstanding financier of the Northwest

J. C. Ainsworth was a small man, thin, sallow, and smooth as oil. He concealed deep thoughts beneath a little black skull cap and used his wits to fight with. He might not be breaking his own neck trying to build a railroad into California, but he was too clever to help a dynamic old transportation king like Ben Holladay build it. Mr. Holladay offered him fifty thousand dollars worth of stock, a place on his board of directors, and offered to establish a train ferry across the Willamette and build his terminal in West Portland. Ainsworth refused.

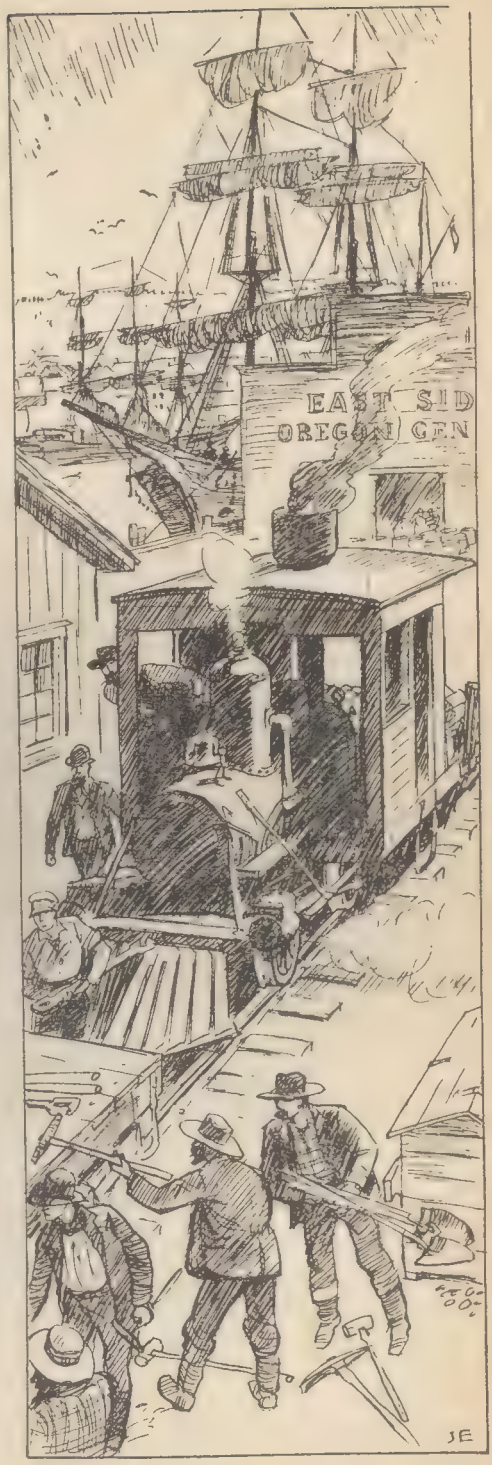
HOLLADAY spent several days interviewing Portland business men and West Side stockholders, trying to buy them off or effect a compromise. But there was no compromise. Angered at last by their stubborn refusal to co-operate with him, Holladay crossed the river and bought a large tract of land directly north of the terminus of the East Side grade.

"Here," he declared, "is where we'll build the Portland of the future. We'll establish our terminal on this side of the river and build our docks an' wharves. We'll make a rathole out of their present town an' let the grass grow in its streets."

That was an imprudent threat for a new man to make in a new land. It quickly found its way to the ears of staid Portlanders who were proud of their city and determined to make it a metropolis. It sank deeply into their civic consciousness and rankled there. Larry knew that from this day on, the wealth and influence of Portland would be arrayed against Ben Holladay in his struggle for supremacy in the Northwest.

Mr. Holladay realized it, too, for his enemies, Ainsworth, Thompson, Reed, Gaston, all had come to Oregon when the land was new. They had established firm friendships and built up their own political machines, and all except Gaston had amassed wealth counted in millions. They formed a formidable phalanx, but Holladay did not flinch.

He hired the shrewdest lawyers in Oregon. They dug into the details under which the land grant had been handed over to the Gaston company. When that outfit had been formed two years before, Gaston had been in such a hurry to organize and grab the land grant before Eliot had time to put up a fight for it that he had forgotten to file his incorporation papers with the secretary of state. He had not filed them until a month and one day after the Legislature had designated his company to receive the grant. It was unconstitutional to give a land grant to a company not in existence. The next Legislature, meeting in about a month, would be fully justi-



The boys kidded Larry about his motive power department, and nicknamed the engine *Limpin' Betsy*

fied in taking it away from Gaston and giving it to somebody else.

That was Ben Holladay's cue, but in order to play it he needed friends in the Legislature. Holladay knew how to win them. He established a luxurious home in Salem, the capital city, and brought his family to Oregon. He ordered one of his steamers into port and had it quickly transformed into a pleasure yacht.

The lawmakers came soon after he returned from California, a mixed body of farmers, lawyers, country doctors and small business men unused to pomp and splendor. Holladay caught them up like a whirlwind and swept them to him. He opened his home and led them through a round of rich dinners and gay parties, the like of which they had never seen in all their lives. He stocked his yacht with rich food, fine cigars, and costly wines, and took them down the river on hunting, fishing, and pleasure cruises.

Seeds of goodwill sown in rich gifts and royal entertainment brought results. Legislators listened to the glamorous old plainsman. Larry Keene, aware that his own future depended upon Ben Holladay's winning their favor, helped to bring them into line. Meanwhile, Holladay did not permit actual construction work to lag. He furnished the money, and Mr. Eliot kept grading gangs at work. Before the Legislature met, they put on more teams and organized a track-laying crew.

Larry toiled by day and often late into the night. Mr. Eliot had acquired some shop equipment when he bought his two engines. Lathes, forges, drills, and planes were stored in the board shacks at East Portland. Larry rigged them up and, using a lot of second-hand car wheels he had picked up in San Francisco, built a train of home-made dump and flat cars. He moved rails, ties, and bridge timbers out to the end of track. When he wasn't hauling materials, the construction boss kept him trundling the dump cars up and down the line with dirt to strengthen fills.

THE legislators were excited over the coming of the railroad. No matter what part of the state they hailed from—except Portland—they were anxious to see the iron laid and trains running through the state. Railroad was the chief topic of conversation that fall. Seldom a day passed but a self-appointed committee of independents and Holladay men rode down from Salem to look over the construction. Larry was on his toes. He wore a plug hat now, striped pants, a black shirt, and a red silk necktie. In his polka-dot vest he carried a pocketful of Ben Holladay's Cuban cigars to pass around when the politicians appeared.

One day a lawyer from Eugene and a farmer from Grande Ronde came into East Portland, and Larry invited them to ride his engine to the end of track. They accepted, of course. None of those boys were slow to accept favors. The farmer, evidently a "doubtful" man, had visited the East. While the railroaders were unloading cars, the farmer said to the lawyer:

"If this is the kind of dinky engines Holladay aims to run here we'd better let somebody else build the railroad."

The lawyer who was smoking a cheroot and wearing a hundred-dollar ring which looked decidedly familiar to Larry, inquired casually, "It ain't, though. Is it, Mr. Engineerman?"

"Of course not," Larry said hastily. "Did you ever ride Ben Holladay's stagecoaches when he was running them across the plains?"

The lawyer had and so had the farmer.

"Did you ever see any old jaded horses or run-down coaches on his lines?"

"Certainly not!" spoke the lawyer. "Holladay always had the best horses and the finest coaches you could find anywhere."

Larry lost no time driving home the argument. "That's the way he aims to do with railroads. The company was flat broke when he took it over. Mr. Eliot had even sold his good engines to get money to pay his hands with. Mr. Holladay went to California an' tried to buy 'em back, but the Central Pacific wouldn't sell 'em. It takes nearly a year to order new engines and ship 'em out here; but you can't build a railroad without engines, so he bought this old relic to haul material with till he can get better ones from the East."

"He's sure enough goin' to use better ones?" the farmer wanted to know.

"Absolutely! Here's the kind of power he's buying." Larry dug down into his grip and fished out the blueprints and photograph of a smart new eight-wheeler with red stripes painted around the tank and brass bands around the boiler. "He's ordering two of these girls. When they come he'll leave this old mill in a weed patch for the birds to nest in."

"What about cars?" the farmer inquired of Larry.

"Well," came the reply, "Mr. Holladay is buying twenty brand-new ten-ton boxcars for grain and merchandise, and twenty-five new flats with removable sides, for lumber, rails, logs and other stuff that can take the weather. He's ordering the very best coaches that money will buy. Finished in mahogany and lighted with brass oil lamps. Heated with fancy wood stoves and upholstered in green velvet. There's nothing cheap about Ben Holladay."

"I'll say there ain't," the lawyer acquiesced. "Holladay's the greatest man the West has ever bred, and he's got the money. If we take this land grant away from Gaston and turn it over to Holladay, he'll build our railroads, and he won't wait till we're dead and gone to do it."

The crew finished unloading rails, and Larry ran his guests back into East Portland. He did not know how the farmer voted, but a flock of legislators must have voted right. Holladay's friends drew up a bill revoking the land grant act of 1866 on the ground that "no such company as the Oregon Central Railroad was in existence at the time the act was passed and that the resolution was, therefore, adopted under a misapprehension of the facts."

THUNDEROUS oratory and charges of boodle, bribery, and graft rocked the Assembly halls, but the Legislature passed the bill. They did not take the land away from Gaston and turn it directly to Holladay, as his most ardent friends insisted they should. They decreed that the land should go to the company which first completed twenty miles of railroad track and put it into operation before Christmas day, 1869.

Larry expected quick action. He figured there was going to be a race between Holladay and Gaston, for according to reports the land grant was worth money enough to pay for building the whole railroad. He thought Mr. Holladay would burn up the telegraph wires and put rails, power, and rolling stock on special order and have it shipped across Panama so he

could drive his line through in stagecoach time.

But when he put the question to Mr. Holladay, the old plainsman shook his grizzled head.

"Nope. No rush about it. I don't want to tie up too much money in the proposition till I know where I'm at."

"Don't you know where you're at?"

"Not yet."

"But I thought the Legislature took the land away from Gaston."

"Did, but didn't give it to me. I've got to do some more fightin' before I get it. When Congress granted the land for this railroad, the law stipulated that the company receivin' it must file assent to the terms within one year. Gaston filed, but Eliot didn't. Now Gaston can't claim because he ain't a legal corporation, but I can't claim because I ain't complied with the Federal law. Land's gone back to the Government, an' we've got to put another bill through Congress before anybody can get it."

"Won't Gaston go ahead and build his twenty miles while you're waitin'?"

Holladay grinned. "He would if he could, but he can't. It costs a half-million dollars to build twenty miles of railroad. Gaston ain't got it, an' Ainsworth an' his crowd won't dig down into their pants an' fork it over to him."

The fight settled into a wrangle among lawyers and politicians. Down in Washington, Mr. Corbett, the newly elected Senator from Oregon, favored the West Side Company because Gaston, Portland, and the Ainsworth monopoly had elected him. Williams, the senior Senator from Oregon, was pulling for the East Side because he believed Holladay would construct the railroad his constituents

Your face and purse both get the breaks!
This Thin Gillette has what it takes
To go to town on wiry stubble—
You look well-groomed—save time and trouble!
New Kind Of Edges On Steel Hard Enough To Cut Glass
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade
Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27c

needed. Meanwhile, in Oregon there were injunctions and counter-injunctions, charges and counter-charges. The whole state took sides, one element hailing Ben Holladay as an empire builder, the other damning him as an illiterate vagabond come to rob the people of their heritage.

The rainy season set in. Warm winds swept up from the Pacific and met cold drafts seeping down from the mountains. Seas of fog enveloped sun, moon and stars; and gray mists hung eternally over the dismal terminal buildings in East Portland and the sodden railroad grade leading out.

Mr. Holladay cut the force, but he kept a small gang grading a few hundred feet a week and ironing it out as they went. He placed tentative orders in Birmingham for rails, spikes, track bolts, fish-plates, and bar iron, and in the East for power and rolling stock so the stuff could be shipped in the spring.

Larry stayed on the job all winter He hauled dirt and crossties for the construction men. He helped Holladay and Eliot plan their new terminal buildings. He brought Hank Parsons into the shop to help him. Together they overhauled *Old Betsy* so as to have her in shape to meet the building program which he knew would begin as soon as the land-grant question was settled.

WHEELS of Federal machinery moved slowly, but they moved. Mr. Holladay sent Attorney Mitchell to Washington to work with Senator Williams and secure the land grant for his East Side Company. They conferred with the Secretary of the Interior. The latter ruled, as Mr. Holladay had predicted he would, that the land grant, unclaimed by a legally constituted company within the time limit set by law, had reverted to the Government and could be revived only by further act of Congress.

Senator Williams prepared a bill to extend the time of filing and give the land to any company hitherto designated by the Oregon Legislature to receive it—that is, to the outfit which built the first twenty miles. The bill was passed by Congress on the tenth of April. The following morning, in Oregon, Mr. Holladay strode into the shop where Larry was putting the final coat of green paint on *Old Betsy's* cab, getting her ready to go out on the line, and showed him a message from the nation's capital.

"We've won!" he gloated. "We're ready to go to work buildin' the railroad now. We'll put on men an' finish this first twenty miles between now an' Christmas Day, an' the land grant'll cover the rest."

"What about Gaston?"

Holladay stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Gaston's through. If he's as smart as he thinks he is, he'll quit railroadin' an' go back practicin' law."

But Joseph B. Gaston was no quitter. He firmly believed he was the father of the Oregon railroad system. The idea, he said, was his. He declared that if he didn't build it nobody else should. Backed by friends in Portland, he had secured funds in the early spring and set to work.

Throughout the spring and early summer, the two rival grading gangs worked side by side in the valley, with only the river slipping silently between. Larry watched anxiously as men with teams and scrapers piled black mud into the grade on the other side like an army entrenching itself for a long and bitter struggle.

Mr. Holladay watched, too. He had established permanent offices in East

Portland. Seldom a day passed but he went out to the end of his own line and stood around scrutinizing the men who worked on the grade of his opponent. He assumed an air of contempt, but Larry suspected that deep down inside of him there lurked the fear that while he himself had waited Gaston had obtained funds, ordered materials, and was bringing them home to build the twenty miles and win the bonus.

Their own order for material was duly filled. Ten days after the bill had been passed by Congress their iron was on the way around the Horn, and not long afterward, their equipment was shipped from the East. But they could not expect it to arrive in Oregon until late summer or early fall.

Gaston clung tenaciously to his grading. By midsummer he had carried his roadbed eighteen miles south to Hillsboro. Until Holladay's first shipload of rails arrived the Westsider averred he would finish his line first; but when the East Side iron came in and he had none with which to top it, he called his men off and disappeared from Oregon.

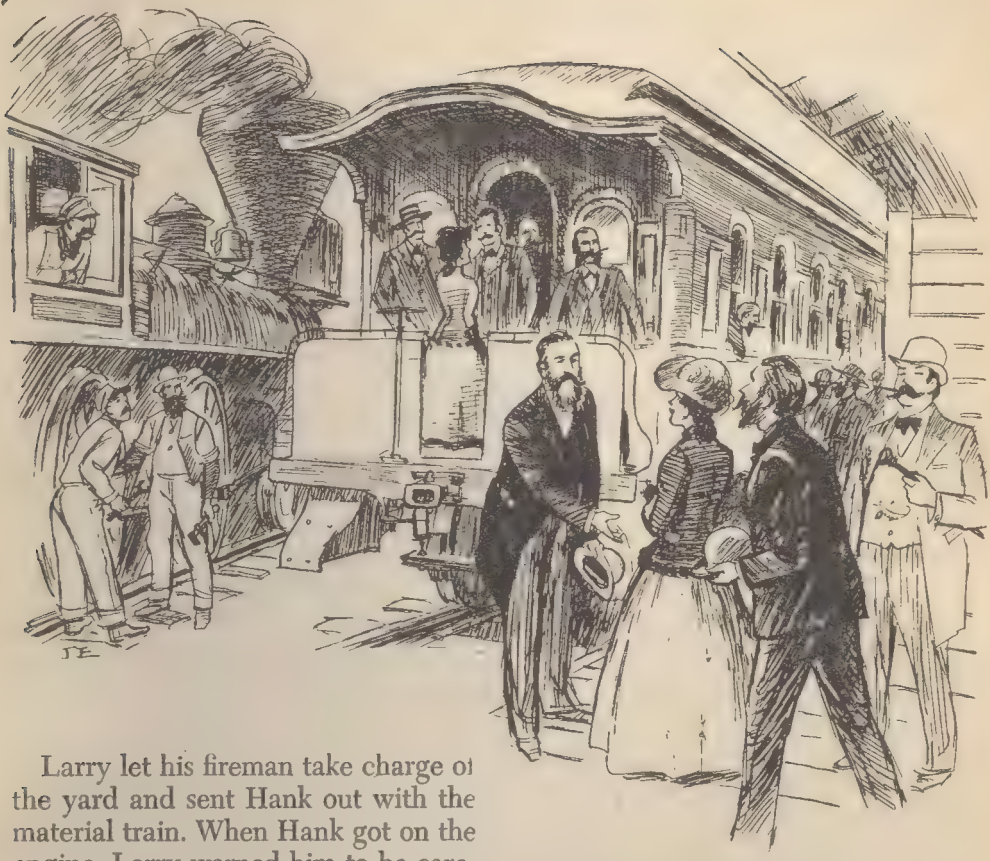
Larry thought Gaston had quit the fight. He believed Holladay would be free now to go on with construction, unhampered by further opposition. Mr. Eliot hired construction foremen and organized his track-laying brigade. Larry assembled his new equipment. Early in September, 1870, they were laying iron in real earnest on the first railroad in Oregon.

There was no mad rush here as there had been on the Union Pacific the previous year. This was no race between rival grading gangs for records or for bonuses. The Oregon Central had eighteen thousand feet already laid with second-hand iron. They had to lay eighty seven thousand more feet, and ninety days in which to do it. Mr. Holladay ordered them to set a thousand feet a day as their goal, and at a thousand feet a day, they sent the iron creeping up the Willamette Valley.

THE rainy season came again. It slowed the workers but did not stop them. Larry, in charge of a new engine which had now arrived, pushed flatcar loads of rails ahead of him to the end of track. Men in slickers slogged over sodden ties set in dirt ballast, shoving the iron on ahead. Other men spiked it into place, while still others brought on angle bars and bolted the rails together.

At the same time other construction crews were at work in East Portland building substantial shops, roundhouse, freight and passenger depots, office buildings and terminal trackage. Larry had promoted Hank Parsons to engineer and placed him in charge of the engine *S. G. Eliot* switching the yards, while he himself handled the *Ben Holladay* on the road. Hank was rapidly developing into a capable runner. He loved to sit in the cab seat with the brim of his old Army hat turned up and the wind blowing through his straw-colored whiskers, and "let 'er ramble."

By December fifteenth they had seven thousand feet of track left to lay —six big days' work or seven light ones. Ben Holladay was crowing. Whenever he won a victory or did a good job he wanted to tell the world about it. He was planning to celebrate the completion of his winter's work by running an excursion out to the end of track with the Governor, Senator Williams and other political friends as his guests. He called Larry into his office that morning to arrange final details for this excursion.



On December 23rd, 1869, Ben Holladay ran his first passenger train from Portland to the end of track

Larry let his fireman take charge of the yard and sent Hank out with the material train. When Hank got on the engine, Larry warned him to be careful.

"This track's soft and won't stand fast runnin'. You take it easy, because if you turn an engine over now you may tie up the railroad and knock us out of finishing before Christmas."

Hank said: "Oh, shore, shore, Mr. Keene! I know all about it. I'll take 'er easy. Don't you worry yore head about me. I'll git out thar an' back an' never so much as upset a charcoal."

Larry was uneasy all morning. He was not particularly afraid of the good track they had laid that fall, but he was chary of the sixteen thousand feet laid with the old rusty iron. He had urged Mr. Eliot to take that up and put down new before he went running the heavy engines over it; but the chief engineer had said to let it stay until they had finished their first twenty miles, then he would take it up and relay the rusty rails with new.

The conference ended at 11:10 a.m. Expecting to have finished by the 21st of the month, they arranged to run their junket on Christmas Day. Larry was going to polish up the *Ben Holladay,* shine the new passenger equipment, drape the coaches in bunting, hang out flags, run up to the end of track and stage a small-time spike-driving ceremony. Mr. Holladay would then give Oregon twenty miles of operating railroad for a Yuletide present, and there would be speeches by the notables.

Larry came out of the office and

went into the shop. Hank Parsons should have been back in East Portland by that time, but wasn't. At 12:15 Hank appeared, hot-footing it down the track through the mist and rain. He was wet, lame, and bespattered. There was a hole in his old Army hat you could have stuck your fist through.

Larry did not need to ask what had happened. Hank's bedraggled condition and the forlorn look on his visage told the story. The motive-power chief put on his yellow slicker and went out to meet him.

When the old fellow was yet afar off, he called out repentantly:

"I went an' done it, Mr. Keene. I went an' had a wreck."

"Oh, you did, eh!" Larry was sarcastic and cutting. He was rapidly learning how to be a railroad official.

"Shore did. I put 'er in the ditch right down thar whar I come onto that old track."

"Tryin' to hang up a speed record, eh!" Larry stormed. "Tryin' to see how fast she'd run!"

"No, honest, Mr. Keene, I weren't a running so powerful fast, but—"

"How bad is she off?"

"She's all off, Mr. Keene."

"Turned over?"

"Nope, she ain't turned over, but she shore is mired down."

LARRY boarded the S. G. *Eliot* and ran up to the wreck. His beautiful new engine was in a mess. Hank had come off the new iron running ten miles too fast. The *Ben Holladay* had hit a hole a hundred feet from the end of it and commenced to sunfish. The third good wobble, she had jumped the track and headed for a wheatfield. She had not gotten that far, for she had slithered off the fill, plunged into a bar pit full of water, and stood there now with her pilot torn off and her nose buried halfway to the headlight in Oregon mud. The worst feature of it was that her tank, held to her by link, pin, and safety chains, was fouling the main so they could not use the line without turning both tank and engine over into the ditch.

Larry had no wrecking crane. He had ordered one in the early spring, but it would not arrive in Oregon until next year. He wired the construction men to come up from the end of track. Mr. Eliot set them to work prying the *Ben Holladay* out of the mud and shoring her up with crossties and bridge timbers.

It was a slow, tedious undertaking. The ground was wet and soft. Drenching rain fell incessantly. Screw jacks drove the timbers into the mud faster than they raised the engine up. It was late the next afternoon when they finally lifted the wreck high enough to build a temporary track under her. Larry thought the dirty work was done now. A pull with the other engine and she'd be back on the main. He coupled the S. G. *Eliot* into her nose and gave the pull, but instead of yanking the *Holladay* back the *Eliot* herself slipped off. Both engines were now on the ground, helpless as a fish in the sand.

"We're in a fix," Mr. Holladay said grimly. He had been standing around all afternoon in the rain watching them.

"A helluva fix!" Larry admitted.

"What are you goin' to do now?"

Larry studied a moment. "Jack her up an' build more track under her, I reckon. The way she's off, she'll never climb back under her own power. Damn that guy Hank! He ought to have the seat of his pants kicked up around his neck where he could wear it for a ruffle."

Hank Parsons had worked for thirty hours, crawling around in the mud setting jacks and digging holes for pry poles. He was so crusted and plastered that you couldn't tell whether he was a human being or a big cake of mud walking on two legs. While the officials were figuring their next move, the old fellow crawled out of the bar pit, and cried:

"Say, fellers! Why don't we fetch *Old Betsy* out here an hitch her on?"

"*Old Betsy!*" Larry had forgotten there was a third engine. He had shoved the California relic into a weed patch when his new engines arrived, and had not built a fire under her boiler since. His first reaction was negative. *Old Betsy* was a dwarf alongside the *Eliot* and *Holladay*. But little though she was, she had pulling power, and her feet would be on the main line iron instead of the spur. He okayed the suggestion.

While the other boys were eating supper and drinking black coffee, Hank rode the hand-car into town, fired *Old Betsy* and ran her back. The conductor headed her into the *Eliot* and coupled them nose to nose. He had to use two links, because the *Eliot's* pilot bar was too high to couple into that of her baby sister.

Men placed frogs under the derailed wheels and stood aside watching tensely through the light of flaring torches. If Hank's plan worked, if the little engine actually pulled the big one out of the mud and both coupled together cleared the *Ben Holladay*, they would sleep that night. If not, they would work on, wet and cold, through the rain.

Larry yelled to Hank: "Take it easy, you blockhead! If we get this other engine in the mud, we'll be stuck here till Christmas."

THIS time Hank had nothing to say. Larry signalled. He worked the throttle. The *Eliot* slowly climbed the frogs, stalled an inch from the crown, and settled back.

"She's going to work!" Larry shouted hopefully, and to Hank: "Give her the slack and a little more steam! Not too much now."

Hank was wet, weary and cowed. He obeyed his boss implicitly, hooked the reverse down and latched the throttle. Larry was standing six feet from the coupling, talking to Mr. Holladay, watching the drivers, and passing signals to the engineer. The little engine panted, coughed, and moved ahead. The links tightened. The *Eliot* started up the frogs.

Then something happened. Larry was too stunned for a few seconds to know what it was. A flying missile shot in under his upraised arm and struck him in the side. A sharp pain stabbed through his wet slicker. He emitted a grunt.

"What's the matter?" Holladay asked, grabbing him by the arm.

"Rusty old coupling link broke."

"I mean what happened to you?"

"Piece of it smacked me in the side, I reckon," Larry gasped.

"Hurt you much?"

"Naw, just knocked the breath outa me. I'll be all right."

Larry sent the conductor to bring a new link from the *Eliot's* toolbox. Then they coupled on and tried again. This time the stalled locomotive trailed meekly out to the main. Within thirty minutes the two engines, working together, walked the *Holladay* up from the mire; and Larry, holding his side and gasping every time she wobbled, rode her triumphantly into town.

The *Ben Holladay* was not seriously damaged. A wash and polish job, new

paint over the scratches, slats in the pilot, and a few rods straightened would fit her for the Christmas excursion. But neither the *Holladay* nor her driver made the run on that trip. Larry went to bed that night and didn't get up next morning. He did not get up for several mornings. First it was five ribs cracked by a broken link, then a siege of pneumonia brought on by injury and exposure.

Mr. Eliot finished the work on December 23rd and ran the first passenger train from Portland to the end of track. Larry, reading the account in the *Daily Oregonian*, knew that a great day had come for Ben Holladay and the State of Oregon.

The editor played up the occasion as one of far-reaching importance. He went into raptures over the grandeur of equipment, saying there was no finer train in all the land than Holladay's train on the Oregon Central. He described the beautiful engine finished in Russian iron and trimmed with brass and nickel. He gushed over "gorgeously accoutered passenger cars finished in mahogany and plush with rich carpets on the aisles, into which one sinks as into beds of green moss in the depths of the virgin forest."

"And this," he declared, "is only the beginning. Mr. Holladay has come to live among us, bringing with him a vast fortune and a wealth of business experience. If we will stand behind him and give him our undivided support we shall have, within a few years, a railroad system second to none in the land."

LARRY was out of bed shortly after the New Year. He went into Holladay's office as soon as he was able to be about. The big boss was

"QUICK! WHERE'S THE D.A.?"
HE'S OUT FOR A PACK OF NEW STAR DOUBLE EDGE BLADES!
INTRODUCTORY OFFER
5 for 10¢
15 for 25¢
STAR
STAR
Made by the Amazing 6NX Process!
MAKES YOUR DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR PERFORM MIRACLES!

sitting behind his big desk, holding a crumpled sheet in his great ham of a hand and scowling down at it. Larry noticed there were wrinkles on his bearded face which had not been there when he had come north eighteen months before. Without moving from his position or even looking up, he muttered:

"We've got another fight on hand."

"What is it this time?"

"That damned Gaston, of course!"

Holladay smoothed the crumpled sheet and passed it over. It was a letter from Senator Williams in Washington. Mr. Williams said Joseph Gaston was in the nation's capital and had evidently been there for some time, trying to secure a Congressional land grant for another railroad line which he proposed to build from Portland south to connect with a line from Winnemuca, Nevada, in Southern Oregon.

"From what I have been able to learn concerning his plans," the letter continued; "he is trying to induce Collis P. Huntington to build this Winnemuca road as a branch of the Central Pacific to connect with his Oregon Central. This in itself might not be a bad thing for Oregon. Two years ago I should certainly have given such a plan my unqualified support; but since you have invested heavily there and are already laying the foundation for a railroad system ample to meet the needs of the community, I feel it only fair to you to inform you of the situation, so that you may take whatever measures you deem expedient to protect yourself and your interests."

Larry handed the letter back and stared at Mr. Holladay. He had been taking lessons in railroad organization and in learning to figure out what the other fellow's thinking. He saw at once that such a line would spell ruin to Ben Holladay, for once Huntington and his powerful Central Pacific secured a foothold in Oregon they would take over control of transportation.

"What are you goin' to do about it?" he queried listlessly.

"Goin' to fight, of course," growled the old warhorse from the Western plains. "I'm goin' to catch the next boat out for Washington an' put a spoke in Mr. Gaston's little wheel."

Gaston was an amateur in national politics, Ben Holladay a professional. The latter had friends in Congress who still remembered how he had kept open the lines of communication into the West through the Indian raids of the Civil War. These friends promised help. When Gaston's man introduced the land-grant measure, Holladay's supporters offered an amendment providing that the line might be built from Nevada, but when so built it must connect with *Holladay's* Oregon Central, not *Gaston's*.

The amended bill was passed. Again Ben Holladay had outwitted his enemies. But when the amended bill went through, it carried a provision granting Gaston twenty sections to the mile for a line from Portland southwest to McMinnville and northwest to Astoria. Holladay had been forced to let it ride. He told Larry afterwards that he had seen little danger in it then, for at best such a road could be no more than a local line serving a section of the state which he himself was not yet ready to penetrate. But in that grant lay Gaston's final weapon.

VICTOR and vanquished returned to Oregon. Ben Holladay was preparing to go on with construction; but before he had time to get settled,

Gaston struck again. This time it was an injunction in the Federal courts to restrain Holladay's East Side road from using the name Oregon Central. The court ruled for Gaston, deciding it was illegal for one company to use the name of a corporation previously organized.

That looked like the end for Mr. Holladay's dreams. The old plainsman had sunk a million dollars of his own money in the work already done on the Oregon Central. He called on the best legal talent of the land. At length William G. Evarts showed him the way out. Evarts advised Mr. Holladay to organize a new concern and transfer his East Side assets to it.

Holladay followed this advice. He organized the Oregon & California Railroad Company, capitalized it for twenty million dollars, and took over the assets of the East Side corporation. His building program lagged during that summer of 1870. He used his talents in organizing his new outfit and wasted his energy in defending himself against Joe Gaston.

Backed now by a Congressional land grant, Gaston secured funds and commenced once more to build his railroad up the valley. Holladay watched with alarm as the grade stretched southward. He knew Gaston had a charter to build all the way to Eugene City; and once there, he was within striking distance of the main sources of north-south traffic. The former stage king soon became convinced that his only safety lay in gaining control of the Gaston road, the old Oregon Central, and merging it with his own lines.

He told Larry: "There'll be no peace for us as long as that Portland crowd's got railroad rights in the valley. We've got either to crush 'em or run 'em out, or they'll run us out."

Larry asked how he'd do it.

"There's always a way," the plainsman chuckled. "They've got some railroad bonds with the interest overdue. I own the bonds."

"And if they refuse to sell, you'll foreclose?" Larry surmised.

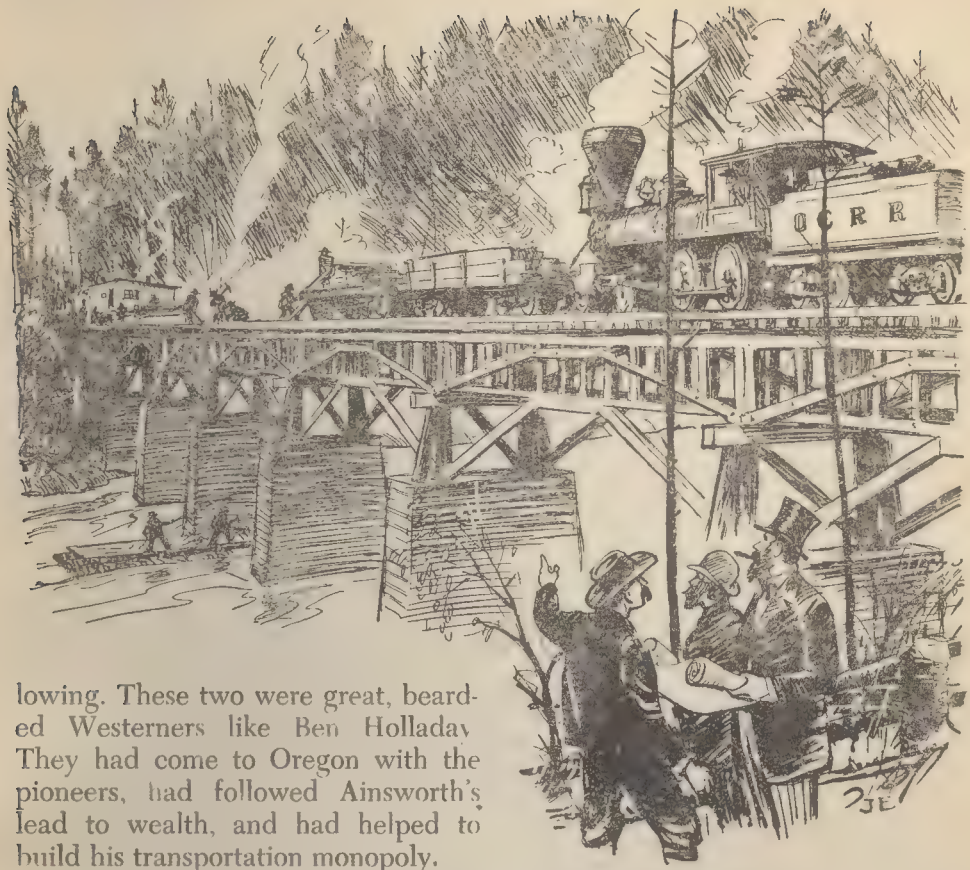
"That's right."

The same men controlled the Oregon Central now who had organized it in the beginning—Captain J. C. Ainsworth, S. G. Reed, R. R. Thompson and Joseph B. Gaston—an ambitious quartette who regarded the State of Oregon as their own sphere of influence and Ben Holladay as an intruder.

Holladay studied carefully their railroad property. With Eliot's help, he appraised its assets and its liabilities, estimated the value of the work already done and the cost of carrying it to completion. When he had finished his appraisal, he called at the offices of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. Evidently he tried to buy the road and threatened to foreclose the mortgage bonds if they refused to sell. At any rate, the four would-be railroad kings called within a few days to repay his visit.

Larry was no longer pulling throttle on a road engine. He had help, for they were now operating thirty miles and extending it every day. They had built a new shop and a roundhouse, and were adding new power and equipment. Larry was now superintendent of motive power, master mechanic, and roundhouse foreman. The morning they called, he was helping Hank Parsons and a fireman to pack pistons and tighten loose nuts on the *S. G. Eliot*. He saw them come over from Portland on the ferry and head for the terminal building.

Gaston and Ainsworth were in the lead, with Reed and Thompson fol-



"Seventy thousand dollars won't break him," Gaston stormed. "Seventy thousand ain't chicken feed for Holladay"

lowing. These two were great, bearded Westerners like Ben Holladay. They had come to Oregon with the pioneers, had followed Ainsworth's lead to wealth, and had helped to build his transportation monopoly.

THEY followed the boardwalk around the old shop, filed solemnly by the new, and disappeared in Mr. Holladay's office. Larry did not know what transpired behind the frosted doors; but from what he heard later, he assumed that Mr. Holladay offered them seventy thousand dollars for their railroad and offered to finish it to McMinnville and Astoria; that Gaston hotly refused; that Mr. Ainsworth stood with Gaston; and that Mr. Reed wanted to let him have it.

The rival magnates were closeted with Mr. Holladay for an hour. As they came out, Larry crossed the tracks and went into the old shop for a set of scale drawings which he had left tacked to the wall when he had moved out a few days before. While he was taking the drawings down, the men came around the corner of the old shop and stopped not six feet from where he stood.

Gaston was raving. He declared he had spent seven years of his life and every dollar he owned in the world lining up capital to build this Oregon railroad, and that neither Ben Holladay nor anybody else would buy him out. No, sir-ee! He'd build that railroad to Eugene and on to California and run Ben Holladay out of the state!

Ainsworth said something which Larry did not catch. Then Reed spoke up: "I think we ought to sell to him, Joe."

"I don't," Gaston retorted.

"I do. The way to break a man like Holladay's to let him have exactly what he wants, which in this case is the Oregon Central Railroad—"

"Seventy thousand dollars won't break him," Gaston stormed. "Seventy thousand dollars ain't chicken feed for Holladay."

"But seventy thousand dollars plus the cost of building a railroad to McMinnville and Astoria is," said Reed. "Holladay will find laying those lines a different proposition from building over the flat lands of the Williamette Valley. Besides, they'll never pay. If we sell to him now, we'll load him down with more unproductive property than he's got capital to handle. Then the first little financial flurry comes along, he'll go busted an' we'll be rid of him."

The men went on to the landing and rode the ferry home. Larry went straight to Mr. Holladay's office. He wore greasy overalls. Both hands were black as tar and there were grease smudges on his face, but he went right in. Holladay was calmly smoking a good cigar. He arched his heavy eyebrows inquiringly.

"Did they sell you their railroad?" Larry asked bluntly.

"Not yet, but they're goin' to," Mr. Holladay chuckled.

"I think you're right," Larry flashed. "I think they'll sell to you before the day's over."

Holladay eyed him curiously and inquired what he meant. Larry sketched hurriedly the conversation he had heard. Mr. Holladay was not frightened. The old stagecoach master had unbounded faith in himself. He firmly believed he was the equal in business judgment of any man alive. He chucked his half-smoked cigar into the cuspidor and, with an air of defiance, growled:

"So they think they can bust me, heh? Load me down with more unproductive property than I can handle an' I'll go broke?"

"That's the way they figure."

"Well, dod rot their ornery hides, I can figger, too! I want 'em to sell me that railroad. I'll build it and I'll make it pay."

There was nothing more that Larry could say. He returned crestfallen to his task of helping Hank Parsons and a fireman to pack pistons and tighten loose nuts on a locomotive.

GASTON must have fought bitterly to uphold his rights, for it was eight days before the quartette came again to call on Mr. Holladay. They *did* call. They accepted his offer and agreed to sell him their interest in the West Side Oregon Central for seventy thousand dollars, but bound him by contract to complete their extensions within a given time limit.

That was Gaston's last card. Whatever reckoning was done from this time on, was in the hands of Fate. Ben Holladay was now in complete control of the railroad situation in Oregon. Fighting done, he settled down to build the lines as he had planned them. He sold twenty million dollars' worth of bonds in Germany at seventy cents on the dollar. He built railroad grades, tracks, and substantial buildings, and bought new equipment.

He became the virtual dictator of Oregon. He set up and tore down political machines in Portland, Salem and the country towns of the interior. He lavished his personal wealth upon personal enterprises and flung it right and left in royal entertainment. He built great hotels, the Clarendon

House, the Holladay House and the Seaside House; and taught the people of Oregon how to play and enjoy life. He established new industries: sawmills, flour mills, and steamship lines; and railroad terminals to handle the traffic of his expanding lines.

With money derived from the sale of bonds, he drove the Gaston lines to McMinnville and his own main south toward California. In 1871 he built to Albany, eighty miles from Portland; in 1872, to Eugene City, a hundred twenty-four miles; in 1873 to Roseberg, a hundred ninety-eight. He bought the best locomotives, the finest passenger cars, the most luxurious sleepers that money could buy.

He purchased for his own use a rolling palace called *The President*, and when his friends gathered about him he stocked it with rich foods, fine wines and the best cigars for fishing trips up and down the Willamette. Nothing was too good for his friends or his railroad.

Outwardly he and his road was prospering, but on the company ledgers Larry knew there were secrets which the public had not fathomed Construction and equipment had far exceeded early estimates. The first twenty miles had cost six hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and other miles had cost an even higher rate.

Income, on the other hand, had fallen short. The land grant for which Ben Holladay had fought so hard and upon which he had counted to pay his bonds, turned out to be a bauble. The best lands in the valley had long since been taken up. The only areas left for the railroad company was marginal stuff not worth the clearing.

New people had settled in the valleys to grow wheat and fruits, but they had not come in the flocks and droves which Holladay and Eliot had envisioned. There was no organization in the state to entice them with glowing pictures of the future. Many emigrants who started west were stopped on the plains of Kansas and Nebraska by smooth-tongued agents for the Pacific roads. Traffic on the Oregon Central for the first three years had not paid the expense of operation, much less the overhead and sinking fund. Holladay had been compelled to draw steadily on borrowed money.

Larry knew that he was banking heavily on the country settling up and furnishing him with ever-increasing business. He himself believed that within a few years traffic volume would meet their early expectations, but right now invisible forces were working both in Oregon and beyond to halt that volume of traffic and turn its income into other coffers.

INVISIBLE forces were working, too, in Larry Keene's own life. He had done well on the Oregon Central. His fairest dreams had been realized. Mr. Holladay had furnished him with ample funds and given him a free hand. He had built up a line of motive power which was the pride of Oregon and a tribute to his own creative ability. There had been no lack of funds, nor was his personal salary a niggardly one. Still there were forces at work, both within and without, calling him to another land.

The early struggle and the continuing hostility of the Portland folk had left unpleasant imprints on Larry's memory. Fog, mist, and wintry rain irked him. The injury he had received the night of Hank's first wreck was sapping his strength. Twice in the dead of winter he had been advised to leave Oregon and spend a month in a land of sunshine. When the spring of 1873 came and the doctor told him

he had best not let another winter catch him here in Oregon, Larry determined to go away and seek employment on the arid plains.

He broke the news to Mr. Holladay. The grizzled chieftain did not try to turn him from his purpose.

"You've helped me through the pinch," Holladay said in friendly tone. "You've built up my motive power and taught me how to railroad. I've got friends high up on the official staffs of the Pacific roads. I'll get in touch with them and help you to land a good job."

So Mr. Holladay worked the wires; and in August, almost five years to a day from their first meeting on the raw grade south of Portland, there came a short message from a high official of the Union Pacific, offering Larry a position in the motive power department at a good salary.

"Quite a promotion, heh?" the old plainsman chuckled proudly.

"I'll say it's a promotion," said Larry. "Sure do hate to leave you, though." He thumbed the message and laid it on the office desk.

"Maybe it's a good thing," Holladay muttered.

Larry did not ask for an explanation and Mr. Holladay did not offer it; but before he left for the new job, Larry knew. On the 15th of September, Larry turned his office work over to his successor. On the 17th, he closed his private affairs and was ready to leave for Frisco the following night. In the late afternoon Mr. Holladay hunted him up at his hotel. Said he was making a flying trip to Eugene and asked Larry to go along.

"What time are you coming back?" Larry wanted to know.

"Tomorrow evenin'," said the railroad magnate. "I've got to be there in the mornin' at an eight-o'clock conference with my engineers and construction foreman. We'll have lunch there and come down in plenty of time for you to catch your boat out."

Larry had time to kill and there was no more pleasant place to kill it than on Ben Holladay's luxurious private car, *The President*. He packed his personal belongings that night so he would be able to leave immediately on their return from Eugene.

ON THE fateful morning of the 18th—the 18th of September, 1873—Ben Holladay went into his conference. Larry joined Hank and some of the boys in a farewell game in the billiard hall. They had expected to leave Eugene at 1:30, but just before noon Mr. Holladay came striding in. He was rapping the board hard with his big feet. His bearded face was set and stern. He touched Hank's arm and said in a low, tight voice:

"You go to the roundhouse an' get your engine ready right away."

Hank asked no questions. When Mr. Holladay spoke, his subordinates obeyed. Hank left a set-up shot, stuck his cue, and headed for the roundhouse. Before he was through the door, Mr. Halladay turned to Larry.

"If you want a bite to eat, you'd better go to the hotel an' get it. We're pullin' out as soon as Hank gets the engine on."

"Trouble?" Larry queried.

"Hell's broke loose," announced the big boss. "Jay Cooke & Company's gone busted an' there's a panic on in Wall Street. I've got to go to New York as fast as steam'll take me there."

Larry ate little. He knew enough of the financial circumstances of the Oregon railroad to realize she was in no shape to weather a financial storm. While he was sipping his coffee, he recalled vividly the threat and proph-

ecy which S. G. Reed had uttered outside the old shops in East Portland. Snatches came to him across the years almost as if he were hearing it anew: "Load him down with more unproductive property. . . . First financial flurry that comes along, he'll go broke an' we'll be rid of him."

That time had come. Mr. Holladay sensed it. He ate nothing. He went directly into the telegraph office and remained there until the engine had been coupled on and they were ready to ride. The trip was one in which Hank satisfied in full his speeding instinct, and with full official sanction. The dispatcher gave them a clear iron. Hank sent the Special flashing down the Willamette's easy grades.

As they shuttled through the alternate stretches of forest land and fertile farms, Mr. Holladay talked. He did not boast, for his boasting days were done. He told Larry:

"I've come to the end of my rope with the Oregon Central. There's interest coming due on twenty million dollars' worth of railroad bonds in thirteen days, but no money in the treasury to pay it with."

"Bondholders will have to wait," said Larry, grasping at a straw.

"Them Dutchmen don't wait long. They may pass the first quarter with a few cablegrams; but when two quarters default, they'll send agents here to find out why."

"Can't you borrow?"

Holladay shook his bearded head. "Might have, if the panic hadn't come. Can't now. When they discover this road ain't paying operating expenses, they'll foreclose an' oust me from the management."

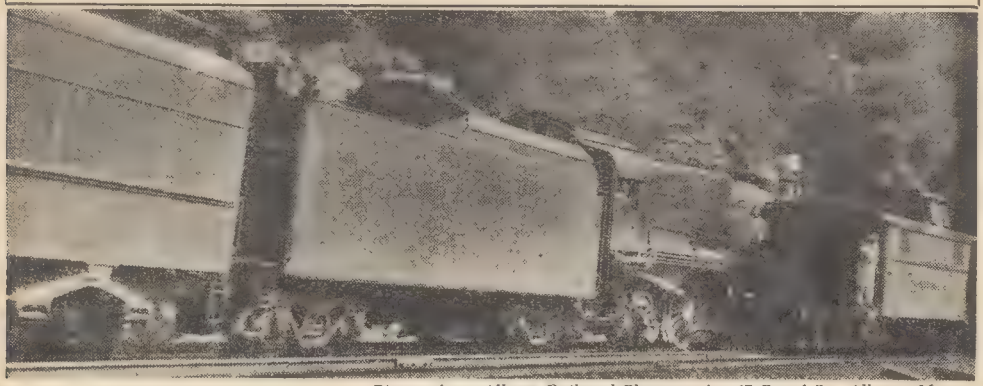
"It don't seem fair for a man that's put as much money and hard work into a job as you've put in this," said Larry, "to have it taken away."

"It's business," Holladay stated.

The old plainsman got up and walked out to stand on the rear platform as they raced toward Portland. Larry watched him there, leonine head thrown back, massive shoulders erect, gazing along the ribbons of iron unwinding toward the south and California. In his manner was no sign of defeat, no sign of regret for the years and the wealth which had gone.

Larry reflected that although his friend had spent millions in an enterprise from which others would profit, and although Ben Holladay himself would be ousted, his work would live on. For in creating the Oregon Central, the old transportation king had given a mighty state its first great railroad system—and that historical fact nothing could ever change.

Light of the Lantern



Picture from Allston Railroad Photographs, 47 Royal St., Allston, Mass.

Three converging threads on a timetable board are converted into dynamic action on the Pennsy's *Horseshoe Curve*. The hogger of the passenger train holds his M-1 abreast of the cabin car to furnish travellers an unrestricted view across the valley, while a westbound freight lifts a column of black smoke to the sky beyond the cupola

Plotting New Timetables

ASK the average "rail" what a timetable board is and he will probably give you the glassy eye, as much as to say: "You're kinda' getting your boards twisted up aren't you, buddy?"

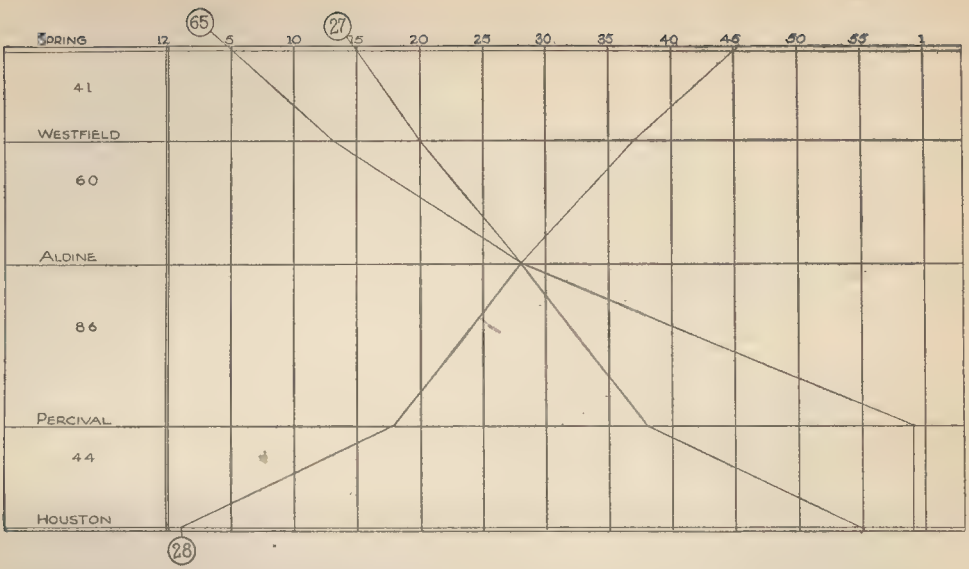
In all likelihood it is the least known "board" on a railroad, even among those affected by its functioning. Quite often one finds a division where there is not more than one individual, usually an official, who is sufficiently steeped in the mysteries of this device to use it. Yet, actually, there is nothing very complicated about its form or use. When you have absorbed the facts set forth here, you will be able to drive right into the Super's office and take over.

But first you'll have to ask where the gadget is. They are always either hidden in a closet, or stuck in some remote place with a cover over them. The only logical explanation is that the Super keeps them away from any female stenographer who might suddenly break something just as she passed and extract a pin, or a part of the thread therefrom with which to make repairs; thus spoiling the whole setup.

As American railroads developed to the point where it became desirable to operate two or more trains on a given piece of track, simultaneously, some means had to be devised to prevent collisions. Thus was the timetable born. Prior to 1852 it was the sole authority for train movement. But with the coming of the telegraph, the science of train dispatching developed, in which the dispatcher was given the authority to alter, in a prescribed manner, the authority of timetables, facilitating train movements.

Since then, much more of the timetable's authority has been limited by the functioning of other devices, such as the *positive block*, the *interlocking plant, cen-*

EACH month we present, in this department, a short technical article dealing with a subject we have frequently been queried about. Other reader questions pertaining to railroading are answered in The Information Booth, provided they are of sufficient general interest. *Do NOT enclose a stamped envelope with your query,* as we cannot undertake to send replies by mail.



A detail drawing which illustrates the theory of the timetable board. Each horizontal line represents a station, while vertical divisions indicate five-minute intervals

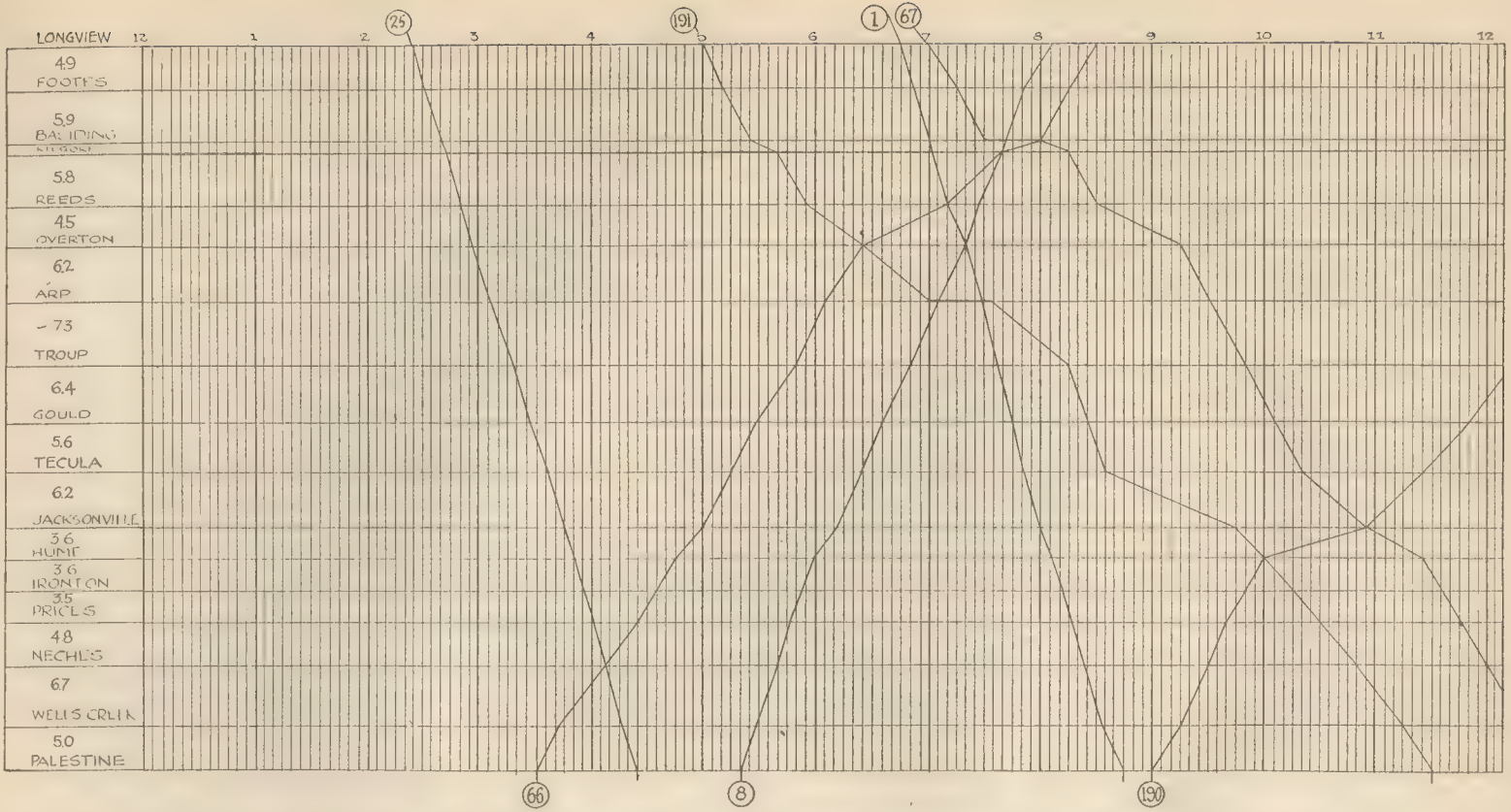
tralized traffic control, etc. Nevertheless, it retains an honored position in the realm of railroad operation, for it is still: "The authority for the movement of regular trains subject to the rules. It contains the classified schedule of trains with special instructions relating thereto."

Inasmuch as schedules must be compiled with maximum precision, any device tending to lesson errors and speed up the work of checking and double-checking is welcomed by officials whose duties include getting out new timetables when changing conditions warrant. The "timetable board"—a permanent drawing to which are added strings, pins and tags—is the only such contrivance known to the writer.

THE vertical lines of a timetable board represent the twenty-four hours of the day, beginning at midnight on the left and ending with midnight on the right. One might think of the chart, then, as having the form of a cylinder, wherein the first line laps the last. Each hour is divided by other lines into twelve parts of five minutes each, to make reading easier. Drawing Number 1, showing a single hour, illustrates this. The exact minute is determined by the position of the pin in the five minute space. For example: Number 65 is at Westfield at 12.13 a.m.

The horizontal lines represent the various stations on the district, the distance between these lines being in proportion to the distance between the stations, as shown by the figures between the station names. The top of the board is *North* and the bottom *South*, if trains are run in those directions. Alternately the top may be *East*, and the bottom *West*. With the aid of pins, threads of different colors are placed on the board to correspond to the proposed schedules. Uusually, black is used for first class trains, red for second, and white for third class. Such colors, however, may vary with the individual user. Southbound trains, (or westbound), are strung from the top of the board diagonally toward the right bottom. Trains in the opposite direction are strung from the bottom to the right and up.

Referring again to our first drawing, in plotting the schedule of Number 27, a pin must be placed above the station line



Actual reproduction of a timetable board, with ruled train plottings substituted for threads. The more nearly vertical their course across the board, the faster is the schedule. Diagonals extending from upper-left to lower-right indicate west- or southbound trains; those angling in the opposite direction being east- or northbound

LONGVIEW DIST.—BETWEEN LONGVIEW AND PALESTINE

Station Numbers	Distance from Longview	TIME TABLE No. 42 Taking Effect MAY 17, 1936 — STATIONS	Siding Capacity in Cars	TRAINS—SOUTHWARD				
				FIRST CLASS			SECOND CLASS	THIRD CLASS
				25 Passenger	1 Passenger	7 Local Passenger	67 Red Ball Freight	191 Local Freight
				Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily Except Sunday
0	0.0	CS LONGVIEW WO STY	Yard	L 2.25 AM	L 6.45 AM	L 7.00 PM	L 7.00 AM	L 5.00 AM
5	4.9	P FOOTES W MP77	90	2.32	6.52	7.08	7.15	5.10
10	10.8	P BASIDING 5.9	114	2.41	7.00	7.16	7.30 / 8.00 166	5.25
12	12.1	CS KILGORE 1.3 W	Yard	2.48	s 7.02	s 7.22	8.15	5.40
18	17.9	P REEDS 5.8	132	2.50	7.10 66	f 7.32	8.30	5.55
22	22.4	CS OVERTON 4.5 WOY	Yard	2.57	s 7.20 8	s 7.50 26	9.15	6.25 66
29	28.6	D ARP 6.2 •	n77 s63	3.07	7.28 191	s 8.05	9.30	7.00 / 7.33 8 / 1
36	35.9	CS TROUP 7.3 WY	107	3.18	s 7.37	s 8.23	9.50	8.15
42	42.3	P GOULD 6.4	90	3.27	7.45	8.33	10.05	8.25
48	47.9	P TECULA 5.6 •	90	3.36	7.51	8.43	10.20	8.35
54	54.1	CS JACKSONVILLE 6.2 W	110	3.45	s 8.00	s 8.55	10.55 190	9.45
	54.3	ST. L. S. W. CROSSING 0.2						
57	57.7	P HUME 3.4	94	3.51	8.07	9.05	11.25	10.00 190
61	61.3	P IRONTON 3.6 •	34	3.56	8.12	9.11	11.35	10.15
65	64.8	P PRICES 3.5	54	4.02	8.17	9.17	11.45	10.30
70	69.6	D NECHES 4.8 •	110	4.08 66	8.23	s 9.27	11.59 AM	10.50
76	76.3	P WELLS CREEK 6.7 WOC	90	4.17	8.33	9.39	12.15 PM	11.15
81	81.3	CS PALESTINE 5.0 SYT	Yard	A 4.25 AM	A 8.45 AM	A 9.50 PM	A 12.30 PM	A 11.30 AM
				Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily Except Sunday
	81.3			2.00	2.00	2.50	5.30	6.30

ABSOLUTE AND PERMISSIVE BLOCK

This now obsolete Missouri Pacific timetable corresponds to our timetable board. Note use of heavy type to indicate meeting and passing times.

to which the thread is anchored. The thread is then brought to the point where the *Spring* station line intersects the *12:15 a.m.* line. There it is fixed in place by another pin. Next it is brought to the intersection of the *Westfield* and *12:20 a.m.* lines and again anchored; and so on over the district. When completed, a tag is affixed to the end of the string, showing the number of the schedule.

Where two lines running in opposite directions cross, the trains will meet, and where two lines running in the same direction intersect, the faster schedule will pass the slower. Thus we find that Number 27 meets Number 28, and passes Number 65, at Aldine at 12:28 a.m.

Obviously, the nearer a thread approaches the aspect of a vertical line, the faster is the train. Probably the expression "tight vertical" originated here. Number 25, at the left of Drawing 2, illustrates this point. If we examine the chart closely, we will find places where the schedule appears exceedingly slow. For instance, Number 191 is given one hour and ten minutes between Tecula and Jacksonville ten or twelve minutes after leaving Tecula. But being a local, and having considerable work at this point, it would not be ready to leave before the time shown.

Where only one time is indicated at a station, it means departure, and even where both arriving and leaving times are listed, a train may arrive ahead of its scheduled arriving time—or as soon as it can make the run from the last station in

UP extras pass on the Nebraska prairie. Arthur Stenssad, Box 634, North Platte, Nebr., is the photographer

the rear. Where more than one train is to be met or passed at a depot between two times, these times are shown on both the timetable and the timetable board.

WHILE Drawing 1 is purely illustrative, our second chart is an actual reproduction of a 1936 Missouri Pacific timetable, representing the left half of the timetable board (Midnight to 12.04 p.m.). With this understanding, let us see how the board is of importance in the compiling of a new timetable. The first step is to take a current copy and write in all of the desired changes. If a new schedule is to be added, the figures for it are placed in a blank column, with meeting and passing points shown.

Next, all the schedules from the corrected copy are strung up on the board. If a meeting or passing point has been overlooked, it is at once apparent and can be remedied at this stage. As soon as all changes and corrections have been made on the old timetable, it is taken to the printer. The printer furnishes a proof of the new timetable which must then be checked against the timetable board.

One person reads each shedule while another calls the information from the board, like this:

"Number 67: Leave Longview 7:00 a.m., Footes 7:15 a.m., B. A. Siding, heavy with Numbers 8 and 66, 7:30 and 8:00 a.m."

This goes on until all numbers have been checked. The expression "heavy" comes from the fact that the timetable shows all meeting and passing times in full-faced type to call attention to the fact that some train is to be met or passed. If no errors are discovered in proof, the timetable is ready to go to press. In the event corrections have to be made by the printer, the new proof must then be checked, as well as a copy of the final printing.

By now it should be apparent that timetable boards provide a speedy and accurate method of checking and serve, as well, to furnish a complete picture of proposed train movements

LONGVIEW DIST.—BETWEEN PALESTINE AND LONGVIEW

TIME TABLE No. 42

Taking Effect MAY 17, 1936

TRAINS—NORTHWARD

Station Numbers	Distance from Palestine	STATIONS	Siding Capacity in Cars	FIRST CLASS 8 Local Passenger Daily	FIRST CLASS 2 Passenger Daily	FIRST CLASS 26 Passenger Daily	SECOND CLASS 66 Red Ball Freight Daily	THIRD CLASS 190 Local Freight Daily Except Sunday
0	81.3	CS LONGVIEW WOO YT W	Yard	A 8.05 AM	A 6.25 PM	A 8.35 PM	A 8.30 AM	A 3.00 PM
5	76.4	4.9 P FOOTES MP 77	90	7.52	6.15	8.23	8:15	2.35
10	70.5	5.9 P B. A. SIDING	114	7.42 67	6.07	8.12	8.00 67	2.10
12	69.2	1.3 CS KILGORE W	Yard	s 7.39 66	s 6.05	s 8.09	7.39 8	2.00
18	63.4	5.8 P REEDS	132	f 7.27	5.55	7.58	7.10 1	1.35
22	58.9	4.5 CS OVERTON WOY	Yard	s 7.20 1	s 5.48	s 7.50 7	6.25 191	1.20
29	52.7	6.2 N ARP	n 77 s 63	s 7.05 191	5.39	s 7.38	6.05	12.45
36	45.4	7.3 CS TROUP WY	107	s 6.50	s 5.27	s 7.26	5.50	12.15 PM
42	39.0	6.4 P GOULD	90	6.35	5.17	7.15	5.28	11.50 AM
48	33.4	5.6 P TEQUILA	90	6.24	5.10	7.07	5.15	11.25
54	27.2	6.2 CS JACKSONVILLE W	110	s 6.12	s 5.01	s 6.57	5.00	10.55 67
	27.0	0.2 ST. L. S. W. CROSSING						
57	23.6	3.4 P HUME	94	5.59	4.55	6.47	4.45	10.00
61	20.0	3.6 P IRONTON	34	5.53	4.49	6.42	4.35	9.50
65	16.5	3.5 P PRICES	54	5.47	4.44	6.37	4.25	9.40
70	11.7	4.8 D NECHES	110	f 5.40	4.38	s 6.30	4.08 25	9.30
76	5.0	6.7 P WELLS CREEK	90	5.28	4.27	6.19	3.42	9.15
81	0.0	5.0 CS PALESTINE WOO YT	Yard	L 5.20 AM	L 4.20 PM	L 6.10 PM	L 3.30 AM	L 9.00 AM
	81.3			Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily Except Sunday
				2.45	2.05	2.25	5.00	6.00

ABSOLUTE AND PERMISSIVE BLOCKS

Timetable board plottings running from lower left to upper right correspond to this sheet

The Information Booth

1

SOME months ago, the operator of a Pennsylvania Railroad MU train became confused when a student engineer on the platform beside him called a fixed-signal indication differing from that recorded by his cab-signal. The result was a wreck in which 28 persons were injured. Is there a regulation covering conflicting aspects of this kind?

Yes. Automatic block system rules clearly state that should cab- and fixed-signal indications differ, the more restrictive aspect will govern train movements. Only when a cab signal changes to a more restrictive, or more favorable indication, after passing a fixed signal, can it supersede the latter.

In the instance you cite, it should be pointed out that the student engineer maintained that he called "stop" (the indication appearing upon the cab signal) and not "clear" as the operator stated. It was further revealed that under no circumstances could the fixed signal in question have indicated "clear." Be that as it may, it is apparent that human error, and not mechanical failure, caused the collision.

2

WHAT are the qualifications of a car inspector?

A candidate for this postion must have served a year at oiling cars, and two years repairing them. The age limit for new men is thirty years; for promoted men, forty years. Tests must show 20-20 vision

Photo by S. G. Morley, 2635 Etna St., Berkeley, Calif

Nevada County narrow-gage Number 9 hauls a string of tank cars over U.S. Highway 40 at Colfax, Calif

in one eye, and not less than 20-40 in the other. Applicants should be able to write a legible hand in English, and read English script as well as printed matter. They are expected to know each part of every car in general use, and to pass a stiff examination, covering A.R.A. interchange and loading rules, with a rating of not less than 75 percent.

3

WHAT was the first major consolidation of railroad companies? What U. S. lines, today, embody the greatest number of consolidations?

(1) Vanderbilt's merger of 17 roads between Albany and Buffalo, with the New York & Harlem and the Hudson River Railroads, in 1853, to form the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. This system, making connection at its Lake Erie terminal with lines extending to Chicago, provided the first all-rail route between Gotham and the Windy City.

(2) The present Pennsylvania Railroad System, embracing over 600 corporations, heads the list. Next comes the New York Central, with better than 500 leased, and merged companies.

Photo from Allston Railroad Photographs, 47 Royal St., Allston, Mass

With blower roaring, M-1 3853 flexes the *Metropolitan* limited onto the Pennsy's Horseshoe Curve

4

GIVE a brief account of the Tennessee Central Railway.

This road was chartered on April 30th, 1902, as a consolidation (under the name of the Nashville & Clarksville Railroad) of the Tennessee Central Railway, the Nashville & Knoxville Railroad, the Cumberland Plateau Railway, and the Kingston Bridge & Terminal Company. The designation Nashville & Clarksville was abandoned in favor of "Tennessee Central Railroad" on May 1st, 1902. Three years later, operation of the line, under option was instituted by the Illinois Central, but the TC resumed that function in 1908.

The present Tennessee Central Railway was incorporated in Tennessee on January 26th, 1922; acquiring, through purchase, the properties of its predecessors. With the I.C.C.'s approval, the Nashville Terminal Company was absorbed on March 31st, 1937.

Operating mainly in Tennessee, the TC forms a direct route between the eastern and western sections of the Volunteer State, extending from Hopkinsville, Ky., to Harriman, Tenn. Interchange of traffic occurs with the Southern Railway at Harriman and Hickory Gap, with the Louisville and the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis at Nashville, and with the Illinois Central at Hopkinsville. At the state capital, the road's tracks form a belt line bounding the city on three sides. In addition to the 248.5-mile main line from Harriman to Hopkinsville,

Photo from J. R. Fugundus, Espee engineer, 1322 Milvia St., Berkeley, Calif.

Central Pacific ten-wheeler 2147 ran from Berryman Station, in Berkeley, to Oakland Pier, 7 miles, when this picture was taken in 1905. Her fireman (seated on pilot) subsequently held engineer's rights on both electric and steam lines of the Southern Pacific's Western Division

the system includes three branches as follow: Monterey to Wilder, Tenn., 21.5 miles; Stones River to Old Hickory, 8.1 miles; and Carthage, Tenn., 7.5 miles—total, 285.7 miles.

Equipment consists of 33 locomotives, 721 freight cars, 13 passenger cars, and 38 work cars. We had hoped to bring our readers a roster of the engines of this road, but have received word from the company that in view of the National Emergency it cannot be made "public" at this time. Fortunately, this is the only instance of its kind we have encountered to date, and we have every confidence of being able to continue our policy of publishing up-to-the-minute locomotive listings.

5

WHY has the Pennsylvania's 6-4-4-6 locomotives been pulled off the road and what is the main difficulty in keeping the B&O's 4-4-4-4 uniflow engine in service?

(1) We are informed that the S-1 was simply undergoing one of her Fort Wayne shoppings at the time your query reached us. Several minor changes were made, among them the application of new driving tires. She's back on the job as we go to press.

(2) You can't keep an engine in service that hasn't been built.

6

LIST types and classes of the Reading's 1187, and the B&O's 4265 and 2749.

Reading 1187 is a Class A-4b, 4-wheeled switcher. Baltimore & Ohio 4265 is a Q-7f Mikado, and 2749 is an E-27ca Consolidation.

7

GIVE information concerning the Ruttan system, said to be the first attempt made to cool a passenger car mechanically.

The Ruttan arrangement, tried out by the New York Central, the New York and Erie, and the Grand Trunk of Canada, in 1856, was both a heating and cooling device. Ducts which in winter carried warm air to the four corners of a coach, were further extended to ventilating

"Ball of Fire." A driving tire is heated for removal in the Pennsylvania's Meadow Shops. The expander consists of a ring of gas pipe with numerous burners

hoods which could be opened in the summer, permitting outside air to pass through the system and into shallow water reservoirs, for washing and cooling, thence on to the car interior.

While it is true that this was the first practical application of air conditioning to U. S. railroad equipment, records show that, in 1854, a patent was issued to George Neilson, of Boston, Mass., for a car-ventilating system which involved the cleansing of air with cold water. A year later, Job F. Barry, of Philadelphia, drew up plans for a cooling device wherein air was fan-driven over blocks of ice.

8

SUPPLY information concerning the Charles City Western Railway.

Incorporated in 1910, to run from Colwell, Iowa, through Charles City to Marble Rock (22 miles), the CCW commenced operations one year later as a standard-gauge steam line. Electrification was undertaken in 1915, using 1200-volt D.C. current. Present equipment consists of 3 electric locomotives, 3 passenger motorcars, and 2 freight cars. Connection is made with the Milwaukee and the Illinois Central at Charles City, and with the Rock Island at Marble Rock. Through freight billing and passenger ticketing is arranged with the CRI&P.

9

GIVE specifications of the Union Pacific's 4-8-4 type locomotives numbered 820-834, *and where are they used?*

These dual-service engines have 25x32-inch cylinders, 80-inch drivers, 300 pounds' boiler pressure; weigh 270,000 pounds without tender, and develop 63,800 pounds of starting tractive effort.

Employed largely in conventional passenger service, they operate in pool between Omaha and Cheyenne, Denver, Ogden, Salt Lake City; and Huntington.

10

HOW does a railroad determine the number of freight cars it must have to handle a given volume of business.

A convenient yardstick is to multiply by two the number of cars loaded in a single week. Stated differently, this measure assumes that the average trip consumes two weeks. This represents: 1—the period needed to get the car from the last point of delivery to another originating terminal; 2—the time consumed in loading; 3—the number of hours or days actually spent upon the road; and 4—the time consumed in unloading.

Obviously, however, such a formula can be applied only in a general way, and probably overestimates the number of cars needed in practical experience. For more accurate conclusions, carloads of traffic must be separated into classes and corresponding types of equipment.

11

WHAT lines of the Niagara, St. Catharines & Toronto Railway are still in operation?

Latest information shows the following rail services: Thorold to Port Colborne, 18.3 miles; St. Catharines to Port

Pacific Electric 1300, a wooden R.P.O. combine photographed by M. A. Miner of 5943 Ethel Ave., Van Nuys, Calif., in 1912

Photo from Theodore Gay, 624 78th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Western Maryland is getting excellent service from its 4-6-6-4 type simple articulated engines. Here's N-1 Number 1210 flapping her monkey-motion through Park Head, Md., with a half a mile of freight

Weller, 3.5 miles; St. Catharines and district local lines, 12.6 miles; Niagara Falls and district local lines, 6.4 miles; and Merritton to Port Dalhousie East (owned by Canadian National Ry., and operated by NSC&T under entrusting agreement), 5.3 miles.

Interurban railway service between St. Catharines and Niagara Falls was replaced by bus transportation on November 17, 1940, and bus service also connects with the main line between Niagara Falls, Ont. and Niagara Falls, N. Y.

12

WHERE is the Chesapeake & Ohio operating its new 2-6-6-6 type engines?

Over the seventy-nine miles of main line between Clifton Forge, Va., and Hinton, W. Va. An altitude of 2071 feet is reached at Allegheny, five miles east of White Sulphur Springs. We will cover these new "Allegheny" engines in a near-future issue.

OUR thanks to the many readers who called our attention to a number of errors in the Texas & New Orleans engine roster. We list the corrections below:

Class S-3, 6-wheeled switchers should read: 16, 34, 44, 45 and 46.

Class S-7 6-wheeled switchers should read 78 through 81.

Class M-9 Moguls were built by Brooks—not Baldwin.

Class P-6 Pacifics are numbered 610 through 621.

Class P-9 Pacifics are numbered 622 through 630.

On the Callboard

SUPPLEMENTING the list of major trolley lines published in *Railroad Magazine* for January, page 65, I'd like to mention the Twin City Rapid Transit which operates the lines in St. Paul and Minneapolis. 88.7 percent. of the TCRT revenue is derived from 714 streetcars operating over 446.3 track miles. This certainly entitles the system to fifth place in your list.

In my travels across the continent I have never come upon a trolley system where the maintenance and cleanliness of equipment equals that of the Twin City lines. As a result, natives of both cities take genuine pride in their local transit system. The TCRT is probably the only trolley line which carries the passengers free over one of its branches. It pro-

Photo from the collection of Joseph Lavelle, 4615 66th St., Woodside, N. Y.

First locomotive and coach to cross the Poughkeepsie Bridge. Several years later the former (Hartford & Connecticut Western Number 10) crashed into the Farmington River at Tariffville, bearing its engineer and sixteen passengers to their deaths

vides local service in the Government's Fort Snelling Military Reservation, which is a full-scale community in its own right, having residential and shopping districts and even a movie theater. The line is about a mile long and the conductor never collects a fare, because service is free to all (visitors and strangers as well as the residents.)—HERMAN RINKE, (*national secretary Electric Railroaders' Assn.*), 27 W. 71st St., N. Y. City.

* * *

JOHN MUNYAN (*March '42*) is right about Pennsy I1 and N2 class engines being equipped with auxiliary tanks, but the Ils and Ilsa Decapods on the Sandusky-Columbus division first used them because of the bad water on this stretch during the summer of 1933. Since then every drag has had one tank behind its loose-jointed, rail-hammering Ils or Ilsa hog. Incidently, these old girls take 110 hoppers in tow when they leave Groggin yard in Columbus.

* * *

Correction to question 3, March issue: the Nickel Plate is double-tracked from Kimball to Arcadia (46 miles) instead of Kimball to Bellvue, which is only eight miles.—A. L. SANFORD, 411 E. 15th Ave., Columbus, O.

* * *

ANSWERING C. E. Hayden's question in March *Railroad* about route maps on transfers, the Chicago Surface Lines, the Chicago Motor Coach Co., the Chicago Rapid Transit, and the Duluth-Superior Transit all have such charts on their transfers, while Kansas City Public Service transfers bear maps of the issuing route only. They even name the streets operated on, as do Portland, Ore., transfers. Aside from these four cities I know of no others.—ROBERT SAXON, 1520 Union St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

MISSOURI & KANSAS ELECTRIC RR., which used to operate from Kansas City, Mo., to Olathe, Kans., a distance of twenty miles, printed a system map on each transfer. In my home town of Toledo, O., each street car and bus route had a regular little booklet of time schedules at certain important intersections, as well as a very complete map on the back cover of the booklet.—CHAS. J. GILLESPIE, JR., 1217 W. 11th St., Topeka, Kans.

* * *

SOME YEARS BACK I came across a letter written in 1907 by Elmer W. Eggert, then employed at Silvis, Ill., as telegrapher on the Rock Island. I mislaid the missive but have just found it again among my railroad files. As the letter contains personal material that may still be of value to Mr. Eggert, I shall be glad to send it to him if he is still living.—JOHN R. ADNEY, Miles, Iowa

* * *

WHO CAN give me information on a trackside grave south of Dubuque, Iowa, along the CMStP&P right-of-way, a short distance west of the Catfish Creek Bridge? The plaque has been removed from the large natural limestone marker. I'd also like to hear from anyone who remembers the Dyersville Northern RR., a six- or seven-mile line running north from Dyersville into New Vienna, Iowa, which gave up about twenty-five or thirty years ago.—C. V. SIMON, 762 Cleveland Ave., Dubuque, Iowa.

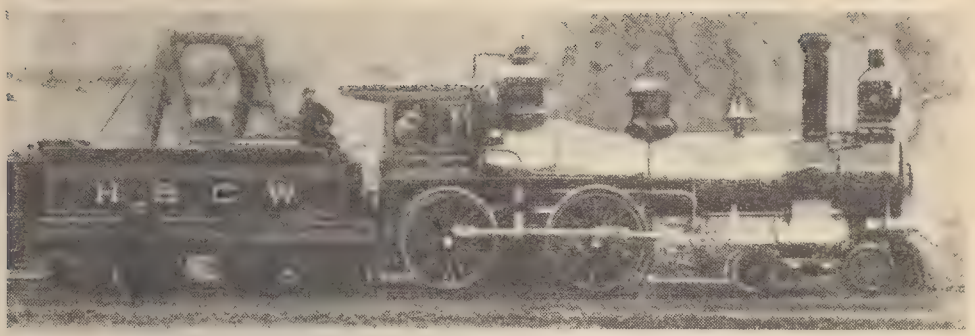
* * *

I HAVE a pass that was issued to my uncle, in 1873, by the Junction & Breakwater RR. At that time he was chief engineer on the Pilhot Valley RR. Any information readers could give me about either of these pikes, whether they are still operating, etc., would be welcome.—CHAS. M. HURRLE, Oak Grove, Ore.

Editor's Note: The Junction & Breakwater was absorbed by the Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington, a part of the PRR, but we do not have the date on which independent operation ceased.

* * *

JUST to show how contacts are made through *Railroad Magazine*: a couple of years ago Fenton E. Magill, Pelham, N. Y., asked for data on the Boston & Worcester trolley freight line in the *Lantern* department. Well, I sent him some information I had, and in return asked



him if he was related to a telegraph op of the same name who worked with me forty years ago at Framingham, Mass. He replied that the man was his father. I was able to furnish him with pictures of his dad which he was glad to get.—H. D. MANN, Boston & Albany RR., Natick, Mass.

* * *

CAN SOME reader tell me when the Erie and CCC&StL started using standard 19 and 31 orders? I have a train order from one of these roads dated 1878, written on form 123, but the name of the road is not on it. Mention of Webster Wagner, inventor of early sleeping cars, in January's *Rail History*, was interesting to me. In my collection of railway items I have a pass dated March 20, 1888, as well as one of the Monarch Palace Car Company, dated Jan. 25, 1889.—P. U. DYAS, Carlisle, O.

* * *

POSSIBLY you could use your influence to induce authors and publishers to keep their railroad books within reasonable price limits. For instance I think $5 is much more than the majority of fans can afford for one book. If they were not so expensive I feel sure the publishers would be well repaid by the increased volume of sales.—A. HAMILTON, NRHS (member sec.), RCC, PRE. CERA, 212 Ashmant St. Dorchester, Mass.

Editor's Note: We agree that $5 is a stiff price to pay for any railroad book, and one which necessarily limits the sale of such a publication to a very small percentage of those railroaders and hobbiests who constitute a potential market. On the other hand, the cost of bringing out a large, well-illustrated volume, using new material and engravings, is bound to be high, and we haven't yet heard of an author or publisher who has grown rich on the returns from such a venture.

Bear in mind, too, that articulate though the railfans are, they do not constitute a sufficient bloc of the general public to gain the benefit of sharp reductions based on volume sales. Our thanks to those enterprising authors who have combed the archives of the railroads, their house organs, and the trade journals, to bring us reasonably priced material; and to those railroads which have themselves offered excellent brochures and books, either free or at prices less than cost. In all fairness, however, we cannot base our standard of values on these latter works.

* * *

I AM sending you an announcement of the funeral of J. B. King, whose picture was published in *Railroad Man's Magazine* thirty years ago. Can some reader give me the rest of the words to a poem beginning:

> On boxcars high and flatcars low
> You see that name wherever you go . . .

Also, the words of *Sky Rockets Work* and *Report and Dream of a Roundhouse Foreman*? I railroaded for twenty-five years on the Soo Line and GN out of Havre, Mont., and on the Soo out of Gadstone, Mich. and Enderlin, N. D. I also worked three years as motorman on the LSE out of Fremont. By the way, I am taking your advice and sending my three years of *Railroad Magazine* back numbers to the RAF.—C. A. PECK, 732 S. Front St., Fremont, O.

* * *

WHO can tell me whether or not there is a short tunnel above the present Busk-Ivanhoe tunnel (now a highway) through the north slope of Mt. Massive? When I was a boy, in 1891, a rate war raged between the D&RG and the Colorado Midland. You could take a round trip between Colorado Springs and Grand Jct., Colo., for one buck, long before the Busk-Ivanhoe tunnel was completed. We made the crossing by Hagerman Pass, with snow piled higher than we could see over.—H. L. Voss, Box 162, Fullerton, Calif.

* * *

SILVERTON NORTHERN data and time tables wanted. What is the present address of James D. Osborn, a Chicagoan who had an article on the SN in Feb. '41 *Railroad Magazine*?

How should I go about forming a timetable collectors' club in the Cleveland area? I have a fairly good collection of timetables myself, including three from the now abandoned Colorado Midland and one from the Denver, Leadville & Gunnison (now Colorado & Southern). Does any other reader have a DL&G public timetable?—ROBT. S. ASH, 19380 Lorain Road, Fairview Village, O.

Editor's Note: Whether or not you can form a local timetable club depends upon how many fans get in touch with you after reading this item. We suggest you send a similar notice to Trains *magazine, 1568 W. Pierce St., Milwaukee, Wis., and* Railroad Journal *(which specializes in tts.), 47 Charles St., Metuchen, N. J.*

Desert Operator

By LeROY PALMER

IN THE spring of 1915, while employed as extra agent and operator on the Espee's Tucson Divison, I was assigned to Afton, a remote spot on the grassy plains of New Mexico—named possibly from Burns's immortal poem, *Flow Gently, Sweet Afton!*—to open a night office which had been closed for some time.

In the middle of night I got off the train and strained my eyes for a first glimpse of Afton. The darkness was so intense that for a few moments I couldn't see a thing. At length I distinguished the shadowy outline of a small house, and headed in that direction. It proved to be the section foreman's dwelling. After some effort I got the foreman awake. Still sleepy, he said the telegraph office was half a mile away and invited me to spend the night in his bachelor quarters. This I did. I unrolled my blankets, set up an army cot I had brought along, and was soon in the Land of Nod.

After breakfast in the morning I investigated my future office-home: an old boxcar set off its wheels on the ground, with a desk and chair at one end and a stove at the other. A lineman cut in the telegraph wires for me while a company carpenter pulled a stunt that fixed him in my memory

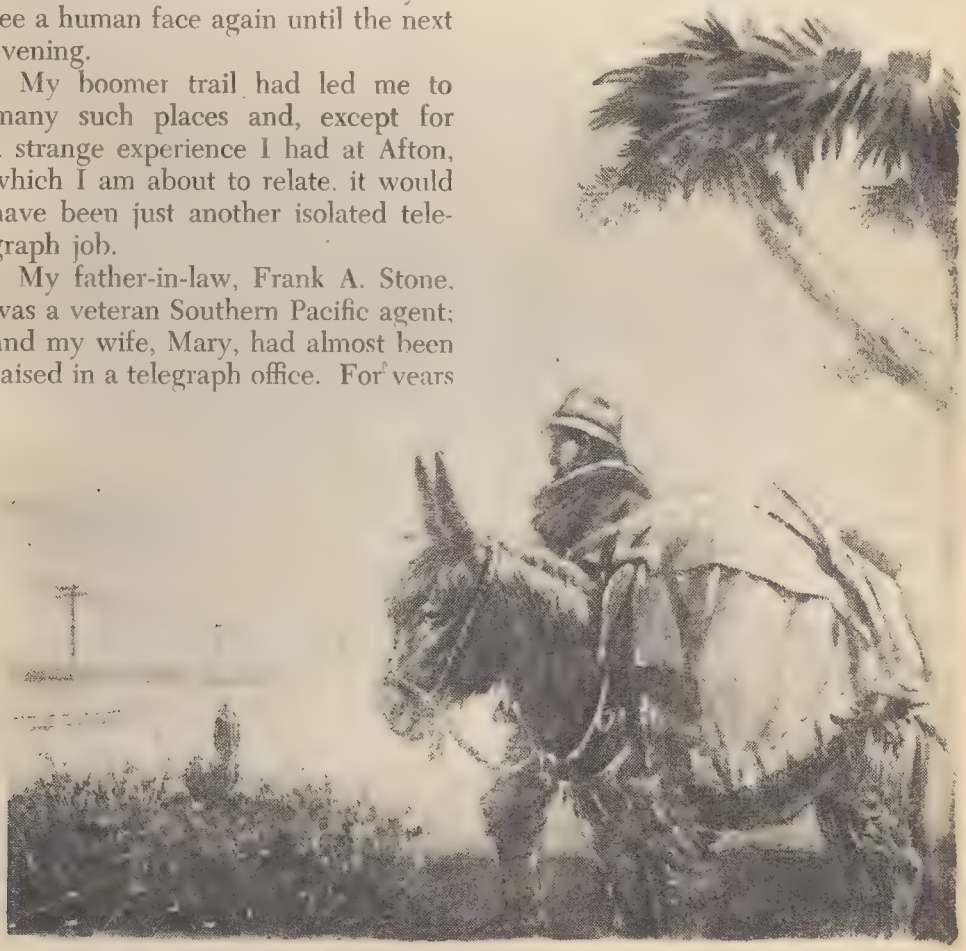
as a dimwit. There was no kitchen table in the converted boxcar, so the hammer artist built one for me from old lumber. He did the work outside, but made the table too big to get through the door, and had to take the danged thing apart before he could get it inside!

As often happens on one-man jobs, my shift was night hours. This was, perhaps, the loneliest trick I have ever held. My nearest neighbor lived in the section house, some distance away. But the "king snipe" was glad to have another white man in the vicinity and spent most of his evenings with me in the telegraph office. When he left, the curtain of loneliness settled down indeed; I was not likely to see a human face again until the next evening.

My boomer trail had led me to many such places and, except for a strange experience I had at Afton, which I am about to relate, it would have been just another isolated telegraph job.

My father-in-law, Frank A. Stone, was a veteran Southern Pacific agent; and my wife, Mary, had almost been raised in a telegraph office. For years Mr. Stone had used a telegraph call, the letters RC, as a private signal in the family. Mary and I had followed the custom. For instance, if one of the family had been away and returned late at night, he or she would rap on the door the "dots and dashes" for RC, so that those within would know they were not opening to a stranger.

One night after the "king snipe" had left me alone, I was dozing in my chair, lulled by the hum of telegraph wires. Suddenly I became aware that I was hearing the RC call plainly knocked on the side of my boxcar. I have never been superstitious nor easily scared, but this time I was frightened. I shook myself awake



with a shock, fully aware that this was no dream. My wife and children were then visiting at Tucson, Arizona. So far as I knew, no one else was familiar with our signal. I listened tensely for a repetition, meanwhile trying to figure out what it could have been.

At length I leaped from my chair and dashed outside. Well, did I feel like a dolt? All I found there was a hungry steer, one of many that roamed the unfenced right-of-way, peacefully cropping dry grass beside the old car. While I watched, his horns kept knocking against the car, making almost the identical combination of sounds that any Morse man would recognize as RC, as he swung his head from side to side in nipping the herbiage. Even though I felt foolish at the discovery, I was also much relieved. And on my brain was printed a picture which insured that I'd never forget my boxcar job at Afton.

FROM Afton I was sent to Vail, Arizona, where I served as relief agent for several months in the absence of Agent Duffy.

Some time in advance of Federal prohibition, Arizona had tired of unlimited booze and had voted the state dry. One morning I unloaded an unusual shipment off the local westbound passenger train. There were five cases, each holding two five-gallon cans of what the waybill described as lubricating oil. There was a fat commission for me in the shipment. It was lubricating oil, all right, but not the kind you use on machinery. If the goods had arrived in good order, it would have been none of my business to question the billing or suspect the contents, although fifty gallons was a heck of a lot of oil to be arriving by express at a little station like Vail.

As it happened, a small nail in one of the wooden cases had punched a hole in the tin can. The express messenger had made a bad-order report, a copy of which was pinned to the waybill with a notation, "Smells like whisky." He had smelled it all right. So could anyone else who handled the shipment. Whether or not the messenger also tasted it, I cannot say. Anyhow, I was in a spot.

To play safe, I wired particulars to the Express Company Superintendent at El Paso, asking for instructions. A prompt reply instructed me to refuse delivery until further orders. In a few hours an old car drove up to the station. My caller was an unsavory bird I had known years before at Lordsburg, New Mexico. Working as a brakeman and conductor, this gent used to chase hoboes down the sides of the boxcars and then step on their fingers until they dropped off. He had long since left the road and was then planning a new venture, cleaning up a wad from peddling illicit booze in Tucson. Since Vail was only twenty miles out of Tucson, he doubtless thought that having his merchandise shipped to this small station would involve less risk than receiving it at Tucson.

As I said, he drove up in his car to claim the liquor. We argued for some time, but of course all I could do was hold the shipment. Meanwhile, a young fellow named Reynolds, who worked in Vail's general store, had gotten wind of the affair and had telephoned a friend in the sheriff's office at Tucson. My ex-rail acquaintance had hardly disappeared when the sheriff's car arrived with several deputies aboard. We all decided to sample each can to prove

it contained whisky, and we all were pretty well lubricated before the sampling was over. The stuff was then seized by the sheriff's orders and taken to Tucson, but I got a commission on the waybill anyway.

As I remember it, the ex-rail bootlegger was later convicted in Federal court of mismarking an interstate shipment. I hope he got a stiff sentence. If they never let him out of Federal prison, it would have been okay with the hobo victims of his cruelty.

This is what I looked like 40 years ago

BETWEEN 1903 and 1921 I worked for the Southern Pacific four different times. These periods covered thirteen years of service as brass pounder and station agent between El Paso, Texas, and Yuma, Arizona—the former Tucson Division. Besides covering a lot of lonely desert jobs, I put in several stretches as relay operator and wire chief at Tucson.

It is likely that no office in the U.S.A. can boast of a longer list of dispatchers employed than Tucson. In those days dispatchers boomed about the country the same as operators, and Tucson was sure a stamping ground for them. In the old Tucson dispatching office, which adjoined the relay telegraph room until it was moved downstairs in later years, there were three and at times four sets of dispatchers. The district between Lordsburg and El Paso was rather light compared with the others and was called "the feeble-minded district." I think Bill Kirkland, who is now Espee Superintendent of Transporation at San Francisco, originally so named it when he was a peppy young dispatcher at Tucson. Bill preferred to work the "stormy" district, Lordsburg-Tucson. With several helper grades and troublesome storm conditions in the rainy season, the "stormy" was a stretch of track that took an experienced man to handle; often as many as sixty orders were issued in eight hours. Using the old Morse code, that was a day's work for the best of them.

Among the dispatching force, memory pictures flash before me. For instance, that of "Speaker" Reade, a smart little fellow who wore a pointed beard. When Speaker popped his head into the telegraph office through the connecting doorway, he reminded me of a saucy sparrow, but Speaker could get trains over the road. Another man I recall is the tall, dark, competent, boomer dispatcher E. T. Mulquin. "Mul" is now retired and in the insurance business at Portland, Oregon. He used to work as both trick man and night chief. Joe Stewart, dispatcher and chief for a time, was quite a playboy. He led a rollicking bunch on many a wild chase among Tucson's bright lights.

A pathetic case among those I worked with was long-legged "Major" Knox, a lunger who kept a flask of whisky in his desk. Major was a star dispatcher, a "stormy" district man. He was hopelessly ill but would not give up and died while at work. Dick Mason, an old-timer with whom I had associated on the Frisco before coming to the Espee, had a family of ten or a dozen kids and a heart of gold. Always ready to help a needy boomer. Dick was a good dispatcher, too, but

I remember him best for his beautiful Morse. When he sent to you it was like listening to music.

Then there was big, raven-haired Oscar Pease. I believe his wife was the only woman train dispatcher in the United States at the time. She was certainly the only one I'd ever heard of. Both of the Peases worked there. Oscar and the Mrs. were very business-like while on duty. At times they found themselves working the same hours across the table on opposite districts. Oscar would stick his head around the table and ask, "How's Number 43?" "Ten minutes late into Lordsburg," his wife would reply; and that was the extent of their conversation. Later Oscar studied law and became a successful attorney in Tucson. He was "Judge" Pease, the last I heard of him.

B. F. Scarborough, who later became standard rules examiner on the Union Pacific, served as chief dispatcher at Tucson in 1909. Scarborough was a handsome chap with a mop of curly black hair, of which he was very vain. He kept a big mirror in the office and seemed to throw out his chest whenever he passed it.

The old Tucson desert division was a good training ground for superintendents. I see on the screen of memory a long procession of them: C. C. Scroufe, T. H. Williams, W. A. McGovern and T. R. Jones, also J. H. Dyer, now Espee Vice President in Charge of Operation, and W. H. Whalen, a hard disciplinarian, a terror to wrong-doers. On one occasion a radical dynamited Whalen's home in Tucson; the official and his wife narrowly escaped death. In later years came young William H. Averell and the very popular William Wilson.

Averell was a relative of Edward H. Harriman, the railroad magnate. He had not been long out of college when he came to the Tucson Division as trainmaster. Old-timers ridiculed him. The youthful T.M. would ride freight trains over the desert, dressed in overalls, with a timetable in one pocket and a book of Standard Rules in the other. We called him "Little Willie Overalls." Later, as superintendent, he did a good job, winning the men's respect. He was full of efficiency ideas. One was to reduce telegraphing and work in general by cutting short a few of the station names. San Simon became Simon, Painted Rock became Piedra, and Montezuma was renamed Bon after Chief Dispatcher Bonorden. The word "Bend" was dropped from Gila Bend, Stein's Pass became Steins, and Mohawk Summit was cut to Mohawk.

Another of Averell's ideas was checking the time of freight trains through the sub-terminals at Benson and Gila, in charge of the various conductors. He would issue a comparative list monthly with the man's name at the head who used the shortest time through the yards. I recall that ruddy-cheeked "Kid" Allgood often headed the list. Allgood later became terminal trainmaster at Gila, and was working there when his last call sounded.

MILLIONS of dollars in gold, silver and other minerals have been taken out of the Southwest. Many of the old-time desert ops who really stuck long enough to be called regulars got the mining fever. Some spent every cent they had made, on prospecting trips in search of "lost" mines which are still lost in the desert mountains, or perhaps developing holes in the ground which never paid off. A few really did sell their claims at a profit. The mining fever, if you

get it bad, is like an unquenchable thirst.

For a year or so I served as agent at Dome, Arizona (formerly Gila City). My night man was O. K. Turner, a likeable, big, red-faced chap. He occupied the standard operators' quarters—a tie house, with two rooms, each ten by ten feet, and a court between. This sheltered his wife and several small children. Turner was an inveterate gold hunter. Gila City in those days was a placer gold camp where the Mexican and Indian section laborers, when not working on the railroad, could make a dollar or so a day "dry washing" gravel for gold dust in the canyons. Frequently one of these boys would find a nugget worth several dollars.

Turner figured that it all came from somewhere in the mountains. That was in 1907, when we were still working twelve-hour shifts. He spent several of his twelve hours off duty every day in roaming the hills, winter and summer. The Gila River, which ran a mile north of the station, was a real stream in winter but a sluggish rivulet through fiery sand in the hot season. The summer heat at Dome was fierce. I remember one July day Turner wandered into the hills across the Gila, returning late in the afternoon, his canteen empty. He was almost exhausted, but wore a big smile.

"Roy, I've found it!" he told me. From a canvas sack he produced chunks of glistening white quartz streaked with yellow gold. Gosh, it was pretty! You didn't need a glass to see the gold. It stuck out like a million dollars. I shook his hand.

"Well, brother, I hope you have," I congratulated.

I wish I could record that O. K. Turner made a million out of his find, but since this is a true story I will stick to facts. My friend got a bunch of Mexicans and burros, mined a carload of the ore, packed it to Dome, and shipped it to the smelter. The money he received paid the expense of his venture, but he had dug out what is known as a gold "pocket." The one carload was all of it. Turner later lost so much sleep in the daytime prospecting that he was fired for sleeping on the job and stopping the *Golden State Limited.* The last I heard of him, Turner had left his family with friends and had headed for old Mexico with a burro and a prospector's outfit on another hunt for gold. I hope he found it this time.

When I think of prospecting, that spot on the desert called Estrella, at the top of a hill, among the giant *saguaro* sentinel cactus, is a place I can never forget, for the old desert came near getting me there.

I was working third trick. Although it was beastly hot summer weather, I too had been bitten by the gold bug and often explored the desert, prospecting. Foster and Sargent, the first and second trick men, had sense enough to stay quietly in the shade. Foster had a husky white bulldog that liked to accompany me on these hikes.

One day I wandered a long way into the hills with the dog. Every so often he begged me for water from the canteen, which I gave him in my old felt hat. We were both thirsty, and no wonder. The mercury that day stood at 115 in the shade—Heaven only knows what it was in the sun! I considered myself an experienced desert rat, but on this occasion I lost my bearings and ran out of water. The dog, evidently sensing our danger, suddenly vanished, heading homeward. If I had seen him leave I would have followed.

Having no compass, I used the sun as best I could. I knew that the tendency of a lost man was to travel in a circle. I thought of countless unfortunates whose staggering footsteps had been tracked in the desert sand, round and round until they had been found dead beside great holes they had dug in crazed search for water.

I was getting weak and sick, but I struggled to hold myself to a straight course in the right direction and to keep my mind from wandering. How well I knew that every minute was going to count! When you are out of water in the blistering desert, death is usually not far away. As I gazed into the shimmering landscape, trying to locate some familiar scene, lazy whirlwinds spun across the plain as miniature cyclones. Weird, indistinguishable shapes seemed to form and then disappear before my eyes. I saw no familiar spot.

I guess this is the end for me, I thought. *What a way to die!*

Forcing one foot after the other, I saw at length, in the distance, the telegraph poles along the railroad track. They seemed to recede from me in the wavering heat as I staggered ahead. I remember wondering if it wasn't just a mirage, the product of a tortured brain! Lord, what a memory! When I came out on the railroad, I was several miles down the mountain toward Maricopa and I still had to climb the hill to Estrella.

There is an Arizona state law that anyone suffering from thirst might stop a train anywhere to get water, but none came along.

My reeling course swayed from the partial shade of one culvert to another, until I reached Estrella. My tongue was then so swollen that I could not speak. I was too weak to have walked any further; that last mile was a nightmare. But I cannot forget the thrill

There is an Arizona state law that anyone suffering from thirst might stop a train anywhere to get water, but none came along

of finding those railroad tracks—the only sign of civilization or hope in a bleak, sandy, blistering waste. Dear old Espee, I have never loved you better than at that moment!

Yes, I learned my lesson: no more gold-hunting for me in the desert's summer heat.

The girl I married

Twenty-two years ago—in May, 1920—I was bucking the Tucson extra board the fourth and last time. For a while I acted as relief agent. I had the novel experience of working at Maricopa, Arizona, and living with my family in the same rooms above the station where Mary Stone and I had been married fourteen years before. Later this depot was burned to the ground; but the old building still stands in my memory, and always will.

On another occasion I was sent to Cochise, Arizona, to relieve the agent there for summer vacation. With me were Mary and two children. Nearly twenty years before, as a kid op, I had worked at this place when the branch line was being built to Pearce and the Commonwealth silver mine, not far south. I had held a combination job of telegraph operator and freight warehouse man.

Bill Lawrence, the agent in those earlier days, had been a real friend and counselor to me. Bill was a hard drinker, but often advised me against following his example in that way. I admired his ability and had a strong personal regard for him because of his kindness to me, a green boy.

On my return to Cochise I found it was a very quiet place, compared with former years. One train a day ran south to Pearce and the Commonwealth mine, which was still running. At sundown Mary and I walked to the end of the main street. We saw the ancient structure which formerly housed the restaurant where I had boarded, and the bar, where an old fellow named Girard and his fat son had handed out the drinks, and where Bill Lawrence used to play poker with his cronies almost twenty years before. Yes, it was still standing, but what a ghost building! Between the slats of the boarded-up windows we saw the old familiar bar, now covered with dust. Spider webs were festooned everywhere. The big mirror that had hung at the back was gone. The place was robbed of all but fading memories.

I peered in at the ancient bar. In fancy I saw plump young Girard polishing the glasses. And Bill Lawrence; and Rath, the storekeeper, and Billy Speed, a cattleman from Willcox, eleven miles east, and other grizzled faces, some of them at the game tables. Yes, the old scenes came back to me. High-hung coal oil lamps with their tin reflector shed a mellow light over the room filled with tobacco smoke. A kid operator from the depot, gripping an old railroad lantern, stood watching the play.

A ramshackle door to the adjoining restaurant stood open, and I daydreamed of the big Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners that Girard used to serve. I could almost smell the wraiths of savory plum pudding that Charley, the Chinese cook, had put before us. In those bygone days I had the appetite of a healthy youngster hustling freight all day in the Southern Pacific warehouse for Bill

Lawrence. Good old Bill, friend of my youth, dead these many years!

"Let's go, Mary," I said solemnly to my wife. "I have seen the ghost of my past."

MANY old names throng back to me in recalling the early desert days. Of the operators, there was Charley Hollinger, at Lordsburg, who helped to keep me out of trouble when I was new on the job. And John McClure, a man with character. Mac was an awful tobacco-chewer, but grew disgusted with the habit, gave it up, and carried a plug in his pocket for a year to discipline himself. I'm not forgetting Jesse Long, Sam Landis, Tucheck and Ragland, bachelor ops who stuck long enough with the Espee to earn the title of home guards.

Among the trainmen I recall were Charley Gulden, a real gentleman in the days when things were pretty rough; "Cracker" Archer, who liked to ride kid ops and was a bugbear to me; Zwick, Ballinger, Roach, Mahoney, Kelly and "Big Joe" Waddell, all of them passenger men. "Sheeney" Jones, one of the old Lordsburg freight men, jolly and full of jokes, died a short time ago on the Union Pacific.

From long ago I remember Engineer Gandy, who fired the coal-burner helper up the hill from Cochise to Dragoon, and knew the best places to hunt quail and rabbits. I believe he's now a veteran passenger engineer, still on the Espee. I remember "One-Eye" Falvey, who could see more with his solitary peeper than some hogheads could with two.

I'd like to hear from old-timers who worked with any of the men mentioned here. My address is Crucero, Calif. I'm pounding brass today on the Union Pacific, and Mary is still with me—thank God!

Maybe someone who reads this will remember the name of a sawed-off little engineer who ran passenger east out of Lordsburg along about 1905. We called him "Old Never Slip." I can see him now, pulling out that throttle slowly and carefully. You could hardly tell when the train started to move, but move it did. I don't believe his drivers ever slipped. If they had, he probably would have been broken-hearted.

Nothing can take from me the recollection of those days and nights in the desert. They are like a crescent moon—to some, thin and sharp; to me, full, round and luminous. The spicy odor of the vagrant wind, blowing over the sage and greasewood after a rain—what desert "rail" can ever forget it!

"Greasewood," by the way, was poorly chosen as a name for the beautiful little shrub, fragrant as pines and devoid of the thorns that are common to desert plants. We used to cut this shrubbery for Christmas trees.

I remember, too, the smell of breakfast wood-fires in the Mexican shacks, the tinkling of guitar notes, and the long-drawn refrain of song in the Mexican laborers' huts of evenings at Wellton, Pantano, Mohawk and Aztec. Yes, and the eerie moan of the locomotive, far below in the distance toward Gila, as the *Sunset Limited* climbed the hills toward my tiny office at Estrella; and glorious moonlight, as brilliant as day; and the spooky shapes of coyotes and lynxes skulking along the rails in the night.

A retiring engineer, who has his picture taken stepping down from his Diesel after pulling a streamliner into the terminal for the last time, may

days when he ran the way freight or held the branch run, and rolled slowly through peaceful fields and along the creek where a bunch of naked boys played in the old "swimmin' hole."

So my happiest mental pictures are of old Cochise in the early days; the lonely night tricks at Aztec, Estrella, Mescal and Wellton; the wail of the approaching Limited's whistle blending with a coyote chorus; a wily desert fox leaping across the rails, where the headlight's glare, rounding a curve, illumined the great *saguaro* cactus, gaunt sentinels of the desert.

There lie the mellow, joyous memories of working conditions and railroad life of my youth, in days that are gone forever.

Rail-Dog

By S. W. MARVIN

FOR nearly a year we saw her scampering around the Northtown yards, Minneapolis, picking up the scraps thrown from the dining-cars on the *North Coast Limited* and the *Gopher*. She didn't get too much to eat, for she was powerful gaunt. You couldn't get close to her. Not that this dog was ugly or snarled back at you or anything. She just kept her distance and if you moved toward her, she was gone like a shadow.

One of our car tinks was a nine-days' wonder because he had actually touched her once. He held out a sandwich, and when the dog snatched at it, he actually got a hand on her. Then switchmen took to leaving something for the timid beast. In fact, they must have started to bring extra sandwiches, because while the dog did not actually start to fatten up, she at least lost some of her ribs, so to speak, and bore less resemblance to a steam radiator.

That December, I guess it was, she began to look as if a litter of pups might be expected, so we worried about how she'd make out in the cold. Northtown, the Northern Pacific's main yard, has a light repair yard, a roundhouse with thirty-four stalls, an icehouse, a store department, and

Queenie, the mascot of Northtown Yards, is especially fond of Axel Johnson, section boss

even a restaurant. It booms and buzzes and steams and clatters twenty-four hours a day. And it was here Queenie, for that is the dog's name, chose to take up her home. Don't ask me why. Maybe it was because the yard borders a field full of pheasants, gophers, rabbits and such, and she is a real hunter. Or maybe she's just naturally a rail-dog—the kind that feels at home around steam and steel.

Anyhow, December two years ago Queenie had her litter of pups out in the field—at twenty below zero! She looked as if she were starving to death trying to feed the babies. This filled us railroad men with deep concern. At length big Gus, a Norse section hand who had been a lumberjack, watched the dog make tracks on a bitter cold day across the field near the yard. Shy Queenie did the best she could to shield her pups from public gaze. She'd circle wide and far, leaving the burrow where she had her babies hid; but, like a rummy, she went straight back to the den when she returned. Gus, who had an eye for such things, followed her that day and found the pups—five of 'em.

He brought the little beasties back in, Queenie circling warily at a distance but obviously worried. When Gus put the pups in the section men's room—part of the long yard-office building—the mother dog lurked around outside for an hour and wouldn't come in, although the whimpering of the pups plainly was driving her to distraction.

Then she disappeared. The whole yard hummed with the news that Queenie was leaving her pups, and they weren't even weened. "That's a hell of a mother!" one of the boys said; but Gus knew better. He and the foreman, Axel Johnson, figured something was wrong.

"Did you get *all* the litter, Gus?" Axel wanted to know. " 'Cause maybe she went back to tend some that you mighta missed."

Gus went back again, slogging through the hip-deep snow. Sure enough, he'd missed one youngster, the runt. It was touch and go whether the lonely animal would freeze to death before Gus got back with him inside the woolly flannel shirt under his big sheeplined coat.

Then the fun started. Queenie showed up pronto. Mustering up courage, she took possession of the section men's room, where Axel's office was, too.

Well, Axel was the first man to get his hand on her then, and she's been Axel's dog ever since. Sure, she still lives there. Never leaves the yard. Stays there 'round the clock and has

her special friends on each trick. But she's Axel's special pet. It's uncanny the way she seems to sense when he's around, like when he's called out in the middle of the night to repair a switch that somebody had run through. Queenie comes running to meet him.

Oh, sure, this litter I'm telling you about was gone before they were really old enough to be taken. Everybody wanted one. It left Queenie in a bad way with her milk, see, and she had quite a time of it. Sick, it made her. The following spring, when she had another litter, the roadmaster himself ordered a sign put up, saying: "Leave these pups till they are weened."

Then one of the yardmasters—a great guy with a gun and a dog—figured that this was going to be a regular thing maybe twice a year, Queenie would just be raising one family after another, like some of the engineers, so what did he do? He took a collection to get her spayed. He induced a veterinarian friend of his to cut the price quite a bit, and the boys pitched in twelve and a half bucks to finish the job.

Queenie looked like about four or five years old, the vet said, and that was just about as old as they dared operate, but he'd try it and see. Well, sir, Dixie took her off in his car. And when he brought her back, a couple of weeks later, he said she began to sniff Northtown when they were a mile away, and for the first time since she was gone she began to perk up and take notice again. And was Axel Johnson glad to see her again. The way that big foreman carried on.

So I thought that last gives it a new twist. There have been a lot of railroad dogs—mostly named Boomer, aren't they?—but never another one where the boys pitched in cold cash to have her taken care of so she wouldn't be straying from the path of virtue and making thieves of all the mudhops who were stealing her pups as fast as she had 'em, before they was weened. I ought to know; I stole one myself.

Yeah, Queenie is okay now. Still the mascot of Northtown yards.

Home on the Rails

By IEAVONNE PINNEO

A NATION at war calls upon its women to fill many positions that are normally held by men; and railroading is no exception. I vision a growing demand for American girls to serve not only in the clerical side of transportation but also as telegraphers, station and ticket agents, crossing guards, porters, street-car conductors, and in other capacities too numerous to list here. If the war lasts a long time, we women may eventually compete with fathers and brothers, husbands and uncles, for the more strenuous jobs of engine service, shopwork, track maintenance, etc., which our sisters in Europe have been doing for years.

Such thoughts arise as I snatch a

few moments from busy days to write this story. I'm a relief operator on the Port Townsend Southern. What, you've never heard of our pike? Look in the *Official Guide*, mister. The PTS covers thirteen miles between Discovery Junction and Port Townsend, in the state of Washington, one terminus connecting with the Milwaukee Road and the other with the Milwaukee's barge line. It is, I believe, America's only road which functions on a timetable not governed by standard time. *How come?* you ask. I'll get to that soon, but first let me tell you how the line was started.

Back in 1895, two towns here in Washington—Port Townsend and Port Angeles—felt the need of a rail outlet to Tacoma to handle the products of their booming lumber industry A group of local financiers, after trying in vain to talk a big railroad company into laying the tracks, at length decided to do the job themselves; and passed around the hat, so to speak. The money raised in Port Angeles built some thirty-five miles of line to Discovery Bay, while Port Townsend cash was responsible for the thirteen miles to Discovery Bay and another twelve miles to Quilcene.

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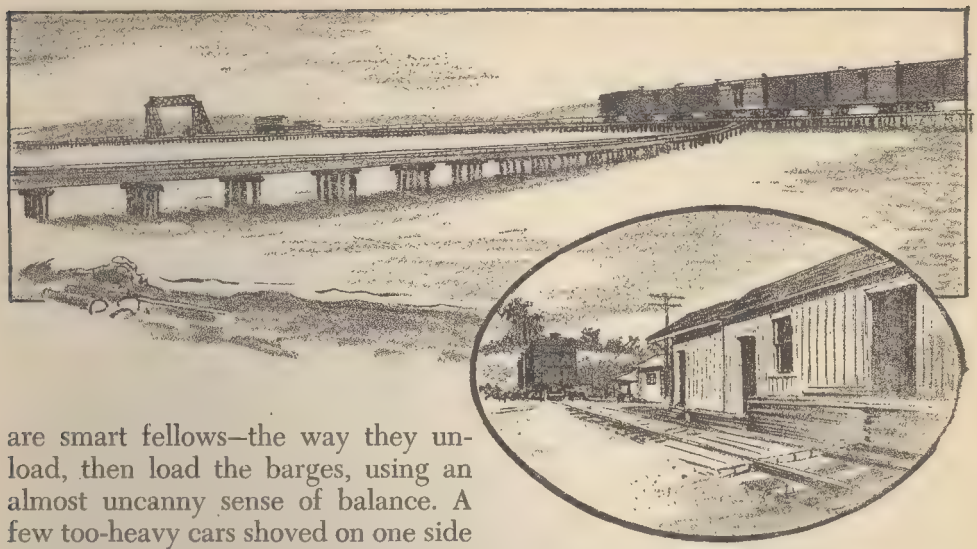
The connecting roads generously loaned engines and cars to the stripling; and things went along fine until the national panic of 1903, spreading to the Northwest, sadly put an end to further track construction. In this crisis the local capitalists hit upon the clever idea of building barges and ferrying the railroad cars across the eighteen miles of ocean that separated Port Townsend from Seattle.

Between Port Townsend and Port Angeles the track was laid very near the water's edge, winding around various small bays. Most of the area is flat as a pocketbook just before payday, and the tidelands extend from a hundred feet to almost a mile inland. At Discovery Bay a long, low, wooden trestle was erected to carry the rails over the inlet—which is quite satisfactory, except when flood tides submerge that section of the railroads.

When a dock for the barges was planned, somebody overlooked his hand, ignoring the natural phenomena of low tides. Now, as even railroaders know, barges can't be docked unless you have water under them, and tides run at different times every day. Tide calendars, which are used in these parts, do not, of course, predict storms. So the PTS train schedules are determined not by standard time but by Old Man Pacific Ocean and the Lady in the Moon. During low tides the connecting watercraft can't come to port, as I said, and in unusually high tides it is not possible for the trains to run. If you want to ride a train from Port Townsend to Port Angeles, your leaving time will be about the same as high tide—if it's not too high.

The original builders still hold title to that part of the line known as the Port Townsend Southern, but the Milwaukee has taken over the rest and loans its equipment to the PTS, which has no motive power or rolling stock of its own.

The war has brought a boom to this part of the country, and the PTS is getting its share. Massive barges holding fourteen cars are pulled in from Seattle and loads come off our railroad about as fast as they can be handled. The switchmen



Scenes on the Port Townsend Southern
Low wooden trestle at Discovery Bay and freight house at Port Townsend

are smart fellows—the way they unload, then load the barges, using an almost uncanny sense of balance. A few too-heavy cars shoved on one side of a barge would tip it over, you know.

And here I am in the midst of all this, purring like a contented cat, listening to the clatter of a telegraph key, greeting train crews and switchmen, and giving back wisecrack for wisecrack, along with occasional "19" and "31" train orders. My home address is 535 Fillmore Street, Port Townsend, Wash.

How did I get that way? Well, it's a long jump, over half a dozen forbidding mountain ranges, to a little town in the San Louis Valley of Colorado, on the Denver & Rio Grande narrow-gage, where I was born.

Recently in *Railroad Magazine* I've noticed some discussion on the longest stretches of straight track in the world. Well, right there, in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains is sixty-five miles of tangent. At one time, I believe, this was the third longest stretch of straight track in the world. Level as a floor, an electric headlight can be seen coming out of Alamosa, Colo., sixty-five miles away. In that clear air the headlight appears to be only a few hundred yards off. I've heard those mountain men tell about having a meet order with another train halfway over the stretch and of worrying along for hours with a headlight staring them right in the face.

My dad, W. H. Meek, was the Rio Grande's agent and op at Villa Grove, Colo. I was supposed to have been born in the railroad hospital at Salida, but snowdrifts delayed the train which was to carry my mother, so I opened my eyes to this world in a boxcar made into an impromptu hospital at Villa Grove. How could I be anything else but a railroader, being born under those conditions?

My entire family are rails. Uncle "Slick" Patton is a retired switchman from the Colorado & Southern. Uncle George Ames is an engineer on the Moffat Railroad out of Denver. Dad spent his life as a brass pounder, quite a bit of it booming around. At the age of six months I toppled over on a stylus when dad took me to the depot with him in Gunnison one evening. That not only put a permanent dimple in my cheek, but literally transfused railroading into my blood.

Shortly after that Dad went to work on the Oregon Short Line. Then he jumped from one job to another, through Idaho and Oregon, with his family trailing along. For five years he was agent at Robinette, Ore., on a branch line out of Huntington, and the depot there was home to me. But the thrill of living in railroad stations ended when I was ten. Daddy went back to work for the D&RG.

REMEMBER how scarce operators were at the beginning of the first World War? My older brother, Vallord, learned telegraphy and was immediately given a job in Minturn, Colo. He worked there until his death two years ago.

Agents' helpers also were at a premium. Dad was pounding brass in Clifton, Colo., and as the peach harvest swung into its stride he hired me as his helper. This was ordinarily no job for a girl of thirteen, but I drew regular helper's pay, thirty cents an hour. A truck would pull up alongside a yellow reefer on a siding. The driver would toss crates of peaches to me as I stood in the doorway, and I'd pass them on to a fellow who stacked them in the car. Guess you'd call that my first relay job.

After regular hours, Daddy had to meet fast train Number 4, which carried most of the peaches. If we had an unusually large amount to load, I helped. Passenger trains must not be delayed. Everybody pitched in to get them rolling—passenger and freight crews, even traveling freight and express agents. After the rush of the first season I worked into making out the yard reports, checking baggage and delivering telegrams.

By the time I graduated from high school I had mapped out my future. I'd become a full-fledged lightning slinger, having picked up enough Morse to "get" a little from the singing wires. While Daddy was night operator at New Castle, Colo., I spent my evenings with him so I could learn the inside workings of an office. He allowed me to sell tickets. When a Mexican section hand signed X for his name on a check, I wrote "Jesus Martinez" for him. I copied to the mill. When Daddy delivered orders to a hotshot, I stood behind him, clinging to his wrist in order to master the technique of passing up "flimsies" without a miss.

I don't suppose there's a boomer brass pounder in America who doesn't remember Gwinn's Telegraph School in Denver. This little Irishman had become too old for a regular job as operator, but he didn't let them put him away on a shelf. No, he opened a school where he could put the finishing polish on hams. Some of the fastest lightning jerkers in the land received their diplomas from Mr. Gwinn.

I was just turned eighteen when I entered this school. I attended conscientiously until I learned that Mr. Gwinn was sending younger students out on jobs. That made me pretty mad. Cornering the old gentleman, I demanded:

"How come that you're running all these fellows around me?"

"Shure now," he soothed, "'tis a better job I'm preenin' ye fer, better than some lonely spot out on the desert where coyotes an' owls fill the air with mournful cadence."

"For instance?" I prompted.

Mr. Gwinn rubbed his hands together and they sounded like sandpaper. "The Western Union offers unlimited opportunities to girls," he beamed, "particularly pretty ones with level heads on their shoulders."

"Listen," I told him heatedly, "I want to work where I can feel the earth tremble under the ponderous wheels of a freight hog with a mile of boxcars behind her. I want to sit in a little telegraph station and sniff that railroadish aroma you can find nowhere else in the world. I want to be made drowsy by the clatter of brass, to slip folded flimsies in a hoop and hand them up to train and engine crews."

"They're sweet dreams ye're dreamin'," he argued, "only they ain't material."

"I know a boomer relay operator by the name of John Frost," I persisted. "He's going to Alaska. I'll get the dope from him and go along."

I FLOUNCED out of the room in anger and hunted up John. John was interested. Several dates followed. If we get married, he assured me, we could easily get a two-operator job in Alaska. One night he arranged for me to talk to my father on the wire from the Denver offices at 11 p.m. This I did. Daddy insisted that I work for Western Union. I kept arguing against it. The situation was still stalemated when John and I were ready to leave the building. However, my boy friend had been drinking rather heavily at the time. This so disgusted me that I decided against marrying him.

Next day I applied for work on the Western Union. They put me on a multiplex unit and promised to use me on the Morse wires in a pinch. I enjoyed the eternal clatter of sending and receiving. But I yearned for the thump of a mighty steam engine blasting up a railroad, impatiently yowling for the board. I wanted to stand on the platform holding up a hoop, to feel the hot breath of her as she smashed past and to know an alert fireman or brakeman had deftly caught my order hoop.

I stayed on the Western Union until I could qualify to become a railroad op. Then I pulled the pin and landed a rail job. The station to which I was sent has since been abandoned and torn down. It was a tiny dot set out in the wilderness beside the roaring main line on the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, usually called the "Pedro." Boomers remember that pike, with its rough track, its antiquated

Mrs. Pinneo PTS relief op, hooping up an order for crew of engine 1394

equipment and its SPLA&SL painted on the sides of the boxcars and engines.

Getting an honest-to-goodness railroad job was like coming home after wandering in the wilderness; and that was exactly how I felt the afternoon I entered the tiny room and took up my new duties. So I copied 19 and 31 orders. I hooped 'em up to passing trains. I learned to banter with the happy-go-lucky train and engine men who breezed into my office.

Then I fell in love, as most girls do, and marriage to George Pinneo interrupted my rail career. With a real pang I turned my duties over to another op, figuring ruefully that I was through with the iron pike forever—well, at least for a long time.

But soon I grew lonely for the old familiar sights and sounds and smells of the iron trail.

Meanwhile, after nearly fifty years of service, my father was retired. He now lives in Pando, Colo., at the foot of the Mount of the Holy Cross. Unfortunately, he just missed coming under the Railroad Retirement Act. One day he said to me:

"Ieavonne, I can see that you miss the railroad. Why not return to it?"

So I started looking around. When I was offered this job on the Port Townsend Southern to help out in the national emergency, I wanted to pinch myself and make sure I was not dreaming. How I leaped at the chance! Although the work is more freight agent than operator, I'm happy to get back home to the rails.

Lou Taverner doesn't get enough railroading on his job as Southern Pacific clerk, so he runs a miniature pike in the garage at his home, 4311 Harrisburg Blvd., Houston, Texas. This control board operates a block signal system

Model Railroading

Old-Time Trackwork

By E. P. ALEXANDER

MORE and more, these days, we find model railroaders turning to the reproduction of old-time motive power and equipment. Incentives are plentiful. The highly ornate and colorful design of early engines and cars, together with their irregular contours, are excellently suited to small-scale reproduction, where the higher the degree of visual vibration, the greater the illusion of size. Too, there is an opportunity to crowd more operation into any given space than would be possible, using today's massive locomotives and long-framed rolling stock as prototypes. Sharper curves, reduced tangents, and a single-track main line which creates an appearance of increased length; these, and unique wayside structure design, are additional factors in favor of the pre-1900 layout.

Unfortunately, many modelmakers are unacquainted with, or indifferent to, the subtleties of construction that mark the difference between today's rights of way and those of the diamond-stack era. Nowhere is this more apparent than in track construction. Call to mind, among the model rails of your acquaintance, the number who have gone to the trouble of reproducing the light rail and slim ties that were contemporaneous with American and Mogul type engines of fifty years ago. Not many, I'll wager!

Naturally it is difficult to incorporate such refinements in an already minute HO- or 00-gauge system. But the 0-gauger who uses standard 3/16th-inch rail is guilty of creating an unwarranted anachronism which does much to destroy the realism of the most beautifully fabricated teakettle, coach, or freight car.

For the 80- or 90-pound iron in use at the turn of the Century, 00- or HO-gauge rail is just the ticket. Both are to be had, at the time of writing, in either brass or steel, and every indication points to the contin d use of the latter, even when the brass stock is exhausted. Although somewhat inferior as a conductor (this can be overcome by the use of copper messenger wires, the steel stock has the advantage of improved realism.

How about ties? Those ordinarily employed, measuring a quarter of an inch in width and of varying thickness, are every bit as clumsy in appearance as 3/16th-inch rail. Some time ago, in building models of the 999 for installation in the observation-lounge cars of the *20th Century Limited,* I had occasion to check New York Central track specifications of the Gay Nineties and found that this road's sleepers rarely exceeded 7 inches in width by something less than 7 inches in depth. Their lengths, in turn, varied from 8 to 9 feet, with the latter specification recommended for dirt ballast.

That would give us model ties measuring ⅛ by ⅛ by from 2 to 2¼ inches. They should not be colored solid black, since

Slim ties, correctly spaced, add much to the flavor of the old-time layout

creosoting was neither as universal or, when applied, so thorough, in pre-World War days as it has been since.

Rather, thin out lamp black with turpentine until it assumes the liquid consistency of a dye. Brushed on and wiped judiciously, it produces an excellent weathered effect which is equally desirable for telegraph poles, fence posts, etc.

Ballast is the third factor in realistic track. On the 999 job, it again took considerable research and experiment to simulate the actual materials in use a generation ago. In this particular instance, I employed ordinary yellow sand, tinted with a brow water dye. Sifted cinders, earth, foundry sand, and coal dust are other satisfactory ballast materials. Avoid, however, the crushed slate or bluestone commonly put down with modern track—it's altogether too fancy.

"That's Moriarity The company lets him run it that way so he won't get carsick"

LET'S consider an actual sample of old-time track construction which will ultimately involve a crossing, stub switch, switch-stand, Hall signal, and numerous wayside features. Right now, however, we're only concerned with fundamentals.

We start with a section of well-seasoned hardwood baseboard, to which lesser laminations of the same material, beveled to simulate irregularities of embankment and adjoining landscape, are secured with brads and woodscrews. Ties, cut from strips of white pine run through a circular saw, must next be laid out on this base. Were they larger, we could tack them down. But there's considerable danger of splitting ⅛ by ⅜-inch stock so we glue them in position, instead, leaving a gap of not more than ¼ of an inch between adjoining sleepers.

After they have "set," we are ready to brush on an adhesive which will hold the ballast to the board. Aeroplane dope is an excellent medium, here, when diluted 50-50 with lacquer thinner. Use a small brush between the ties, and a larger one to dab the mixture on when working in the clear. Don't attempt to cover too much territory at one time—certainly no more than six inches on a board of the width shown in the photograph. That much done, sprinkle one of the ballast materials I have recommended over the area (foundry sand was used in my model). Proceed, then, to the next section, and give it a similar treatment. After the whole job has been cov-

ered and permitted to dry, any surplus material is brushed or shaken off and the entire process repeated. This builds up a texture heavy enough to completely hide the boarding. Now, top it off with a final sprinkling of coal dust.

Our *00*-gauge rails are secured to the ties with *H0* spikes, using one spike on the outer or visible side of each rail for every tie. This is not necessary on the inner surfaces, however, where time will be saved by skipping every other sleeper. As a final touch, the rails are aged, their sides being tinted with a coat of thinned raw sienna oil paint to create a suggestion of rust.

Next month we'll dig into the subject of stub switches. These mechanisms, quite apart from their authentic old-time flavor, are simpler than the modern point-switch to construct, and operate with a high degree of dependability

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MODEL Railroad Club of Rochester, N. Y., will hold its second annual show in club quarters at the west end of the New York Central depot, in that city, from April 19th through April 26th.

• • •

MODEL fans from far and wide are expected to trek to Chicago to view the Model Builders Guild show which will be held in the main exhibit hall of Hotel Sherman, April 15th to 18th inclusive. We learn from Stephen M. Paddock, 1 North La Salle St., Chicago, that this show will include working models and working layouts in all gages. "Railroads will be represented," he says. "So will neighboring clubs. We feel that this will be the biggest and best model show.

LIVE-STEAM fans on the West Coast recently organized the Southern California Live Steamers club. Thirty-five builders and operators of live-steam model locomotives, representing all scales and gages, held their first meeting at Richard B. Jackson's machine shop. As officers for 1942, the charter members elected Richard B. Bagley, chairman; Mr. Jackson, vice chairman; Bud Stump, secretary; C. S. Chovil, treasurer; and Ward Kimball, 1616 Ardendale Ave., San Gabriel, Calif., corresponding secretary.

Meetings are held at 8 p.m. the second Thursday of each month at members' homes. Completed and partially finished engines are inspected, discussed and steamed up. Models range in size all the way from Bagley's HO gage Pacific up to Kimball's full-sized Mogul. The latter, built to a scale of one inch to the foot, is part of the motive power of his Grizzly Flats Railroad.

Comparison of a stretch of model roadway assembled from commercially available materials, and a true-to-scale representation of 1890 trackwork, redounds to the credit of the latter. Note, too, its greater illusion of distance

Model Trading Post

LISTINGS here are free. Because of time required to edit, print and distribute *Railroad Magazine*, all departmental material should be sent to the Editor seven weeks before publication date, which is the first of each month. Every *Trading Post* entry must be accompanied by the latest Reader's Choice coupon, either clipped from page 159 or home-made.

When writing to anyone listed here, enclose stamped envelope or use 2c reply postal-card.

* * *

BETTY EIGHMEY, model-builder, 94 Highland Ave., Kingston, N. Y., addressed a "Hobby Lobby" radio audience Feb. 21st. This came about because a local dial-twister had read her "Model Railfanette" article in Feb. *Railroad Magazine*. Betty belongs to Kingston Model Railroad Club, which celebrated Lincoln's birthday with a showing of the new film *Railroadin'* and a talk by Harry C. Sterling, retired NYC engineer.

Wanted

DEPOTS and frt. house for O gage Lake Sh. elec. line. I offer N.Sh., CA&E, St. Louis Pub. Ser. and Milw. Elec. negs. or pix, size 116, of T&I, IRR, LSE, SE, ICRT, SW&A and OPS, or cash. State what you have and price.—William Miller, 15219 Regina, Allen Park, Mich.

* * *

WHISTLE controller, Lionel 167; good cond.—John Ray, 5854 S. Trumbull Ave., Chicago.

* * *

LIONEL O gage or 072 eqpmt. I offer 27 issues *Railroad Magazine*, 60 *Nat. Geog.*, 4 *Carpenters and Bldrs. Guide, Engrs. and Mechanics Guide No. 8*, and 10 Hawkins *Electrical Books* in exchange or sale.—Arnold Betbeze, 610 31st Ave., Meridian, Miss.

* * *

LIONEL O gage wide-rad. track and switches. State cond., lowest prices. Also offer HO loco for O gage loco —Leonard Barron, 530 W. 179th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

SOLID-STEEL rail (straight) and switches. All letters ans'd.—Frank Gellette, 14534 Lappin, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

8-WHEEL bag. cars and short frts., repainted or not. Also, 47 crossing gates, 262E tender, Vanderbilt type, and long Dorfan, Ives or AF pass. cars. I'll trade Lionel Hudson 226E for AF Hud. 449.—J. L. Mater, 334 Hamilton St., Harrisburg, Pa.

* * *

¼-IN. scale model locos, cheap. State cond., prices. Also want tinplate locos and old tr. catalogs. Have complete O gage Lionel outfit with *Flying Yankee, City of Denver* and *Portland*, and locos 229, 256, 248, etc., trade or sell. Also offer Comml. High book on typing, bkkpg., acc'ting, etc., for any tr. eqpmt.—Jack Mack, 254 S. Clinton St., East Orange, N. J.

* * *

I'LL BUY good scale O gage locos, frt. and pass. cars, odd parts and accessories; or complete outfit. 2-rail pref., would consider 3-rail.—Jack Mann, 4719 Rockwood Road, Garfield Heights, O.

* * *

USED HO Walthers or G. D. Stock power (MU) truck; also Knapp and AF HO locos not in running cond. I offer Lionel remote control airplace, "A" transformer, crossing gate 77N and tunnel 123.—J. Converse, 1545 Ralston Ave., Burlingame, Calif.

* * *

O GAGE Lionel switcher, new-type Lionel 14-in. pass. cars and wide-rad. switches (both manual and r.c.). Will pay well. Must be A-1 cond.—Capt. John S. Crull, U.S.A., Camp Tyson, Tenn.

LIONEL catalogs for '31, '32, '33, '40; AF for '31, '32, '34, '40; '40 copyright Johnson Smith & Co. novelty catalog, all in exc. cond. I pay cash.—Francis Wolford, 207 Church St., La Plata, Mo.

* * *

MODEL rr. supplies, O gage and 027 pref. In return I offer 2 female Beagle hounds and other items. I answer all mail.—Harry Miller, Rte. 1, E. Webb Road, Youngstown, O.

* * *

LIONEL pass. cars 610 and Lionel or AF block signals. State cash price.—H. J. Wichman, Kingston, Mich.

* * *

I PAY cash for good Lionel O gage eqpmt. Need 022 R.C. switches.—George L. Pufall, 2624 N. Mason Ave., Chicago

* * *

TINPLATE catalogs, old cars, locos, any age or cond., for cash or trade in new Lionel items.—D. H. McClain, 105 E. 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

* * *

OO GAGE 2 rail eqpmt., good cond. Give full description. I pay cash.—C. O. Post, 300 S. Washington St., Owosso, Mich.

* * *

¼-IN. scale plans of N&W 4-8-2 or 4-6-2, or CNJ 4-6-2; good details but simple enough for beginner. Good main frame drawing appreciated.—Al Bahr, 2967 W. 2nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

LOCOS, cars, track and eqpmt., OO, HO, std., O and 027 gage, any age or cond. In return I offer cash or other eqpmt.—Clyde Buxton, R. R. 2, Loveland, O.

* * *

WALTHERS gas-elec. car, good running cond. I offer cash or Lionel O gage plus cash.—Herbert Roome, 81 E. Beverly Pkwy., Valley Stream, N. Y.

* * *

HO automatic couplers and 2-rail frt. trucks (LaNal). I pay reas. prices. State price and cond.—H. K. Vollrath, Franklin, La.

* * *

LIONEL 226EW loco and tender or portable typewriter (both must be in good cond.). Will trade for 26 vol. Mark Twain library.—John R. Koch, Joliett, Pa.

* * *

BING water tank; AF catalogs 1920-'28, lithographed 8-wh. 6½-in. frt. cars.—Franklin Bartlett, 3013 Evergreen Ave., Hamilton, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

LIONEL catalogs 1931, '32, '33; also *Model Engineer* issue No. 1997 (British publication).—Thomas Reddy, 33 No. 21st St., East Orange, N. J.

* * *

WHERE can I buy ⅜-in. steel rail?—Walter Schmitt, 146 Crawford St., Munhall, Pa.

* * *

CASH offered for old toy locos, cars, trolleys; also old tr. catalogs, esp. German or very old U. S. items. —Dr. G. Harrison, R.R. 1, House Springs, Mo.

* * *

SWITCHES, crossovers, track, loco, tender, cars. Swap or buy; what have you? Also trade man's wrist watch, 2 gons 2812, Lionel coal elevator, .32 revolver.—Fred Dickinson, 345 Grant St., East Liverpool, O.

For Sale or Exchange

O GAGE scale 5-stall roundhouse, $25; turntable, $20; "O" track (straight) on ⅛x¼ ties, ¼ ply, 3 lengths for $1; laid switches, $2 up; motors, 95c and $2. All track, 21 switches, 21 motors, r'house and t'table, $150. —Rutland Valley RR. (operated by St. Albans Model R. R. Club), 170-20 118th Road, St. Albans, N. Y.

* * *

PASS. cars, trolleys, built without motors for $10 up. —J. McIntyre, 170-20 118th Road, St. Albans, N. Y.

* * *

ALL types HO interurbans sold; motor pass., $16; motor frt., $14.45; trailer pass., $5.35; trailer frt., $4.60. List, 6c in stamps.—C. K. Given, 3411 Brunswick Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa.

MANY HO cars, track, trucks, etc. Also *Mod. Craftsman, Mod. Bldr., Mod. Railroader* and many catalogs. List for 3c stamp. Will trade for rr. pix, size 116.—Duane Bearse, 19645 Telbir Ave., Rocky River, O.

* * *

I'LL trade O gage AF loco, 3 flatcars, caboose, tank, gon., track and other eqpmt. for HO material.—Albert Malack, 10530 Edbrooke Ave., Chicago.

* * *

NINE O gage scale frt. cars and caboose, $33; coal tipple, $12; Lionel *Hiawatha* loco, $20; scale tender 225E (outside, third), $20; Lionel scale switcher, never used, $35. Will trade.—A. L. Mann, 4719 Rockwood Road. Cleveland, O.

* * *

SCALE-CRAFT Hudson 2-rail, $58; Mi-Loco, $75; Consolidated switcher, $38; 17/64 pass. cars, $12.50 ea. Send stamp for list of other pass. and frt. cars.—L. M Blum, 807 Engineers Bldg., Cleveland, O.

* * *

O GAGE tinplate track and AF cars; for sale or trade for O gage trolleys.—Frank McClellan, 7733 Sunnyside Ave., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

LIONEL caboose 2957, brand new, used 24 hrs., $6, cost $7.—Jay Wulfson, 50 Colfax St., South River, N. J.

* * *

O GAGE eqpmt., locos and cars. In return I want most anything in OO and some HO gage items. List for stamp; send your list.—Fred Schorr, Jr., 1800 Elk Ave., Pottsville, Pa.

* * *

FOUR *Ry. Age* and 3 *Mech. Eng.* mags., all 7 for $3 plus postage, or 2 Lionel diners No. 442.—T. J. Pelletier, Rte. 3, Box 39, Palouse, Wash.

* * *

COMPLETE Marx layout with auto. couplers and uncoupler. Also, much 927 track, ice skates, photo printing and developing supplies. I want gas model eqpmt. or what have you. All mail ans'd.—Arthur Metz, 2701 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago.

* * *

LIONEL 262E, like new, $5. Trade for 2 *Hiawatha* coaches 783 or ¼-in. scale pass. eqpmt. without trucks. Scale frt. wheels on axles, 10c pr. Scale-Craft 6-wh. pass. trucks, brand new, $1.50.—H. C. Landon, Lenox School, Lenox, Mass

* * *

WALTHERS HO gage Birney car, 3 frt. cars, some rail and ties, all 2-rail HO, new and ready to run. I want reputable movie machine, motor-driven, A-1 cond —Robert Wallich, 3320 McComas Ave., Kensington. Md

* * *

LIONEL oil car 2815, scale caboose 2957 (new), power pack trans. (18v. and 6v. tap, brand new). Make offer. Need trans. with 2v. tap.—E. P. Verdonck, 908 Lovers Lane, Akron, O.

* * *

MAERKLIN and Trix Twin Trains, HO gage, repair parts and accessories, new and used. Catalogs and books for sale. Mail only.—Joseph Listi, 1292 Amsterdam Ave., N. Y. City.

* * *

LIONEL 2-rail curve OO gage track, 24 pieces, never used, for Lionel OO 2-rail frt. cars. What have you? —L. M. Shertzer, 3612 Dickens Ave. K. H., Cincinnati, O.

* * *

AF train set 4121, three prs. r. c. switches 688, three r. c. uncouplers 675, Choo-Choo tender 576C, track terminal 450, boxcar 478, floodlight car 488, two girder cars 483, straight and curve track; all new. List for stamp. —Alvin Keim, Box 76, Mt. Hope, O.

* * *

AF elec. type loco to trade for $2.25 worth of tracks or rolling stock. Want Lionel frt. cars.—Gerald Strobel, 108 Pewabic St., Laurium, Mich.

* * *

LIONEL elec. type loco 253, $3; Lionel 253 motor in AF 3323 body with tender, $4; AF frt. cars, 3200 line, $1.25 ea.—Oscar Stoos, Box 126, Copper City, Mich.

"Getting a train hostess sure has pepped up our club meetings"

LIONEL 2226EWX loco, tender, whistle controller, $9. List of Lionel and A. F. O gage eqpmt. for 3c stamp. Want cash or HO gage d.c. scale eqpmt.—Keeley Stiteler, Elverson, Pa

* * *

HO gage eqpmt., misc., for sale or trade. Write for details.—Don Beverlin, 913 Third St., Sedro Wooley, Wash.

* * *

LIONEL coal-breaker 188, $10; oil car 2680 with elec. couplers, 75c; caboose with elec. couplers, 75c; Lionel trans., 75-watt type Q, $3.50; 2 r. c. dump cars 3659, $2 ea.; O27 Lionel track, 8c ea.; 3 m. c. switches for O27 track, $1 ea., or what have you? Would like AF scale cars and track.—H. Leonard Koch, Joliett, Pa.

* * *

WILL sell 9 pr. Scale-Craft auto couplers, majority with shanks shortened, drilled for mounting; also 10 pr. dummy couplers; both types complete, $4.50.—B. Bradley, Box 407, Decatur, Ill.

* * *

LIONEL frt. cars, lumber car 651, tank car 654, dump car 659, caboose 657, tender 265T, 75c ea.; 22 secs. OS and 10 of OC track, 10c ea. plus postage. Or will trade for HO eqpmt.—R. O. Ashlee, Box 398, Atlantic Beach, Fla.

* * *

UP loco (4-8-4) and 7 frt. cars (8-wh.), all O gage AF, die cast; pr. r.c. switches, st. and curved track, all little-used '42 models. I want Lionel scale switcher 708 or scale Hudson 763; good cond. List for stamp. —J. Weissenberger, Jr., 1014 S. 10th St., Lacrosse, Wis.

* * *

FRT. cars 112 to 117, $1 ea.; pair 222 r.c. switches, std.-gage, $4. I offer five 027 trucks (3 are elec.) for equivalent of 2088 automatic trucks (no elec.).—Chas. R. Lewis, 29 Pratt Ave., Towanda, Pa.

* * *

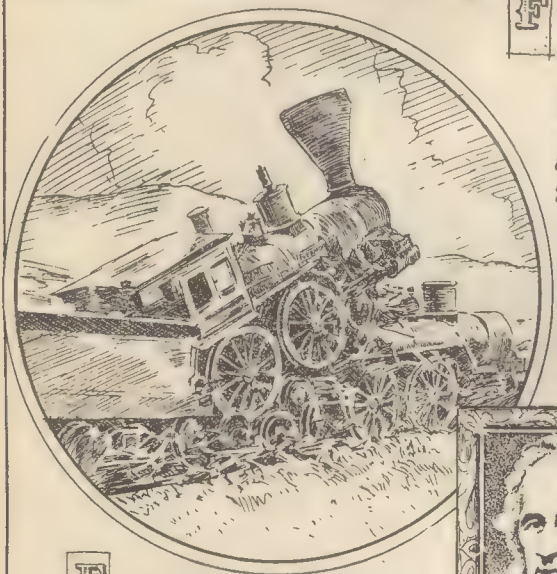
CAST iron 2-2-4 locos and pass. cars, NYC lantern, other things, for trade or sale. Send stamped addressed env.—Nulo Koponen, 1667 Grand Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

* * *

WILL sell Lionel superdetail Hudson (3-rail), caboose (2-rail), Nason Atl. type mechanism, less motor (2-rail), all new OO gage; offered for cash or trade for HO loco. —Louis Lupin, 57 Mott St., N. Y. City.

MAY in RAIL HISTORY

by D. H HILLIKER



FIRST STREAMLINED TRAIN DESIGNED TO REDUCE WIND RESISTANCE AT HIGH SPEEDS, CONCEIVED BY F. U. ADAMS, WAS BUILT BY THE B&O IN MOUNT CLARE SHOPS AND MADE ITS FIRST TEST RUN WITH ENGINE 822, ENGR. MIKE KIRBY; 3½ MILES IN 2½ MINUTES . . . MAY 8, 1900.

TWENTY-THREE YEARS LATER, THE B&O INAUGURATED ITS CAPITOL LIMITED (A NEW YORK-CHICAGO EXPRESS).

. . . MAY 13, 1923

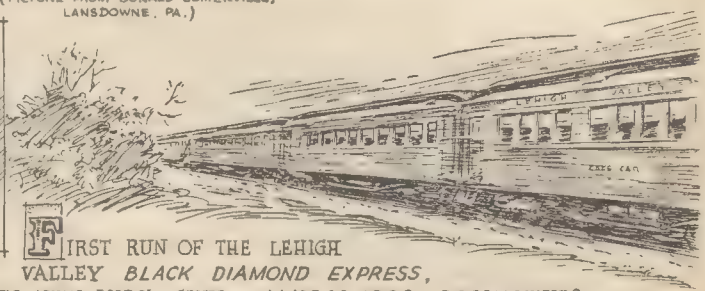
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, WHO CONTROLLED THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND AT DEATH PASSED IT ON TO HIS SON, WAS BORN ON STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.

. . . MAY 27, 1794.

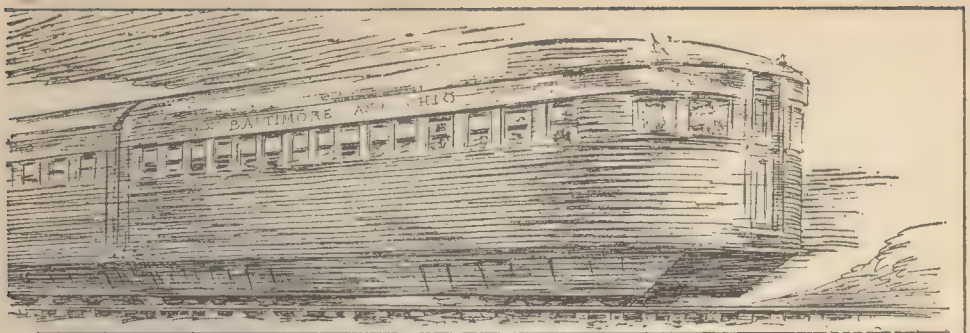
NINETY-NINE YEARS LATER, NYC ENGINE 999 SET A WORLD RECORD OF 112½ MILES PER HOUR

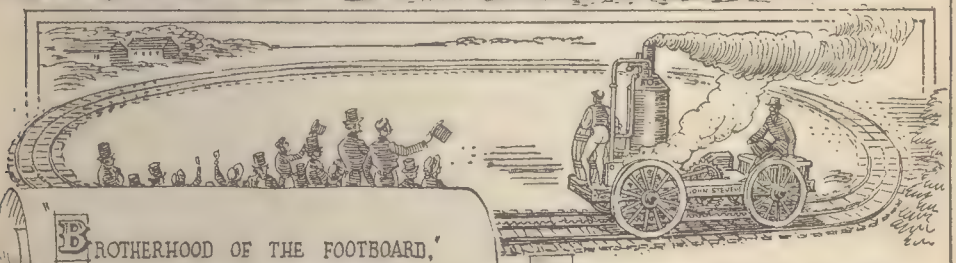
. . . MAY 11, 1893

FREAK WRECK ON VERMONT & CANADA RAILROAD (NOW CENTRAL VERMONT), NEAR BINGHAM'S CROSSING, 1½ MILES NORTH OF ST. ALBANS, VT . . . . MAY 20, 1864. THE ENGINE *VERMONT* CLIMBED ON TOP OF THE *SANGUENAY*. WHO CAN SUPPLY DETAILS? (PICTURE FROM DONALD SOMERVILLE, LANSDOWNE, PA.)



FIRST RUN OF THE LEHIGH VALLEY *BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS*, BUFFALO TO NEW YORK CITY . . . MAY 18, 1896. LOCOMOTIVES WERE CHANGED AT SAYRE, WILKES-BARRE AND EASTON, PA. ONE OF THE FOUR ENGINES USED THAT DAY WAS THE 655, WHICH ENGR. JOE KELLER (SHOWN HERE) PILOTED OVER THE WYOMING DIVISION, WILKES-BARRE TO EASTON. THE TRAINS NAME WAS CHOSEN IN A CONTEST WON BY CHAS. MONTGOMERY, HOTEL CLERK OF TOLEDO, OHIO

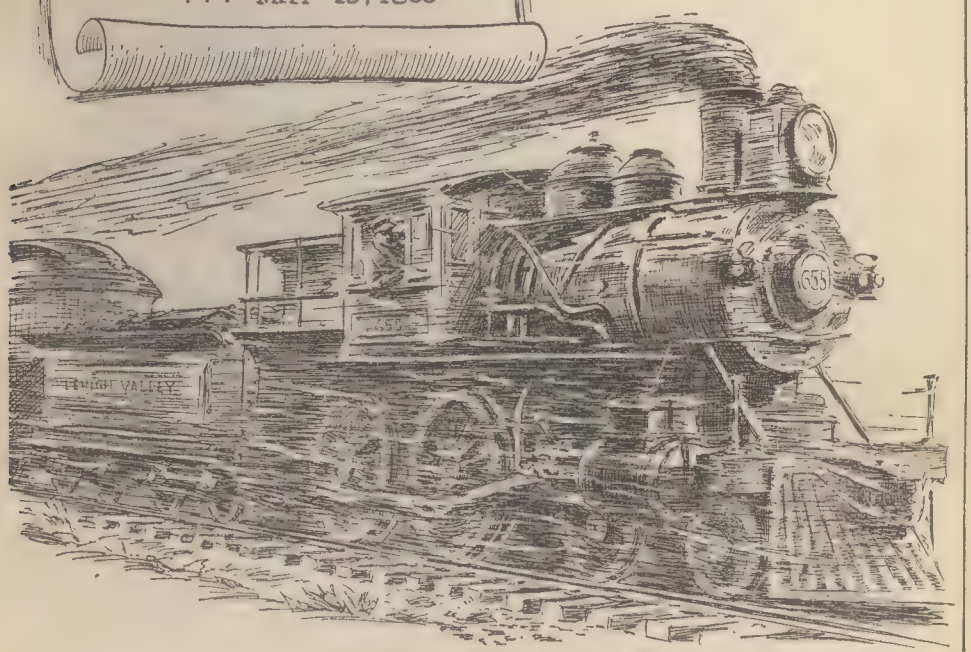




"BROTHERHOOD OF THE FOOTBOARD," NOW BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS, WAS ORGANIZED AT DETROIT, WITH WM. D. ROBINSON AS FIRST CHIEF ENGINEER.
. . . MAY 5, 1863.

SIX YEARS LATER, AT PROMONTORY POINT, UTAH, THE GOLDEN SPIKE COMPLETED NORTH AMERICA'S FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD
. . . MAY 10, 1869

JOHN STEVENS GAVE AMERICA'S FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE ON RAILS, ON AN OVAL-SHAPED RAILWAY ON HIS ESTATE AT HOBOKEN, N.J. (NOW THE SITE OF STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY).. MAY 11, 1826



Although weight on drivers of these Lima jobs differs by only 100 pounds, larger cylinders give the 700 Class higher tractive effort

Industrial Freight Road

GREATEST claim to glory of the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton is the fact that it was once owned and operated by Henry Ford. Projected in 1874 as the narrow-gage Springfield, Jackson & Pomeroy, it contrived through a series of extensions, bankruptcies and reorganizations, to work its way north from the coal fields of southern Ohio to Lima, before the panic of 1893. Already widened to standard gage, the road (by that time known as the Ohio Southern) next merged with the Detroit and Lima Northern to become the Detroit Southern. Acquisition of the Ironton Railroad and leased trackage into the heart of Detroit gave the new line two plausible terminals, but it still failed to prosper and in 1905 it went through the wringer again, emerging as the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton. Under the new designation it fared hardly better. Neither was there regret in government quarters when, after a brief spell of USRA operation, the line was returned to private ownership.

Looking for a correlated transportation project upon which to apply his theories of plant management, Henry Ford in a moment of optimism bought the wavering streak of rust which ran from the motor city to connections with the

coal-carrying N&W and C&O lines on the Ohio River. The story of how he acquired the obsolescent property at a bargain price of $5,000,000 and converted it into a modern, heavy-duty freight hauler was very completely told in our July 1939 issue.

Opposition of two equally antagonistic forces—competitive railroad managements and brotherhoods—together with what, discounting Ford Company shipments, would have been a not too impressive financial record, finally convinced the motor car manufacturer that he was in the wrong avocation. In 1929 he began negotiations with the Pennroad corporation (Pennsylvania Railroad affiliate) for the sale of the DT&I.

One year later that company purchased the road at a figure seven times greater than that paid by Ford less than a decade before. Earnings dropped sharply when traffic in and out of River Rouge fell off, but sound management, combined with its excellent plant facilities, enabled the DT&I to weather the difficult '30s well. In 1940, net revenue was $3,596,000, earned practically in its entirety through freight operations (the line has a single passenger train—Numbers 1 and 2—which makes a round trip between Jackson and Springfield daily).

In the same year, freight hauled amounted to more than 5,000,000 tons, of which fifty-two percent originated on the road. To handle this traffic the line maintains, in addition to the locomotives listed on page 95, a fleet of 2994 freight cars and 3 passenger coaches. The latest additions to the motive power fleet were four heavy Mikados of the 804 Class, delivered by the Lima Locomotive Works last year.

Coming next month:

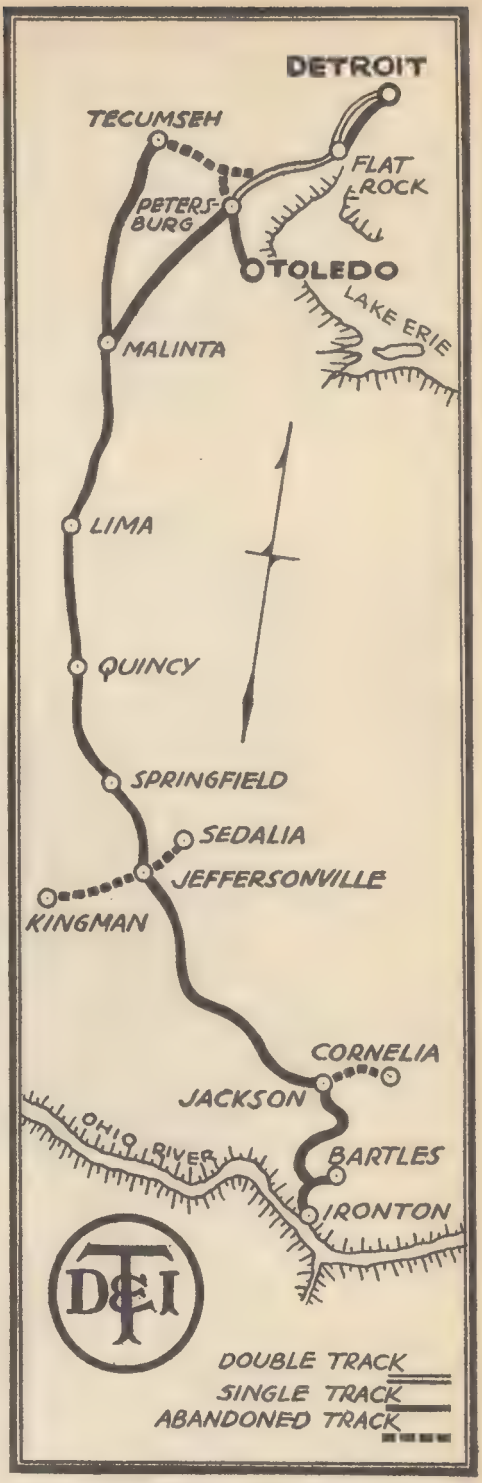
Santa Fe Wrecking Boss

By BILL BRUNNER

and

Development of the Car Truck

By AURION PROCTOR



For years the DT&I main line passed through Tecumseh. Ford built the cutoff between Malinta and Durban Jct. in 1926

Photo by F. D. Cairns, Temperance, Mich., from K. Gus Smarey, Suttons Bay, Mich

Ford's shopmen took good care of 300-Class Russian Decopods, now scrapped

The 200's tractive effort exceeds that of the new Mikados, but not her horsepower

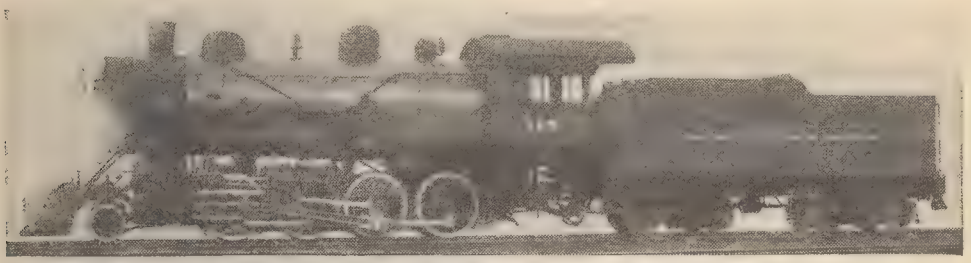
Photo from C. W. Burns, 403 15th St., N.W., Canton, Ohio

252, a heavy 8-wheeled Lima switcher, marshals freight at Flat Rock, Mich.

Photo by Roy L. Baker, 13421 Young St., Detroit, Mich.

400-Class engines were built for the Pennsy; 415 being that road's 8802

Locomotives of the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton

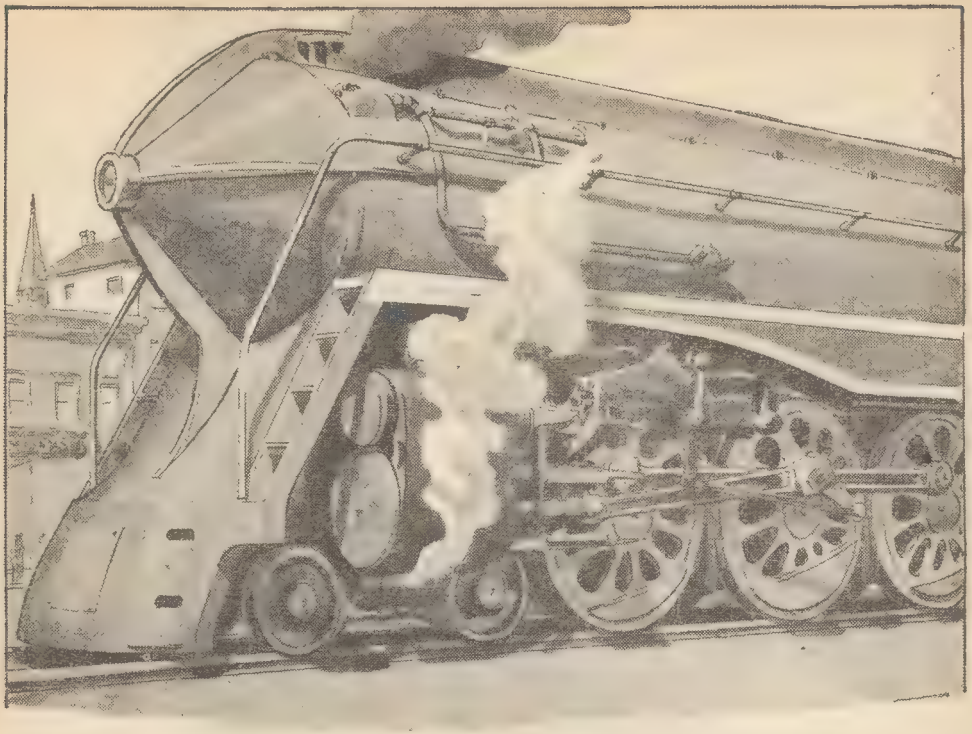


Characteristic of the Alco-built 100 Class was the 119, now out of service

Class	Numbers	Cylinders	Drivers	Pressure	Weight Engine	Tract. Force	Builder	Date
			0-8-0 (Switcher) Type					
250	250–255	25 x 28	51	175	217,000	51,040	Lima	1924
			2-8-0 (Consolidation) Type					
100	100, 101	22 x 30	57	200	227,560	43,305	Alco.	1909
	103–107	22 x 30	57	200	227,560	43,305	Alco.	1909
	108, 109	22 x 30	57	200	227,560	43,305	Alco.	1910
	111–117	22 x 30	57	200	227,560	43,305	Alco.	1910
	119	22 x 30	57	200	227,560	43,305	Alco.	1910
200	200, 201	25 x 30	57	200	251,400	55,920	Alco.	1916
400	400, 402	26 x 28	62	205	247,500	53,197	Penn'a	1907, 1908
	405, 406	26 x 28	62	205	247,500	53,197	Baldwin, Alco.	1910
	407, 408	26 x 28	62	205	247,500	53,197	Baldwin, Penn'a	1910, 1908
	410, 411	26 x 28	62	205	247,500	53,197	Alco., Penn'a	1910, 1907
	412, 413	26 x 28	62	205	247,500	53,197	Alco.	1913
	414, 415	26 x 28	62	205	247,500	53,197	Alco., Lima	1910, 1915
	416, 417	26 x 28	62	205	247,500	53,197	Alco.	1916, 1913
			2-8-4 (Berkshire) Type					
700	700–703	25 x 30	63	260★	411,500	65,780	Lima	1935
	704–705	25 x 30	63	260	416,000	65,780	Lima	1939
			2-8-2 (Mikado) Type					
800	800–803	23 x 30	63	260	369,500	55,640	Lima	1940
	804–807	23 x 30	63	260	369,500	55,640	Lima	1941
			B & B (Diesel-Electric Switcher) Type					
900	900, 901	——	40	—	219,930	600 H.P.	E.M.C.	1941

★*Originally 250 lbs.*
All engines are superheated.

Despite more or less standardized specifications, DT&I Consolidations differ greatly in the appearance and arrangement of their fittings. The 104 has Timken-designed inboard-type tender trucks



A Man's Job

The Richest Hours of Dave's Life Were Spent in His Engine Cab

By WILLIAM J. PARRY

Locomotive Engineer, Canadian National

EXACTLY five minutes before scheduled leaving time of the *Confederation*, train number 21 on the Canadian Central, Dave Owen strode rapidly along the Union Station platform toward his engine, sleek and streamlined, having just performed the customary ritual of comparing his watch with the dispatcher's standard clock. As he walked, he whistled *The White Cliffs of Dover*.

The engineer was in a buoyant mood. He was about to make his first run on a new assignment as successful applicant, by district bulletin, for trains 21 and 22. A mild May breeze was sweeping through the trainshed. Dave threw his head back to get a chest-full of ozone. In doing so, he subconsciously dodged a baggage truck on one side of him and collided with a smart-looking female figure on the other, knocking a couple of bags out of her hands.

"Sorry," he murmured breathlessly. He would have hurried on had not an indignant voice halted him.

"You might at least pick up my things," it said. Dave glanced at full red lips, short brown hair, and not unattractive hazel eyes. "If you don't mind," the voice added petulantly.

"Sorry," the engineer repeated,

bending over for the bags. "You see, I'm in a rush— Well, if it isn't Helen Marlowe!" he broke off suddenly. "What are you doing here?"

He looked at the girl, and both of them smiled. Dave Owen was tall, lean and fit. His very wide and innocent blue eyes were misleading; he was in his middle forties, but not even years of exposure to the elements had altered the pink of his cheeks.

"Thank you, Casey Jones," she said brightly. "I just came to Terminal City to visit my folks. Going back on your train."

"That's fine!" Dave gulped. His words were drowned by two short, imperative blasts of engine whistle. "See you sometime."

Crack trains, operating on a tight schedule, cannot wait for social amenities. The bushy white brows of Conductor McIlwaine were down as Engineer Owen grabbed the clearance from his outstretched hand and bolted up the gangway, and he asked:

"Did you look at your timecard?"

Dave silently blinked.

"Never mind the alibis," the conductor stormed. "Get going!"

Dave slid in behind the pedestal brake valve. His arm thrust back the multiple throttle lever. Steam roared into the huge cylinders. Four pairs of seventy-seven-inch drivers, turning in unison, slipped and spun madly for a moment. Then, feeling the sand beneath their flanges, they got a firmer grip on the rails, and train 21 swung out of the depot three minutes late. Exhaust barked a challenge to the timecard schedule as the *Confederation,* threading her way through the maze of electrically - controlled switches, gathered speed for the spurt over the Darlington subdivision.

They were away, down the stretch

of "high iron," past long lines of waiting manifest freights. A swiftly-moving string of varnished cars swayed over a white ribbon of roadbed that rushed dizzily toward them like an endless belt, diving under the pilot of the streamlined engine.

Three minutes late with the fastest-scheduled train on the system! Dave would have to win back those minutes, or the pompous conductor would put the delay up to the engine. Nevertheless, he exulted. This was his day. He was now handling the *Conferera-tion*, pride of the road. The world was his oyster. Youngest runner in passenger service on the Canadian Central. A break like that isn't common.

Dave peered through the clear-vision window, luxuriating in his good fortune. Instead of pulling endless freights into sidings to let the high-wheelers pass, the other fellows would be stepping aside, from now on, to give him the main stem. There was a thrill in riding modern streamlined power—a thrill you couldn't get elsewhere. Flag stations rose up to meet them, paused for a moment, then slipped in to the background. The thrum of drivers was sweet music to his ears.

Monotone signals were exchanged by the engine crew as they ripped through Darlington Junction with a double green on the block. He and the fireman, Andy Sykes, were hardly on speaking terms—except of course, on company business. Besides, the cab of a locomotive is hardly the place for conversation when she is hitting eighty-five miles an hour.

DAVE made up his lost three minutes. They zoomed into Stapleton "on the advertised." His timecard called for a stop of ten minutes there for transfer of passengers and mail for Buffalo and New York. While his fireman filled the 11,000-gallon tank, Dave greased the floating bushings with the gun. Glancing at the brakeman, "Happy Bill" Robins, he heard the latter reassure a frantic passenger who had mislaid her overnight bag: "Yes, lady, I'll see to it right away." Soon they were on their way again.

The *Confederation* backed out to the interlocking tower at Lakeview, switched over to the Dundas subdivision, and headed up the mountain. She was now digging in for the eleven-mile climb. The task ahead of them called not only for scientific running but also for skillful operation of the stoker. The engine crew had plenty of work to occupy their attention.

Halfway up the hill, the boiler began foaming. Dave eased off the throttle and blew the boiler down, but the foaming water had already plugged the stoker jets. Before the fireman had the jets bored out with his wire rod, the steam pressure had fallen fifty pounds. Dave had to ease off some more on the throttle. He muttered:

"Damn the boiler compound!"

With continual blowing down, the water settled to its normal level, the steam pressure climbed, and the engine crew breathed easier. Dave began to realize why the old-timers had passed up this run. As one grayhead put it: "Owen, you have only to make one bull on that job, and you're all through."

Despite skillful handling of his engine, Dave was still shy the four minutes he had dropped on the hill, when they rounded the curve into Dartford. Four minutes doesn't seem much on a delay report, but on a closely-cropped schedule it calls for explanations. The runner's face had a worried look when he spotted for water at the plug.

Stepping briskly around his engine

with the grease gun, he found the left main-rod bushing was running warm. He connected the gun to the plug and squeezed grease into it. Just then Happy came along, inspecting the train.

"Dave," he grinned, "didn't I see you run into a dame at Union Station?"

"Did you?" was the reply.

"The girl you tangled with is Helen Marlowe," persisted the brakeman.

Dave said nothing.

"Helen's the beanery queen in the station restaurant at Mundun."

"Yes, I know," Dave replied.

"Did Andy Sykes say anything about your bumpin' into his girl friend?" the brakeman asked tactlessly.

Engineer Owen stood still a moment, staring at Happy. Mention of the fireman's name had hardened his jaw. Slow anger smoldered in him. They didn't like each other, those two. That much was certain.

"No, he didn't!" Dave snapped. "And what the hell is it to you, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothin'," egged on the tormentor. "But I saw the way she looked at you, back in Terminal City. Helen's hot stuff, they say. Why don't you try beatin' your fireboy to it?"

"That lazy bakehead! Maybe I will, at that." Then, as the cab signal whistle shrilled twice: "Yes, I sure will. Thanks for the tip."

EYES twinkling furiously, the brakeman watched his engineer's broad shoulders edge up the gangway into the cab. It was a good joke to Happy Bill Robins, but it wasn't funny to the engine crew. Those two men were poison to each other. It had been that way since the Trainmen's Ball, some months previous, when Andy Sykes had walked off with Helen Marlowe and the prize waltz—took 'em both away from Dave Owen. That started the feud, which had been going on ever since.

In the days that followed the ball, the two enginemen had met many times in the bunk rooms. And whenever they had there was an argument. Now that they were assigned to the same run, working together in the same cab, as well as rivals for the same girl, the situation became unpleasant. That's what Dave was thinking now as his engine hit the short, but stiff, climb to Tavistock.

For the next ten miles Dave had to concentrate on the job in hand. Other problems slipped into the background as he forced the streamliner in an attempt to catch up with the timecard. He was still running four minutes late when he shut off steam for Tavistock. The *Confederation* merely hesitated here, and seconds later he was "knocking the stack off" his engine again as he pulled out for Bostock, the last stop before Mundun.

Barely holding her own, Number 21 roared around the long, sweeping curve and slowed for the stop. Dave pulled out his watch and glanced at the dial. He was still shy the elusive minutes he had lost on the mountain grade. The minute hand told him that, all too plainly.

Checking the speed with deft movements of the brake valve, he brought the engine cab in line with the white board nailed on the ties which marked the spot for the water crane. After that he slid down the gangway with the grease gun and gave the warm bushing a shot in the arm. Then, removing his gauntlet, he ran a large bare hand over the brass. It wasn't any hotter than it had been, he found, so that source of anxiety was elimin-

ated. He was now on the last lap of his run. The west end crew could do the worrying from then on.

Swinging rapidly into a racing stride, the streamliner settled down for the dash down the home stretch to Mundun. She had thirty-seven miles to gallop and thirty-four minutes to go. Dave used every trick known to his profession to get more speed from his iron steed. She was doing all she could. It was a noble effort, worthy of the best traditions in railroading. But the schedule was too tight. All the pleasure had drained from Dave's features when he rolled the *Confederation* down through Mundun yard into the station.

The relieving runner, old "Crabby" Hartwell, climbed into the cab, beefing about the lost time he'd have to make up. But when Dave reported the hot big-end bushing, the old-timer blew up with a sarcastic comment on "green hoggers in passenger service." By the time Dave had Crabby pacified, and had filled out the delay report and time ticket, Andy Sykes was seated in the station dining-room making fair headway with Helen Marlowe. The girl had ridden the *Confederation* into Mundun, had changed into her uniform, and was now on duty.

Dave hurried to the washroom. Slipping out of his overalls, he dumped them into his grip, then removed the grime from his features. He completed his toilet by slicking down his wavy hair with a perfumed substance bought at the drugstore.

Entering the dining-room, he stopped just inside the door. There, seated at the almost deserted lunch counter, sipping a cup of Java, he saw Bill Robins. And at one of the little tables, behind a half-empty plate, sat Andrew Sykes. Andy grinned as Dave strode over to sit opposite his fireman.

The hash-house siren came to take his order. Dave didn't remember much after that, except that her cheerful greeting instantly made him feel at home. Helen was like that, "all things to all men." She had grace and charm, and appeared to take a personal interest in each of her male customers.

Dave consumed his meal in a happy mood. Not even Andy's ribbing could get a nasty word out of him.

HELEN gave him deluxe service, but every time the runner tried to date her, Andy's grinning face kept coming in between. It was not until the firman went to the counter for a newspaper that Dave got a clear block.

"How about going to a show with me next Thursday?" he suggested. "I've a regular passenger run now." There was a ring of pride in his voice.

"I'm so glad!" she enthused. When her face burst into a smile Dave thought his date was in the bag, but suddenly his face fell.

"I'm going out with Andrew Sykes next Thursday," she purred. "Andy's an old friend of mine."

"An old friend?"

"Yes, hogger. He's a good fireman, too, isn't he?" she teased.

Dave was nettled. "Oh, sure!" he replied acidly. "The very best."

Helen's hazel eyes flashed. "You needn't be sarcastic."

The engineer made a new start. "Sorry, Helen. But you know how it is. Perhaps you and I could step out some other time, eh?"

"It's nice of you to ask me," she replied. "Some other time, perhaps. And now I must get to work."

Dave started up. "That reminds me, I'm on duty in five minutes."

He departed in haste. Pulling on

his overalls, he picked up his grip and hurried down the platform to await the train he'd pilot on the return trip to Toronto. The *Confederation* was ten minutes late when she rolled in. Engineer Hartwell explained he had dropped the time on account of a hot-box at Bennett's Creek. And, to make matters worse, the rod bushing was still running warm.

Dave felt weak as he doctored the bushing. The *Confederation* was a man's job. It occurred to him, with bitterness, that he was in a tough spot. The staff hustled around, loading express and baggage; but before the Limited was ready to highball another ten minutes had gone with the wind. As they swung out of the station Dave beckoned to his fireman.

"See here, Andy," he spoke sharply, "we've gotta hit the ball. I want 275 pounds of steam all the way."

"Okay, hogger, step on her!" the fireman drawled. "You'll have to get back the twenty minutes between here and Stapleton. No use tryin' to beat the card over the speedway. We're timed too fast."

Andy was right, and the engineer knew it. If he wasn't on time at Stapleton, he'd be licked. Dave wanted earnestly to make a good showing. He would run the wheels off her if necessary, but he'd have to watch that warm bushing.

Bostock was the first stop. There wasn't time to grease the bushing here. He'd have to let it ride. But he noted with satisfaction that they had picked up five of the lost minutes. They regained another five on the dash to Tavistock. Dave was catching onto the knack of handling the big streamliner, and Andy was backing him up on the play, although the exhaust steam injector gave him some anxious moments by breaking occasionally.

Dropping down the mountain grade, they pulled up even with the timecard, and at length backed into Stapleton holding their own. Dave had ten minutes here to give the bushing plenty of grease. His troubles were over for this trip, he reflected. What the future had in store was, after all, in the lap of the gods.

THE next few trips were uneventful. The bushing continued to run warm, and the shortage of motive power would not permit holding the streamlined engine off her run. Dave had two ambitions. One was to become a crack passenger runner. His lesser ambition was to persuade the tantalizing Helen Marlowe to change her name to Owen.

In both of these desires he seemed likely to succeed. Helen had been more than friendly to him. And one day she said she'd have a surprise for him, but insisted that the *Confederation* must arrive at Terminal City on time. Dave's features were wreathed in a smile when he climbed into the cab for this run, with the saucy little waitress on board his train.

But the smile faded when Crabby Hartwell announced the big-end bushing was running hotter. And even the self-important conductor, McIlwaine, sniffed the arm grease when he waddled up to the cab with the clearance. McIlwaine's heavy eyebrows were twisted into a frown. He had a coach of American tourists, bound for Miniaki, and the tourists expected to connect with the *Continental* at Toronto. Company officials were likely to fuss if the *Confederation* was late and they had to hold the *Continental*.

Dave Owen was aware of this. It was written plainly on his rugged face

when he started the *Confederation* rolling. As the train commenced to move, Robins told him not to be late for his date with Helen. The words were still ringing in Dave's ears when he slowed to a stop at Bostock. The engineer, with grease gun in hand, hit the ground running. He turned the floating bush to bring the slot on top. Then he greased it. But this time the bushing was too hot to take grease. If it was that hot at the next stop, the big engine would have to cut out at Stapleton.

Imperative blasts of the signal whistle brought Dave back into the cab, on the jump. Engineers were assessed brownies now for not being in a position to start on signal, and Dave had plenty of grief already. The next instant the Limited drew out of Bostock. Despite the hot bushing, she stepped right along. Dave couldn't baby his engine and run on time—not on that schedule—so, with a smoking hot bushing, the Limited came hurtling into Tavistock.

Thoughtfully he watched the curling smoke for a moment. Then, swinging around on his heel, he dashed into the station and wired Stapleton to have another locomotive ready on his arrival. After that he doped the bushing with valve oil, gave it his blessing, and eased out of Tavistock.

Dave did not exceed running time on the mountain grade. He had a hunch that the valve oil might do the trick and enable him to get going. But foreknowledge of failure was written on his face when he backed into Stapleton. The bushing, in railroad parlance, was stinking hot.

Remarks of the engine crew were as warm as the bushing when their tired eyes glimpsed the old freight hog that was to replace their pretty streamliner. The harassed locomotive fireman explained that he had no passenger power available. To make matters worse, the hog was a hand-bomber. Even Brakeman Robins belied his nickname "Happy" by wearing a gloomy look when he coupled the new arrival to her train. It just didn't seem possible that the *Confederation* would arrive on time. Not now. They'd do well to get in at all with this pile of scrap-iron.

Dave had his Johnson bar down in the corner and pistons working full stroke as the old mill lurched out of Stapleton, dragging the long string of "varnish." The unburnt products of combustion belched from her stack in ever-increasing volume, fanned by the thick exhaust. Dave, watching his fireman shovel desperately, wondered if the exhaust was pulling the fire. Once past Lakeview Tower he could hit the deck and help Andy out, he thought.

THE tower's green block beckoned them on. Dave descended from his throne, grabbed the spare scoop, and went to work on the right back corner of the firebox, while Andy filled the left. There was no rivalry or feud between them now. They had the reputation of the train to think of, as well as their own. Each of them had a man's job, a man's responsibility.

A deep emotion arose in Dave Owen, an instinct to battle. With this urge a sense of power flowed through all his being. He would not—he must not—let the much-advertised *Confederation* down. Well-spaced exhausts quickened as the train gathered speed. The frames of the old engine quivered as Dave, hooking back the Johnson bar, shortened the stroke of the racing pistons. The squat drivers of the ancient mill were counterbalanced for a

speed of sixty miles an hour. That, and no more.

With boiler pressure drumming hard against the pop valve seats, they rocked through Darlington. She was now doing better than sixty. Jolting of the cab made it impossible for anyone to ride the seatbox. Dave was standing up, but he had to keep after her. Hesitation would mean you were lost, you and your engine.

Andy had long since ceased paying attention to his seatbox. His freckled features were caked with grime, through which peered two slits, startling white, as he glowered at the wobbly steam gage pointer. Of the various noises in the cab, one seemed to stand out above the rest. The engine crew, ears attuned to the working of the engine, listened intently. It was not the familiar whine of the inspirator, not the pounding of the boxes, not the slam of rod brasses. It was the unmistakable changed note of the exhaust!

Swinging around behind the reverse lever, Dave caught his fireman's worried glance. Andy thrust his scoop into the tender and, crossing the deck, stood staring at the air gage. For fleeting seconds the two men glared at the black hand, now falling to zero. Dave rammed the throttle in.

As the exhaust gave a final spasmodic cough, both enginemen hit the ballast. Quick examination revealed a broken brake pipe between engine and tender. Andy hustled back into the cab, then tossed out the hammer and flag staff. While he was plugging the broken pipe, Dave coupled the signal hose to the brake-pipe hose on the pilot and cross-coupled the hose bags to the first coach and tender, substituting signal pipe for the broken brake pipe. When these repairs were completed, he climbed into the cab and yanked his whistle cord.

The flagman came in on the run, swung his white lantern in a highball. The *Confederation* got under way. Dave waited until he had attained a speed of twenty miles an hour before he made a running test of the brake. Shoes bit into the wheels as the brake took hold. Then, kicking the brake-shoes free, he glanced at his watch. Repairs to the broken brake pipe had cost them ten precious minutes.

FOR the next thirty miles Dave took everything out of the firebox except the grates, but all to no purpose. He had barely scratched out running time when, at long last, the *Confederation* slowed to a gradual stop beneath the trainshed at Terminal City. The pet train was in because two men, rivals for the hand of one girl, refused to concede they were licked. They had brought her in—which was what the Canadian Central Railway Company expected of them—and both men felt the pride of accomplishment.

Neither spoke for a few moments. Both were near to exhaustion. They weren't thinking now of the gruelling run. That was all behind them. There were other things. Into their minds came distracting thoughts of Helen Marlowe and the arguments that had cropped up between because of that fickle hash-house dame. Dave stepped over the coal-strewn deck to his fireman and his lips split into a wide grin.

"Andy," he said apologetically, "I think we've been a coupla saps."

Fireman Sykes grinned back and stuck out a grimy paw. "Them's my sentiments. Let's shake on it."

"Tell you what," the runner suggested, "let's ask Helen right now. And if she picks you—well, I won't kick. Let's go!"

Together they walked down the platform to the day coach. They saw a crowd of young folks, milling around the vestibule, throw confetti over a pair of newlyweds. As the smiling couple swayed down the steps to the platform, both enginemen stopped as dead as they would for a red block. The blushing bride was Helen, no less! Not only that, but she was leaning on the arm of Happy Bill Robins. The brakeman had doffed his uniform and was wearing natty brown serge.

Bill spotted them first and gave a knowing twinkle. But he did not uncouple his arm from Helen's. The eyes of the two enginemen stuck out like red tail-lights on a clear night.

The beanery queen looked at them gaily. "Bill and I were married this morning," she said. "We've just got time to catch the *Continental* for Vancouver. Thanks for getting us here in time to make connections," she added in tones of honey. "Good-bye, boys! I'll be seein' you sometime."

"Not me you won't," Dave muttered as soon as the honeymooners had passed out of earshot.

"Me, neither," Andy chimed in. "Say, of all the double-crossers—"

"Forget it, fireboy," Dave chuckled. "We're lucky it was Bill that got roped in, instead of us. Well, let's put on the feed-bag. It sure makes you hungry to handle a man's job."

Photo by Mendel Greenblatt, 307 Lutz St., Moncton, New Brunswick, Canada

No. 101 of the 38-mile Canada & Gulf Terminal Railway, in Ontario, is used for passenger, freight and switching service

Railfan Activities

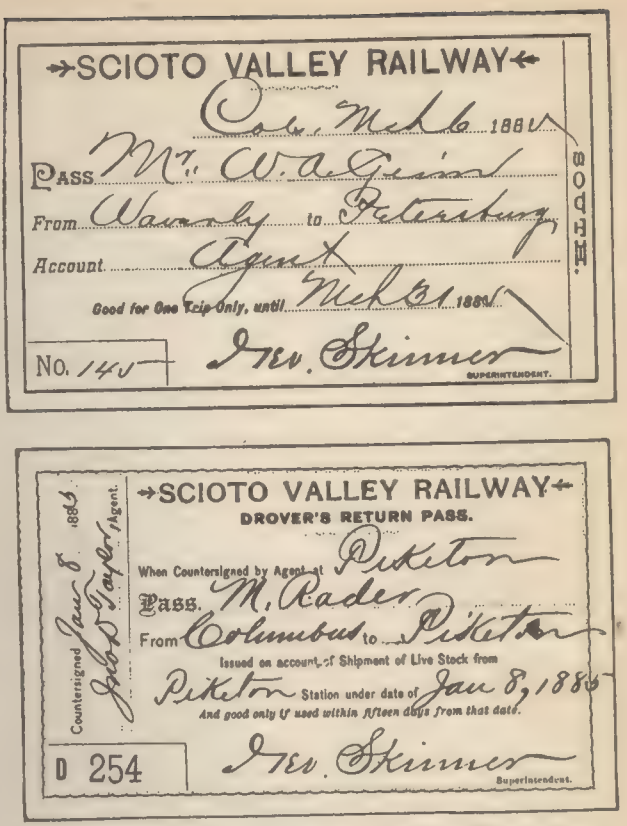
A CLEVER skit, *Stockholders Meeting* entertained 72 railfans and fanettes at the 1942 annual dinner of the Railroadians of America in the Pennsy YMCA, Penn Station, New York City. This playlet was written by the Railroadians president, Thomas T. Taber. In biting satire it presented a mythical railroad management as telling the truth to its stockholders instead of issuing the usual dry, formal, annual report. The effect was both startling and humorous. Confidential reports were read—reports having to do with juggling the books to avoid payment of dividends, a competitive bus line organized by the railroad's directors, complaints of commuters, a whitewashing of the management, etc.

The stockholders' meeting was later thrown open to all persons present. The management, enacted by President Taber, Secretary Annin and Milton Bernstein, parried embarrassing questions from the audience.

This novel program, invitations to which took the form of a stock certificate, was a curious blend of truth, cynicism and burlesque. It evoked gales of laughter. We will not go into further details here, lest we spoil the sketch for other fan groups which may want to stage it at their meetings. We assume that the Railroadians will be glad to loan out copies of the manuscript for such purpose. Club officials who are interested can get in touch with Thomas B. Annin, Secretary, 43 Fairwood Road, Madison, N. J.

The Railroadians of America was organized in 1939 to study the history and present-day operation of railroads, to establish permanent museums and sponsor temporary exhibitions, to gather and disseminate rail-facts, to hold regular meetings addressed by outstanding guest speakers, to sponsor fantrips, and to issue illustrated books, booklets and other printed matter.

Initiation fee, $1; annual dues, $4. This includes, among other privileges, regular mailings of technical and historical railroad material from various sources. A list of Railroadian books, or other information, is obtainable from Secretary Annin or from Frederic Shaw, Western Representative, 542 18th Ave., San Francisco. Next month we'll publish results of the Railroadians' first annual photo contest, chairmanned by A. Sheldon Pennoyer


SCIOTO VALLEY RAILWAY
Col. Mch 6 1885
Pass Mr. W. A. Gwinn
From Waverly to Petersburg
Account Agent
Good for One Trip Only, until Mch 31 1885
No. 140
Dev. Skinner
SUPERINTENDENT.
SOUTH.
SCIOTO VALLEY RAILWAY
DROVER'S RETURN PASS.
When Countersigned by Agent at Piketon
Pass. M. Rader
From Columbus to Piketon
Issued on account of Shipment of Live Stock from
Piketon Station under date of Jan 8, 1885
And good only if used within fifteen days from that date.
Countersigned Jan 8 1885 Jobe Taylor Agent.
D 254
Dev. Skinner
Superintendent.

Courtesy of Norfolk & Western Magazine

Many fans collect railroadiana. These passes, issued in 1885 by Scioto Valley Ry. (now N&W), were found recently in the basement of union station, Kenova, W. Va.

Mr. Pennoyer, who has contributed front covers to *Railroad Magazine* and *B&O Magazine*, had several railroad paintings in a recent N. Y. Union League hobby show. Among other exhibits were rare orchids, growing in pots, set appropriately near Pennoyer's canvases.

* * *

FAREWELL trips seems to be a specialty with Cincinnati Street Ry. car 2505. This trolley was pictured in *Railroad Magazine* of January '37, about the time she made the final run from Milford to Mariemont, Ohio, before the line was abandoned. Her latest mournful exploit was acting as official hearse to the Mariemont line, last interurban in southern Ohio, Jan. 17.

Joseph E. Siegel, 700 Bramble Ave., Cincinnati, a fan who had been riding the interurbans for sixteen years, put in a bid for the 2505's whistle. Appreciating his rail nostalgia, the company honored his request. Joe is now the proud possessor of this whistle.

Chicago now has a passenger subway. But these two railfanettes will have a long wait for the first train. Wartime priorities delay the completion and opening of State Street tube

ALTHOUGH the Bridgton & Harrison, a dauntless old two-foot-gage road in Maine, was abandoned last fall, it will run again—but in Massachusetts—in connection with one of the world's largest cranberry bogs, owned by Ellis D. Atwood, a railfan of South Carver, Mass.

Some time ago Mr. Atwood read in *Railroad Magazine* that the B&H, founded in 1883, was in serious financial difficulty. He went to Maine to see what could be done to save it and was one of a group of railfans who invested money to keep the road operating, but in vain. Last September the graveyard run was made over the tracks, after which the engines, cars, and equipment were sold for junk. Mr. Atwood then arranged to buy the entire railroad and take it to South Carver. He has already moved the B&H machine shops to his cranberry property. He also has on hand some of the old company records and account books, and expects to get other B&H material through the efforts of Boy Scouts in Maine, who are making a campaign to collect them, sell them to Mr. Atwood, and turn over the proceeds to the Red Cross.

The property already bought includes one locomotive, caboose, passenger car, turntable 11 boxcars, 24 flatcars, and one-half mile of the original 16 miles of 24-inch-gage track. Mr. Atwood hopes to buy also some equipment from the old Sandy River Line, also two-foot gage: a passenger coach, a Pullman car, two tank cars, a baggage car, snowplow, a flanger, and additional track.

After he has it all moved to South Carver, he plans to run the railroad around his extensive bog property. It is expected to be a show piece for railfans. In addition, Mr. Atwood feels it will have an economic use, hauling material to and from his bogs. Evertt L. Brown of Bridgton, Maine, who served the Bridgton & Harrison as master mechanic and engineer for 23 years, has charge of transferring the little railroad and setting it up at South Carver.

* * *

RAIL-PHOTOGRAPHERS are invited to volunteer their skill for part-time service to state or Federal agencies to aid in national defense when needed. Information and registration cards may be had from the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St., N. Y. City. The museum's curator of photography, Beaumont Newhall, was one of three judges in the Railroadians' first annual camera contest.

* * *

THE WESTERN RAILROADER, edited by Francis Guido, 502 N. Claremont St., San Mateo, Calif., says the Northern Calif. Railroad Club is looking for new quarters. Its present quarters, in an Espee car, may be cancelled any day if the car is required for defense purposes. Club secretary is Warren K. Miller, 1980 Jefferson St., San Francisco. The 6-page mimeographed *Western Railroader* sells at 50c for 10 issues, $1 for 20.

* * *

UPPER CANADA RY. SOCIETY, Box 122, Terminal A, Toronto, Canada, included in its January *Bulletin* a bibliography of Canadian railways.

RECALL the de luxe Birney car, pictured in April *Railroad Magazine* standing outside the Hotel Hershey, Hershey, Pa.? The shot was made by S. D. Maguire, 55 Gardner Ave., Middletown, N. Y. Maguire heard that the Marion Rys. of Marion, Ind., were looking for single-truck cars to add to their all single-track system. Realizing that the Hershey line was going out of business and would have no further use for the car, Maguire contacted the pike in Indiana. As a result they purchased the said car.

We congratulate a live-wire juice fan for bringing about this sale. Incidentally, your editor recalls that guests of the Reading Co. who rode on the maiden trip of the Reading's streamlined *Crusader* a fews years ago were entertained at the Hotel Hershey, shown in Maguire's picture.

* * *

PHOTOGRAPHING railroad bridges in wartime is serious business. Mrs. George H. Price, a railfanette of 2369 S. Woodward Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., found that out when she tried to snap the North Western's swinging bridge over the Root River at Racine, Wis. Well, the bridge had not been swung once in the last 35 years, which made Mrs. Price think it would be an interesting newspaper item. As her husband is employed on the engineering staff of the C&NW—in fact, had helped to build the span—she thought she had a right to photograph it.

The cab driver who took her to the spot felt differently about it, and phoned the police. When the taxi arrived back at the railroad depot, the railfanette was apprehended and put through an investigation. She had no trouble proving her innocence; but just to be on the safe side, police sent her photos to the FBI.

* * *

HARVARD UNIVERSITY now has a fan-club. According to Richard F. Elliot, Mower Hall, Cambridge, Mass., there are 15 fellows in the Harvard Railroading Ass'n.

* * *

FEBRUARY issue of *Railroad Journal*, a 5c printed railfan monthly, ran an article on wartime collecting of timetables. The editor is John H. Brinckmann, Jr., 44 Charles St., Metuchen, N. J.

* * *

A FAMOUS Currier & Ives lithograph, *American Railroad Scene*, pubtitled *Lightning Express Trains Leaving the Junction*, brought the amazing sum of $125.00 in a New York Auction the other day, we learn from Russell Buckhout, member of the Railroad Camera Club, 11 Midland Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J. Russell is selling fine colored reproductions of this old print, suitable for framing, also of two other Currier & Ives railroad subjects, *Express Train* and *Route to California*, at 70c each for the 9x12-inch size or $1 for 12x16 inches.

A FANTRIP over Pittsburgh Railways' City-Suburban lines is being sponsored by the Pittsburgh Chapter, NRHS, for Sunday, April 12th. The special car, a former Charleroi MU interurban, 3750 series, will leave Liberty Ave. opposite Jenkins Arcade (5th and Liberty) at 1.30 p.m., traveling over route 76 to Wilkinsburg, 87 to East Pittsburgh, 72A to Kennywood, 68 to McKeesport, 56 from 2nd Ave., McKeesport, and back to Pittsburgh. Then a jaunt will be made over route 27 to Carnegie and back—a total of 50 to 60 miles.

Fare: $1 per head, $1.80 for couples. Tickets may be obtained from Chas. J. Dengler, 1536 Rhine St., Pittsburgh, or Robet. H. Brown, 315 Swissvale Ave., Pittsburgh. Late reservations will be held at the car rather than mailed to you. However, the chapter will appreciate orders being placed before Ap.il 9th.

* * *

COLLECTING timetables is the hobby of Lee K. Allen, a 30-year-old brakeman with five years' seniority on the Missouri-Illinois. Working on the railroad and following it as a pastime comes naturally to Lee. His dad, John B. Allen, is a C&EI freight conductor and his brother John B. Allen was a clerk on the same road, while his grandfather, John B. Allen, is a retired skipper from the old Wisconsin Central (now Soo Line). All three are living and in fine health. Lee used to work on the C&EI, in the bridge and building department.

Lee K. Allen

Amassing timetables from several hundred roads, Lee had to buy steel filing cabinets to keep them in good condition. He maintains a card index so he can always find out just what he has. There is one card for each road in the file—in fact, one for every division. A sample card might read: "CGW Illinois Division—No. 47, effective Jan. 7, 1939; No. 48, effective Oct. 10, 1940; No. 50 effective Jan. 3, 1942." When he trades one of the tables he puts a light line through it and writes on the back of the card the name and address of the person to whom he sent it, so he could locate it again if necessary.

Aside from a perfect Mo.-Ill. collection, Lee wants short-line timecards. He already has schedules from the Sandy River Line, the Mississippi River & Bonne Terre, the Louisiana Ry. & Navigation, and many other small pikes. He spends vacations in roving over short lines.

President Marvin M. Meerse

MARVIN M. MEERSE, 3112 Troy Ave., Cincinnati, reports that the Cincinnati Railroad Club, of which he is president, has 35 members, including doctors, lawyers, teachers, statisticians, engineers, and musicians, but only one railroad employe, Lawrence A. Gillett. He says that Lawrence assisted in building Cincinnati Union Terminal and worked as civil engineer for Florida East Coast when it was building to Key West.

The Cincinnati Club meets the first Thursdays evening of each month in the Union Terminal, for the privilege of which it is grateful to the seven roads entering that city: B&O, C&O, Pennsy, Big Four, L&N, N&W and Southern. Much of the credit for drumming up club membership belongs to Horace J. Pendygraft, ex-president, now chairman of the board of directors.

President Meerse is employed as research assistant by the city's school board. His railroad scrapbooks are full of entertaining and useful facts. At one time he made an extensive survey of the Cincinnati & Lake Erie. Other officers for 1942 are John R. Cooling, vice pres.; Richard Shreve, 4205 Eileen Drive, Cincinnati, sec.-treas.; David H. McNeil, Jr., editor, and Chas. Fahnle, historian.

* * *

ERA HIGHLIGHTS, the mimeographed monthly organ of the Electric Railroades' Ass'n, Eastern Division, contains choice bits of trolley news. January issue, plus a full-page map of the "Midwest Electric RR. Empire," showing the four lines which join to run all the way from Preston, Idaho, to Payson, Utah, a distance of about 150 miles.

New York Division meets at 8 p.m. the third Friday of each month at 152 W. 42nd St. (Room EB). The secretary is Geo. H. Mayer, 4652 Spuyten Duyvil Pkwy., The Bronx, N. Y.

Washington Division meets monthly at various members' houses. For details contact Secretary Chas. J. Murphy, 1522 White Place, S.E., Washington, D. C.

Details on Cleveland Division meetings may be obtained from Secretary Kenneth Balch, 2024 W. 93rd St., Cleveland.

* * *

NATIONAL RY. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Inc., has 17 chapters, in these population centers, Allentown, Baltimore, Boston, Canton-Akron, Harrisburg, Hartford, Lancaster, New Haven, New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Providence, Reading, Rochester, Trenton and Buffalo. Independent railfan groups in other cities are invited to affiliate with the NRHS, which levies dues of $1.50 per year plus nominal local membership fees.

Wm. V. Kenney, first vice president in charge of memberships, 90 Walworth St., Roslindale, Mass., states the society's interests include steam and electric railroading, model building, photography and the collecting of historical data. All members receive the bi-monthly *Bulletin*. Even if there is no chapter in your vicinity, you may become an associate member with all privileges.

Texas railfans who'd like to form a chapter in the Lone Star State should contact J. Edward Loeffler, 8417 Leander St., Houston, Texas.

Latest national quarterly of the NRHS has 30 pages of glossy paper, an attractive illustrated cover printed in blue. North Jersey Chapter publishes a small quarterly of its own, consisting of four 6x9 pages, 10c per copy; edited by R. S. Wendeling, 53 Menzel Ave., Maplewood, N. J.

* * *

RAILROAD CLUB OF CHICAGO, 1461 Fargo Ave., Chicago, has elected these officers for 1942: Raymond H. Colombe, pres., Russel F. Treptow, vice pres., A. Russell Winkless, sec.; Joseph F. Ginsburg, treas.

* * *

NEW OFFICERS were chosen as follows by the Des Moines Railfans Club: Roland D. Kimmel, pres.; Dr. Henry J. Ketman, vice pres.; Gene Laverrence, treas.; Koe Keppler, sec.; John LeVere, auditor; and Don Sanders, Chas. Laird and Carl Weber, board of directors. The election was held at a dinner party. D. M. Spangler, Santa Fe general agent in Des Moines, regaled the members with tales of his early days as a telegraph op. Technicolor movies of the AT&SF were shown.

* * *

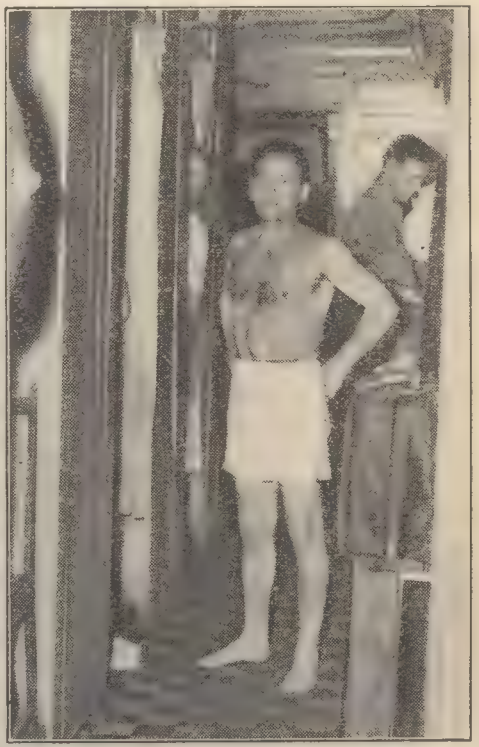
CENTRAL ELECTRIC RAILFANS' ASSN. (1240 Edison Bldg., Chicago) invests some of its funds in Defense bonds. Recent club bulletins include No. 32, a complete map of the traction lines of the Central States; No. 33, an offset reproduction of Dayton & Western timetable 16, issued March 1, 1931; and No. 34, an illustrated roster of the Springfield, Ill., Transportation Co. Bulletin 32 sells at 15c and No. 34 at 10c. No price is marked on 33.

The CERA Board of Directors consists of Geo. Krambles (*Electrical Dept., Chicago Rapid Transit Co.*), chairman and activities officer; Bernard L. Stone (*Signal Dept. ICRR*), financial officer; Chas. H. Brady (*Pass. Dept. CB&Q*), program director; Charles A. Brown (*Insp. and Field Service, Baldwin Loco. Works*), publicity; Wallace M. Rogers, sec.; and Al Victor, steward. The annual banquet was held in a CNS&M dining car.

Railroad Chicken-Yard Colony

Photos by Joseph Lyons

Near the Hudson River, in New York City, is the New York Central's Manhattan poultry terminal. Here chickens are unloaded and transferred to local market trucks



Traveling with each railroad shipment is a carman who, at the end of the run, finds himself as dirty and disheveled as his charges. Where to get a hot bath and a change of clothing? The answer is a pair of old Ulster & Delaware coaches in the heart of the yard, where washrooms (above) and facilities for storing belongings (left) are available

Official address of "Accommodations for Carmen, Inc." is 301 West 60th St. Business has fallen off in recent years, due to the diversion of poultry traffic to the highway

Max Schwartz, proprieter of the chicken yard spa, builds a fire in one of the establishment's pot-bellied stoves. Carmen like Max, who gives them the kind of service they want; are annoyed at City Commissioner Morgan, who is trying to freeze him out

You can get a shave and a haircut with all of the trimmings in one of the coaches, before starting your train ride home. "The Commissioner has promised the boys tiled showers in his new Long Island terminal," Max says, "which shows that he don't know carmen. They sometimes need an hour's soaking in a tub of steaming water"

Clothes' pressing is another job for the enterprising Max. He also runs a store, maintains a Western Union connection, and buys and sells eggs laid by travelling hens —these automatically having become the property of the carmen

ALONG THE IRON PIKE

by JOE EASLEY

SHORTEST RAILROAD: 25-FOOT STRETCH OF TRACK, EQUIPPED WITH HIGHWAY CROSSING AND WARNING SIGNALS, IS USED AT FORT FRANCES E. WARREN, WYOMING, TO TEACH ARMY DRIVERS HOW TO CROSS TRACKS SAFELY

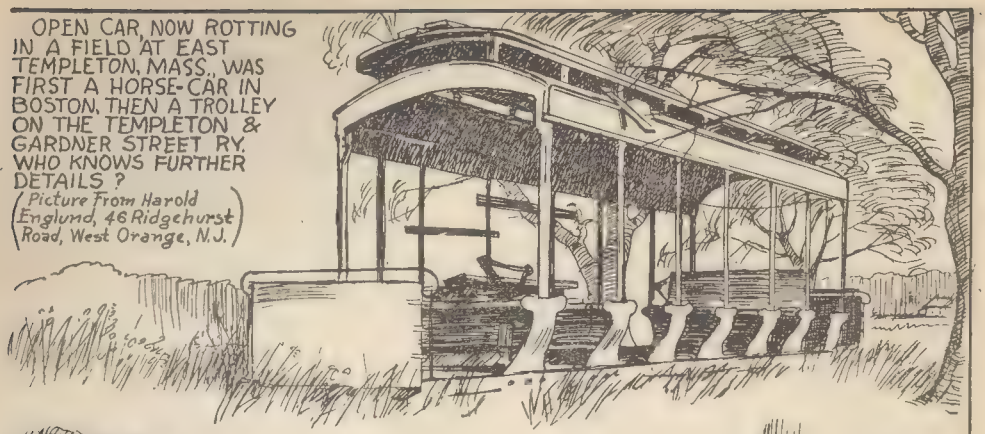
(Thanks to Harry C Smith, Ravendon, Ark.)

AMERICA HAS SEEN VERY FEW MONORAIL LINES. THIS ONE, 50 MILES LONG, WAS USED YEARS AGO TO HAUL BORAX FROM DEATH VALLEY. IT IS NOW DESERTED. THE MAN SEATED ON THE RUINS IS AN ALBANY, CALIF., TEACHER WHO BUILT A SUMMER HOME FROM THE WOOD OF THE OLD MONORAIL

(From Ray Parsons, 932 Stannage Ave., Albany, Calif.)

RUSSELL R. CALDWELL, (LEFT) 200 LIONEL AVE., SOLVAY, N.Y., HAS FIRED SEVERAL TIMES FOR HIS DAD (RIGHT), ENGR. STANLEY W. CALDWELL, ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL'S SYRACUSE DIVISION. HIS VERY FIRST TRIP AS FIREMAN WAS IN HIS FATHER'S CAB, DEC. 20, 1940

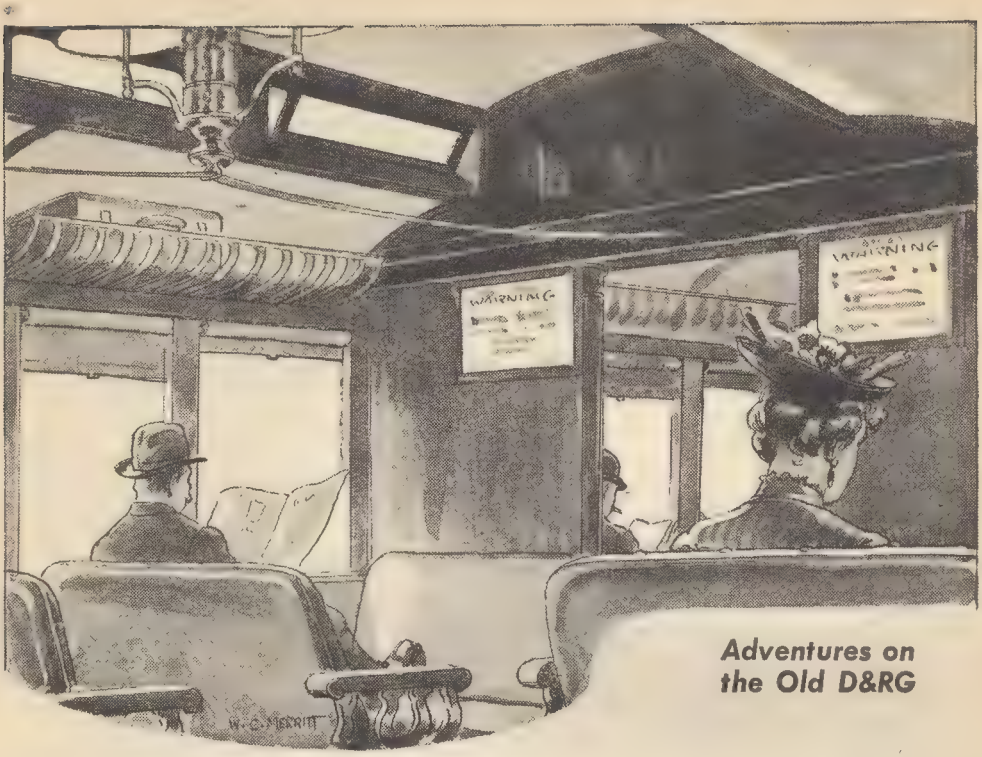
OPEN CAR, NOW ROTTING IN A FIELD AT EAST TEMPLETON, MASS., WAS FIRST A HORSE-CAR IN BOSTON. THEN A TROLLEY ON THE TEMPLETON & GARDNER STREET RY. WHO KNOWS FURTHER DETAILS ?
(Picture From Harold Englund, 46 Ridgehurst Road, West Orange, N.J.)



WORLD'S FIRST RAILWAY TUNNEL WAS BUILT IN 1830 BY GEORGE STEVENSON AT TYLER HILL, ENGLAND, FOR THE WORLD'S SECOND OLDEST PUBLIC RAILWAY, THE CANTERBURY & WHITSTABLE. AND IS STILL IN SERVICE
(Courtesy of Southern Ry., England)

TOWER WOMAN:
"KITTY" RICH, FORMERLY OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., HELPS TO GUIDE PENNSY TRAINS THROUGH THE WORLD'S LARGEST RAILROAD PASSENGER YARD, AT SUNNYSIDE, LONG ISLAND, N.Y.

SANTA FE PASSENGER TRAIN DOUBLEHEADED BY NO. 14, A DIESEL, AND NO. 3412, A STEAM PACIFIC TYPE (4-6-2), PULLING OUT OF STREATOR, ILL.
(Drawn from photo by Paul Slager, 204 E. LaRue St., Streator)



Adventures on the Old D&RG

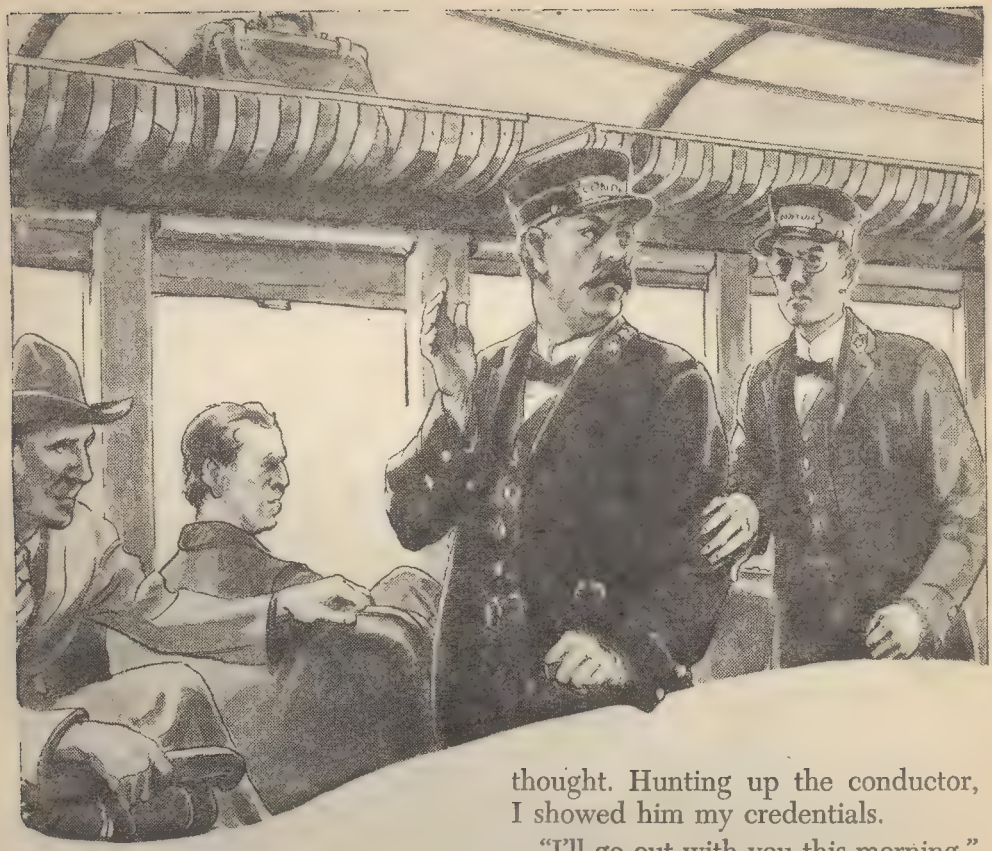
When I Was A Train Auditor

BACK in November, 1905, the Denver & Rio Grande quietly made a new departure: They hired thirty train auditors. I was fortunate enough to land one of these jobs. All we were required to do was collect fares and look after the passengers' comfort. We reported to and received instructions from J. F. Howe. Auditor of Passenger Receipts. Mr. Howe was one of the keenest and squarest railroad men I have ever met.

Things began popping as soon as we went to work. All members of the train crews belonged to various labor organizations. We auditors didn't belong to anything. To add insult to injury, we auditors were paid a salary of $150 a month, while conductors received about $140. To add more heat to the flame, all of our telegrams were written in code, while our correspondence came by U. S. mail. And the climaxing touch was the fact we were given sleeping-car and company annual passes, something the conductors had never had.

By W. B. AIRD

Some wise bird had tipped off the train crews that we auditors knew nothing about railroading and were to be "uniformed spotters." So a few of the conductors tried in devious



ways to show us up as incompetent.

I made two student trips with Frank H. Reed, who now lives at 1108 South University Avenue, Denver. Frank had railroaded for years and was the son of a conductor formerly on the Rock Island. I was the son of a master car-builder and had started railroading at thirteen as a callboy on the old West Shore. We were among the few of the original thirty who had ever railroaded.

I'll never forget the first trip on my own. My orders were to work Number 1, Denver to Salida. I went to the Union Station, dressed in my new tailor-made uniform with a cut-away coat, proud as a peacock. There on the first track stood my train—so I thought. Hunting up the conductor, I showed him my credentials.

"I'll go out with you this morning," I said pleasantly.

"Okay," he replied. "My name is Del Herrington and I'm pleased to meet you. If I can be of any help, let me know."

"I appreciate that," I smiled, "for this is my first trip."

When we got to clicking off the miles I began working my train. I was getting along fine and was mentally patting myself on the back. Suddenly it hit me like two tons of bricks that I was on the wrong train, swiftly approaching Palmer Lake, fifty-two miles from Denver! I was working Number 5 instead of Number 1. We had left Denver at 8:20 a.m., while Number 1 didn't leave until nine. Pocketing my pride, I took Mr. Herrington into my confidence and asked him what to do.

Without cracking a smile, he said: "Just give me your collections, drop off at Palmer Lake and wait for Number 1."

I did as he suggested. While waiting at Palmer Lake I wired my chief, Mr. Howe, about the boner I'd pulled. Howe took it gracefully. He never referred to the matter afterward; neither did I. I'm betting the crew got a big laugh out of it, though.

I had been in service only about a month when I was assigned to the branch run from Alamosa to the roaring mining camp of Creede. That night I took a sleeper out of Denver and arrived at Alamosa, with an hour in which to eat breakfast and get out on my new run.

The conductor was Matt Sweeney. When I presented my credentials, Sweeney showed his contempt for train auditors by turning his back on me. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, winked at his brakeman, and deliberately walked off.

I smiled at the brakeman. "Your conductor is in a playful mood this morning," I remarked.

As soon as the train got under way I started collecting fares. The first passenger I approached said he hadn't had time to buy a ticket and would pay cash. I reached for my cash fare tariff, only to discover that I had failed to change tariffs before leaving Denver. All I had with me was the one governing the main line out of that city.

Matt Sweeney started back through the coach. I halted him and explained my predicament, asking him to loan me his tariff.

"Like hell I will!" he snapped. "I wouldn't give you a pleasant look. What are you doin' on this branch line if you don't know your business?"

I realized my chin was stuck out a foot and he was swinging at it. Sweeney smirked. Passengers seated near the front of the smoking-car laughed with him at my discomfiture. They were sure they had me plugged behind the eight-ball.

"No tariff, eh?" I questioned affably.

"Not by a damned sight!"

He started toward the rear car. I placed my hand on his arm.

"Just a moment, Mr. Sweeney," I said. "You haven't settled anything. You've only started something." Then I turned back to the cash-fare passenger and asked: "Where are you going?"

"Creede," he replied.

"You get a free ride," I informed him, "because Conductor Sweeney is going to pay your fare."

The passengers were now really enjoying the situation. The next one was going to Wagon Wheel Gap. I think he had a ticket, but slipped it into his vest pocket. I said his ride also would be on the conductor.

"Get your train book," I told Sweeney, "and keep track of these fares. You and I are going to reach a settlement at Creede and I want you to know how much you owe me."

"You'll play hell out of getting any fares out of me!" he warned.

"That's what you think," I responded and went on about my work.

It's sixty-nine miles from Alamosa to Creede. The rate in those days was eight cents a mile. I had three fares charged to Sweeney when we stopped at Del Norte for orders. Sweeney rushed into the telegraph office and I followed. He tried to slam the door in my face, but I kicked it open and entered right behind him. Walking to the operator's desk, I picked up a pad of telegraph blanks, inserted a carbon and wrote the following message:

To the Superintendent of this division and Auditor of Passenger Receipts, Denver: Conductor Matt Sweeney not only refuses to give necessary information for collecting cash fares, but is insulting and profane in presence of passengers. Signed, Aird.

I read it out aloud so that Sweeney could hear it. The skipper signed for his orders. Then, turning to the operator, he growled:

"You don't have to take any orders or telegrams from the auditor."

"No," agreed the lightning slinger, "I don't think I do."

J. F. Howe Auditor of Passenger Receipts

"Send those messages by Western Union," I shot back. "Write me a receipt. I'll pay cash for them."

The conductor realized then that he'd stuck his head into a lion's mouth. He remembered having received a letter from the general offices advising all conductors that failure to assist train auditors or any interference with the discharge of their duties would result in immediate dismissal. A sudden change of expression came over Matt Sweeney's face.

"Come on and railroad," he told me sheepishly as he started out with his flimsies.

Thereupon I snatched up the messages I had written, directing the operator to bust them and say nothing about the incident. It was all a good joke to me. But the affair was not ended.

THE next day was my layover day. When I came down to breakfast at the hotel in Alamosa, I saw a well-dressed gentleman who had been on the train the day before. I recognized him as an agent for the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. The man invited me to his table.

"Mr. Aird," he began as I seated myself across from him, "I saw that whole play yesterday. Mr. Howe, the Auditor of Passenger Receipts in Denver, is a neighbor of mine. In making your report refer Mr. Howe to me. Between us we'll get that conductor's job."

I knew I couldn't seal him to secrecy. But the last thing in the world I wanted was to have Sweeney fired. So I took a different course.

"That's kind of you," I said, "but I would suggest we handle it in the proper manner. I'll report it and refer Mr. Howe to you. I'm going to ask you as a favor not to mention it unless he asks you about it."

This he promised. Once again I thought the incident was closed. However, about six weeks later I went to general offices to turn in a train report In my box I found a note.

"Aird," I read, "see me before you go out." It was signed J. F. Howe.

I walked into his office. As I sat down I placed the note, with my ticket punch on top of his desk.

"Good morning, Aird," he greeted me. "Why the ticket punch?"

"I figured that such a peremtory order could mean only one thing," I answered glumly.

"Put that punch in your pocket," he said. "When I want it, I'll ask for it."

He winked at Frank Martin, his chief clerk. Meantime, Martin had seated himself at a typewriter. I knew

he was going to make a transcript of my statements, whatever they were to be. When he was ready, Mr. Howe looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Aird," he clipped, "I want you to tell me all about your trouble with Conductor Sweeney."

I was caught off guard. For a minute there was a crash of silence. I thought my affair with Sweeney had long since been forgotten.

"I'm afraid you've got the wrong pig by the ear," I stalled. "I had no trouble with Matt Sweeney."

"What?" he said loudly.

"I mean just that," I retorted. "I had no trouble with Matt Sweeney." I rose to my feet with a smile. "If that's all, Mr. Howe, I'll get down to the depot. You know I'm riding Number 1."

I headed for the door.

"Come back here and sit down;" he ordered. He picked up a card and handed it to me. "Do you recognize that name?"

"Certainly," I said. "Mr. Blank rode up with me on my first run from Alamosa to Creede, and my report will prove it. If he says he didn't—" I was bluffing, of course.

"Never mind," Howe interrupted. "Just tie your bull outside and don't try to change the subject."

"Okay," I said. "But I repeat that I never had trouble with Sweeney. You know, Mr. Howe, it's possible that your ideas and mine might differ between trouble and a huge joke."

Turning to his clerk, my chief demanded; "Did you ever see anyone who had the guts to sit in this office and lie like that, Martin?"

Martin, obviously relishing the scene, had a broad grin on his face. All he could answer was: "Make him tell. There's a story back of it all, and we want to hear it."

Mr. Howe seemed to be getting a kick out of it, too. His eyes twinkled as he paced his office. At length he thumped both hands down on the desk, leaned over it and eyed me.

"Whether you call it trouble or a joke, Aird," he said, "I want your version of what actually took place between you and Matt Sweeney."

I realized then that I was in it up to my haircut. I didn't want to put the bee on Sweeney, nor did I want Mr. Howe to do it. The chief obviously knew that I was lying to protect the conductor who had tried to make me appear ridiculous before a car filled with passengers.

I offered: "All right, Mr. Howe, I'll deal with you."

Howe exploded at that. He went into the air and came down stiff-legged. "Did you ever see or hear of such nerve?"

Turning to his stenographer, I asked: "Am I talking too fast for you to get it?"

I wish you could have seen the chief's face. "A fine situation!" he raved to Martin. "I call this man in for investigation. What does he do? He turns it into a vaudeville show!" Then, to me: "What do you want?"

I replied: "I want you to refrain from giving Matt Sweeney any brownies, discipline or suspension."

"I'll be damned!" cried Howe, sitting down abruptly. "Go ahead."

When I finished my account of what happened, the chief was really mad. He asked why I had tried to protect a man like Sweeney.

"For two reasons," I told him. "First because of what it costs the company to train and educate a conductor up to the point of turning him loose on the main line, in charge of half a million dollars worth of equipment, together

with the lives of the passengers. If you let Sweeney out, the company will have to stand the expense of training a man to take his place. You thought he was thoroughly educated, but he wasn't. I completed his education. He is a better man today than he ever was."

Mr. Howe sniffed. I went on:

"The second reason of not reporting the case is that it makes a more friendly feeling between the conductors and the auditors."

After that neither Sweeney nor I heard anything else about the incident.

THERE is no place on a railroad for a slow thinker or for one who can think but can't reason.

It had been raining for hours on the desert in Eastern Utah, but as we left Grand Junction, Colorado, on Number 5, the shower stopped suddenly. A soft golden sun painted the adobe landscape with its glow. The recent rains had brought grass to that long-desolated area. As we were leaving Thompsons, a tiny town at the summit of a hill, I sat beside the conductor, a moon-faced individual, in the observation end of the last car. The flagman was squatted across from us.

Since we were a bit late, our high-stepping engineer evidently decided this would be the place to pick up some lost minutes. Beneath us the wheels began to sing a song of speed and a blur of landscape whipped past our windows. All at once the three of us were thrown pell-mell out of our seats. The chair car unloaded its cushions about our ears. We scrambled to our knees, as the violent surge ceased, and looked back to ascertain the cause.

We concluded that a soft spot in the track had thrown the rail two or three feet out of line under the weight of our train. When the rear trucks smashed into this kink our observation car had done a crack-the-whip.

I jumped up to pull the air, but remembered in time that this was the conductor's duty. Turning to him, I found Moon-Face owlishly blinking his eyes, unperturbed.

"You ought to flag that soft spot," I suggested.

The conductor made no reply until we were out of sight of the dangerous kink.

"It's comin' daylight," he surmised doubtfully. "Anybody can see it now before they hit. I reckon it'll be okay."

Since the matter was none of my concern, I didn't press him further. We made a brief halt at Green River, Utah, the only garden spot in all that desert. Then we left, after a brief halt for orders. Fifty miles farther on, the head brakeman came up to me, looking worried.

"Are you a good sport, Mr. Aird?" he asked abruptly.

"I hope so," I replied suspiciously. "What's on your mind?"

"Well," he apologized, "the skipper asked me to see if you'd say nothin' about that kink we struck this a.m. You see, a freight train hit it. The engine an' half a dozen cars are scattered all over the landscape. A couple of hobos ridin' the boxcars. One was killed. The other fellow was hurt pretty bad." The brakeman scratched his head. "If you say anything about it," he went on, "the skipper is liable to lose his job. He's a good feller an' has a family."

I hesitated. "Okay," I said at length, "I'll keep my mouth shut."

But to my dying day I'll always regret the fact I didn't pull the air as I had started to do, and flag the kink myself.

Maybe some old-timer of the Denver & Rio Grande can tell us why this "reefer" had front and back platforms

THIS is one time when only a quick move on my part saved my life. We had left Ogden, Utah, at seven p.m. on a glorious summer evening. A man named Dan Gleason was our conductor. Jack Green, better known as "Soapy," was head brakeman, while "High" Preiss flagged.

About half a mile east of Ogden the Espee crosses the Rio Grande tracks at right angles. I usually waited until we passed this crossover before starting my work. Dan Gleason was standing just inside the open door of the smoking-car with his right hand resting against the door casing. Soapy stood to the left of the door with his back to the smoker, hands grasping the rail behind him. I had my back against the vestibule. As we drifted toward the crossover I saw a switch engine shoving a cut of cars across ahead of us.

Being at that time an old car hand, I had noted that an air inspector tested the air before we left Ogden. I had observed that our engineer made a running brake test as we pulled out of the station.

When our throttle-jerker saw the string of cars in his path he slammed his brake valve into emergency. Nothing happened. *Crash!* We went into that string of cars. Of course, all three of us had heard the blast of the engineer's brake valve. When the brakes failed to take hold he knew what was going to happen. After giving one warning toot on his whistle and throwing his engine into reverse, the runner unloaded, yelling for his fireman to jump also.

Soapy was safe, with both hands grasping the hand-rail. But the door slammed shut on Gleason's index finger so that the head man had to kick it open to release the conductor's hand.

When the mail, baggage and express cars hit the ground, that steel vestibule behind me opened and closed like a pair of gigantic shears. The jolt nearly put me between them because of gravity pull. Vainly I tried to step away, but was frozen there. By an extra effort I dropped to my knees and rolled free of those clashing shears.

Since we were making but ten miles an hour, nobody was injured—aside from Gleason's sore finger. Later the conductor told me that while Soapy was kicking open the door to release him, he saw the vestibule open and close, and how close I was to being decapitated. He chuckled that he'd never before seen anybody move as quickly as I did then. I was just thirty-four at the time. Incidentally, it happened just thirty-four years ago.

The investigation which followed showed that someone had turned an angle-cock after the engineer had made his brake test.

EVERY railroader, I suppose, has heard the old saw about the cowcatcher having a calf. But this is one occasion where it actually happened!

I was working Number 5 from Grand Junction to Ogden. It was snowing and bitterly cold when we left Grand Junction, but by the time we got into the desert the sky cleared. Just east of Westwater, in Ruby Canyon, stood a trestle about a hundred feet long. A wandering cow, seeking a place where the snow wasn't so deep, had chosen our right-of-way, ambling along until she came to the trestle and halting on the east side. There she stood. The animal evidently had fallen asleep, because she gave no evidence of having heard the warning whistle or clanging bell.

The headlight silhouetted her against the white background so that both engineer and fireman spotted her. That cow sowed gray hairs in the enginemens' heads. They feared she might be knocked down and dragged ahead, thus putting the whole train off the trestle. When the throttle-jerker saw she wasn't going to move, he threw his air valve into the big hole and braced himself, knowing there was no chance of stopping before he hit the docile beast.

We were lucky that night. The pilot picked Bossy up and tossed her off to the right into the frozen creek below. Now if Bossy had been left to her own devices she might have delivered a nice calf in the usual manner a few days later. But she was headed west, and so were we. When the pilot struck her the calf was born right away. We rolled to a halt the other side of the trestle. Conductor, brakeman and I hurried forward, through the snow, to learn what had happened. The engineer, with his oil-torch throwing lurid shadows along the walls, was standing beside the pilot, cursing a blue streak.

"Lookit!" he shouted, holding the torch so we could see.

There it laid, a fully formed calf, already frozen solid to the bed of the pilot, with no mark to indicate anything had happened. Poor Bossie! And poor little four-legged baby!

BY THIS time nearly all but a few of the die-hard conductors had accepted auditors as an asset rather than a liability. But Dave Skelly, one of the oldest hands in point of service, held out. I'd worked there quite a while before I caught a trip with Dave. One evening I caught him on Number 3.

When I finished with my train I found him standing just inside the rear door, checking the blocks.

"Hello!" I greeted him. "I decided I'd look you up and get acquainted."

"I don't care to get acquainted!" he snapped. "You do your work and I'll do mine."

"O'kay, if that's the way you feel," I remarked without rancor, and walked away.

Deadheading to Canyon City with

us that night was a train auditor named James. Mr. James had found it necessary to eject a passenger at Pueblo a few days before. He had made the mistake of continuing the battle on the platform after putting this passenger off. The passenger had made the most of it. He sued both Mr. James and the company; Mr. James had to appear in court in Canyon City next morning.

While waiting for train orders at Florence, eight miles east of Canyon City, James and I got off and talked about the coming trial.

Just as our porter, a colored fellow named Banks, happened to pass by, Mr. James used a derogatory term to describe him as "the only favorable witness I have." Resenting this slur, the porter whirled and swung his lantern at James's head.

Fearing that murder might be committed, I intervened, threw my weight against Banks, clamped my arms around him and slammed him against the side of the car. The porter's lantern slid out of his hands, raking my back before it hit the ground. Then, abruptly, the man ceased struggling. His faced turned gray; his eyes bugged.

I glanced around to ascertain the cause. I regret to say that my fellow auditor, Mr. James, was excitedly trying to pull a gun out of his hip pocket. In his haste he'd caught the trigger in a seam.

"Beat it!" I yelled to the porter.

The latter took my advice, heading for the baggage car. Then, using the same tactics I'd used on Banks, I threw my weight against James. Before the auditor could recover his balance, I got a lock on his arm that made him yell for mercy. There was little fight left in him then. I had no trouble getting his gun. When we arrived at Canyon City I returned the gun to him, after emptying the chamber.

The porter told Conductor Skelly what had happened. Just before we reached Salida the skipper came to me and said:

"Mr. Aird, I'm sorry I talked to you the way I did tonight. I hope you'll foregt it. If I can do anything to help you, let me know."

NEVER will I forget the night I arrived on Number 4 in Helper, Utah, tired and hungry. Since it was after midnight, the diner was closed. But the same beanery that "Haywire Mac" has mentioned in some of his true stories was open. We'd have to change engines, which would give me plenty of time to eat a bite. I ordered a sandwich, a piece of apple pie and a cup of coffee. Just as the waitress placed them before me, somebody yelled:

"There goes your train, Cap!"

I took a look. Sure enough, Number 4 was pulling out. Not wanting to leave my eats, I stacked the sandwich on top of the cup, and the pie above the rest; and with a lantern on my arm, I made a run for it.

Outside and across the wide veranda I loped, and headed down the stairs. Halfway down was a landing. Why a Newfoundland dog had picked the landing as a place to get some shut-eye is unknown to me—maybe to guard the hash-house—but there he was. I started to step over him. That's when he decided to get up. Down I went, along with the dog, java, sandwich and pie. Fortunately the flagman had seen me take the spill and was about to pull the air when I made my feet. I managed to grab the hind end.

Speaking of food mishaps reminds me of the very dignified lady passen-

"What's the matter with you?"

ger who entered the dining-car of our D&RG train while we were climbing the west side of Soldier Summit.

Those of you who have been over Soldier Summit will recall those four percent grades and hairpin elbows of the good old days, when you needed two engines ahead and one behind to boost five or six cars up the mountain. Advertising posters of those days showed a passenger train being boosted up with five locomotives. Anyhow, once in a blue moon all the helper engines would hit on the quarter at the same time. This propelled the train in a series of very pronounced jerks.

The lady in question entered the diner ahead of me. Our steward seated her and handed her a menu. Yes, she would start her repast with soup. A waiter served her soup. He placed it before her. That's when all our engines hit on the same quarter. Soup, dish and all landed in her lap.

The hot, greasy liquid, together with the motion of the train, filled her with fright and rage. The waiter tried to rub off the soup with a napkin. She slapped his hands, told him to get away and leave her alone. He attempted to reason with her. It was useless. Talk about a vocabulary! That battle-ax sure had one.

In that crisis I had an idea. I stepped over to the lady's table and looked down at her for a minute. Then I stuck my index fingers into my ears, assuming a most pained expression. She glared at me and demanded:

"What's the matter with you?"

"Such language, such language!" I said reproachfully.

She began cooling down. "Why, what did I say?" she asked mildly.

"It's not so much what you said," I smiled, "as what you were thinking. I know your thoughts, lady, and don't blame you one bit. But listen, please. Let the waiter clean off your dress as best he can. Then you can give me your name and address. I'll wire the

general offices in Denver, and when we arrive there you will be fully reimbursed for the damage done to your wearing apparel."

The lady then apologized and everybody was happy. That was back in 1907. Denver & Rio Grande long since has knocked the hump off Soldier Summit and cut the grade down to two percent. Today one of those big 1800's will take twelve or fifteen Pullmans all the way, on time.

ONE Sunday about the middle of July I was working Number 6 from Ogden to Grand Junction. We'd slipped down the east side of the hill like a descending comet and halted at Cisco "on the advertised." Now Cisco being about midways of the desert and the time being midsummer, believe me, it was plenty hot. Heat waves danced from the bare tops of adobe hogbacks and even the cactus drooped forlornly.

Since we had no passengers to let off at Cisco, I wondered why our engineer was stopping. I went to the head end to learn the cause of delay. I hadn't gone a car-length before I was bathed in perspiration. Alongside our engine stood a small group of men. One of them was hammering at something; I could hear the clink of metal against metal. At length I discovered that a tender wheel had been jacked up and the fireman was pounding at a brass cap with the end of the jack bar. Engineer, conductor, head brakeman and a few passengers were giving him vocal encouragement, but no physical. The fireboy was soaked through with sweat.

By the time I halted alongside the group I'd discovered the cause of the trouble. The fireman and rest of the crew thought the brass and cap were stuck in the top of the oil-box. But none of them had seen what caused it. I took off my uniform coat and cuffs. "Let me help you, lad," I said to the fireman.

The engineer gave me a withering look. "What in hell kind of help can a ribbon clerk give around a railroad?" he sneered. "Get out of here! When I want your help I'll ask for it."

Of course, the conductor, brakeman and passengers began to laugh.

A sense of humor came to my aid. I decided to have some fun at their expense.

"Well, mister," I drawled, imitating a rube, "I kinda want to learn somethin' about railroadin'. I 'lowed maybe you'd assist me."

"Go back in the smoker and sit down," the engineer instructed.

"But I don't want to set down," I argued. "I want to learn somethin'."

Again the throttle-jerker expressed his opinion of train auditors in general and me in particular.

I figured we'd been there long enough. So I asked one of the passengers if he had a watch. When he produced one, I requested:

"Tell me when five minutes are up."

That poor fireboy was still pounding away at the stuck brass cap and I felt sorry for him.

"Four minutes, Cap," said the passenger holding the watch.

I stepped over and touched the fireman's shoulder. "Let me show you something, lad," I said.

He straightened up, glad of the respite. I stooped and passed my hand between the bottom of the wheel and the top of the rail. Sure, the wheel had been jacked off the rail about three inches! When the journal box was jacked up the weight on the opposite journal caused the journal on that side to raise and keep the brass cap in the top of the box. The

strange feature was that none of the others had noticed it. I'd seen it a car-length away.

The fireman glared at the engineer, but didn't say a word. I pried the wheel down. Then I put a lump of coal over it. After that I pulled out the brass cap and examined the journal to see if it was cut. It was rough, so I smeared oil on it and on a new brass. I then slipped the brass in, knocked out the chunk of coal, and told the fireman he could repack the box.

When I straightened up, the engineer had my coat and vest over his arm. "Come on," he invited, leading the way toward the gangway.

In the deck he drew a bucket of hot water, gave me a piece of soap and a clean towel from his seatbox. About the time I finished cleaning up, the fireman yelled, "Let her roll!"

The runner was washing his hands. "Call in the flagman," he said through a mouthful of soapy water.

I pulled four on the chime. "Highball from the conductor," I shouted to the engineer. He asked me:

"Can you get her out of town?"

"I sure can," I grinned, "unless I blow out a cylinder head or slip an eccentric."

Easing back against the slack, I then horsed her over and tugged at the throttle. We left there without slipping a wheel. When I got 'em to rolling I hooked her up and on the curves made a slight air reduction to steady 'em. The hogger stood at my shoulder, looking on. We went through Westwater like a streak of lightning. I stopped at Mack, where the now defunct Uintah narrow-gage used to connect with the Rio Grande. There I unloaded from the engine and went back to ticket-punching.

Talk about the thrill! I'd always wanted to handle a string of varnish down the high iron, and had finally accomplished it. That little stunt really cemented a bond between train auditors and engine and train crews.

On July 1st, 1908, the D&RG abolished train auditors. So, along with a couple of dozen others, I found myself out of a railroad job, and I went into insurance. But even today I never see a long string of Pullmans and chair cars slipping out of town that I don't feel a lump rise in my throat, and a genuine wish to be back again punching tickets and railroading.

I live at 3270 Meade Street, Denver, Colorado. Would like to hear from anybody who cares to write—especially old-time train auditors.

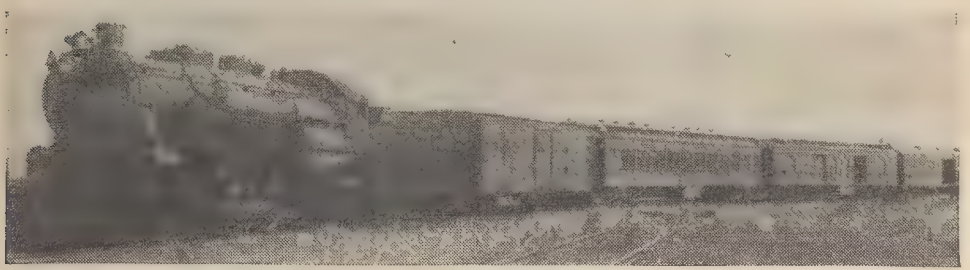


Photo by Howard E. Johnston, 1228 W. 4th St., Plainfield, N. J.

The only passenger train on Woodbine branch of Pennsy-Rdg. Seashore Lines hauls boxcars equipped for passenger-train operation

"The other one is in the shop"

On *the* Spot

P. Josserand

PETER JOSSERAND, former dispatcher on the Missouri Pacific, RFD 1, Monett, Mo., must have chuckled to himself as he wrote out the following train-order problem and dared the readers of *Railroad Magazine* to solve it:

So you've always wanted to run a string of varnished cars? Okay, here's your call: No. 2, on time, the *Flying Dutchman,* eastbound. Your engineer is "Blunderbuss" Jones, a speed artist. You, as conductor, are in charge of a million dollars' worth of passenger equipment and a lot of lives, over the district from A to G, which has stations at A, B, C, D, E, F and G.

You leave right "on the advertised' and you're the "bull of the woods." Two sections of No. 1 are running against you; the second section is the President's Special, so the operator told you. But No. 2 is superior to both of them by direction. Let the big chief hunt a hole for the *Flying Dutchman.*

Before you're through taking up the tickets you have passed B. The brakeman picks up a "19" order and brings it to you. You read: "Second 1 has right over No. 2, F to C." Second 1 must be running right on First 1's block and the dispatcher wanted to move them to the regular meeting point. Oh, well, even if you got stabbed ten minutes, Blunderbuss would run it off and you'd go in on time. The President would still have to take siding.

Then came the station whistle for C, followed by the meeting point whistle, two longs and a short, as the hogger makes a service application of the brakes. You go into the vestibule for a better look. First 1 isn't there! You hadn't thought of that contingency. Blunderbuss drives down to the west end of the siding and stops. What's the matter with the engine? Better go up and see what's going on. He's down on the ground oiling around.

"What's the big idea?" you demand.

"We can't go anywhere on that order," Blunderbuss replies, and keeps on oiling.

"We're superior to First 1 by direction," you retort. "Why can't we go against them?"

"Because Second 1 has right over us."

"What's that go to do with moving against First 1?" you persist. "We can get a flag out ahead as soon as we meet First 1, then head in for Second 1. First 1 would have to keep a flag out anyway, to prevent Second 1 from passing them."

"Yeah," says the engineer, "but what are you going to do about the second paragraph of Rule 94? I quote: 'When a train unable to proceed against the right or schedule of an opposing train, is overtaken between communicating stations by an inferior train or a train of the same class having right or schedule which permits it to proceed, the delayed train may, after proper understanding with the following train, precede it to the next available point of communication where it must report to the trainmaster.' "

But that doesn't convince you.

"One section of a schedule can't take another section of the same schedule ahead of it under the provisions of that rule," you fling back. "If Second 1 passes First 1 they must first exchange orders, numbers and signals with First 1. Then they would be First 1 and wouldn't hold any authority to move against us."

Blunderbuss continues to argue.

"Who says one section can't take another ahead of it? The rule says *one train* may take *another train.* And a train is 'an engine or motor-car, or more than one engine or motor car, coupled, with

or without cars, displaying markers'. It doesn't say anything about the authority which a train holds to run. You're the conductor and I'll do whatever you say. But if we get hit," he warns, "it's on your head, not mine."

Okay, skipper. You asked for it; now make up your mind. You're laying out a million-dollar train, the mail, and a lot of people. There's going to be plenty of hell for somebody over this. If you stay there and lay out First and Second 1 when they can't proceed against you, the big chief is going to make a powerful lot of noise. And if you force Blunderbuss to go against his better judgment and get hit, it's the end of your railroad career.

What would you do in this case, Mr. Conductor? Would you highball? Will some trainman who knows his rules please give the answer?

• • •

PEOPLE of Montana can tell you about a sheepherder's collie, Shep, whose master went away for hospital treatment, on a Great Northern train from Ft. Benton in the fall of 1936, and never came back. Ever since then Shep had been haunting Fort Benton station, wistfully meeting the four daily passenger trains but ignoring the freights, hoping his dead master would return.

A couple of years ago we published an account of this dog, with photos of Shep and the Ft. Benton depot, which Ed Shields had sent to us. Ed is well known to our readers. He is the Great Northern freight conductor who, when he retired from railroading, took his old caboose along with him. It is standing today just outside his home, a souvenir of Ed's long years on the rail. Bill Knapke used a picture of it as one of the illustrations for his article, "Little Red Caboose" (Dec. '41). Because of incidents such as these Ed so endeared himself to the people of Great Falls that they elected him Mayor.

Getting back to Shep: We learn from L. W. Ames, S. A. Anderson and Brakeman Joe Bubnack that a few weeks ago this faithful dog, now eleven years old but still seeking his master, ran out to meet the train No. 235, miscalculated his distance, and was killed instantly by the engine pulling up to the station.

There were many broken hearts that day in Fort Benton and other towns along the line. Five hundred persons turned out for the funeral, headed by Mayor Shields of Great Falls and Mayor Richard Miller of Fort Benton. Boy Scouts served as guards of honor and a local pastor gave a simple eulogy.

They buried Shep on a hillock overlooking the depot. A Scout blew taps. Later a simple marker was placed on the grave.

All this fuss over a dog? you ask. Brother, you just didn't use your brain when you made that crack. Maybe you are blessed with a lot of friends and relatives. We hope you are. But how many of them would show you as much loyalty as Shep gave, even unto death? Count on your fingers the number of people you know who'd be likely to meet every train for five long years in the hope of seeing you come home again.

• • •

CORRECTIONS: "Ten Brownies for *Railroad Magazine,*" gloats Clifford F. Lenten of Laurium, Mich., "for repeating in March '42 the photo of an NC&StL engine about which you published an article in July '35, and asking, 'Who can identify her?' Anybody owning the old issue of the magazine could recognize 'the South's finest engine.' No. 1, the *Tennessee,* was built 1850 by Harkness & Son, Cincinnati; was put into service on Christmas day, and was sold in 1918 to a Florida logging company." J. D. Hunnicut of the Coast Artillery School, Ft. Monroe, Va., says he worked on that very engine in 1925 when he was employed by a Florida contractor. Who can tell us where the old *Tennessee* is today?

• • •

J. R. Kearney of the B&O is retired, still living. Reference to him in April

issue, page 79, is inaccurate.—Margaret T. Stevens, c/o *B&O Magazine*, Baltimore, Md.

* * *

"Cripple Creek Hogger" (*April issue*): Florence, Colo., is on south side of Arkansas River; *not* north, as your map shows.—"Mac" Poor, Chicago.

* * *

H. G. Monroe, ex-trainman, Southern Railway, collaborated with Perry Keeney in writing "Cincinnati Southern Memories."

* * *

In his excellent article, "Section-Car," Bob White estimates a total of 65,000 motor-cars in service on U. S. and Canadian railroads. The American Railway Engineering Ass'n recently issued this estimate for U. S. alone: Maintenance-of-way service, section and extra-gang cars, 45,000; bridge, building and water service cars, 1500; miscellaneous, inspection, telegraph, telephone, car repair, etc., 14,500; total, 61,000.—Geo. E. Boyd, associate editor, *Railway Engineering and Maintenance*, Chicago.

* * *

You didn't mention the name of the officer on the handcar pictured in March, page 10. He was Gen. Ambrose Burnside. Dignitaries often had to ride handcars in Civil War times, to get places.—Chas. S. Ford, Dalton, Mass.

* * *

"Track cars need orders here on the Pennsy, at least—I don't know on how many roads," writes Geo. H. Moore, Rte. 1, Box 119. West Terre Haute, Ind., submitting in evidence two green "flimsies" dated Dec. 6, 1941, which state: "Track car 5630 run extra Otto Creek Jct. to K until 11.20 eleven twenty a.m.—W.O.T." and "Track car 5676 run extra Otto Creek Jct. to Rosedale until 11.01 eleven one a.m.—W.O.T."

* * *

Photo on page 140, March, does *not* show Carnegie-Ill. Steel Co. yards. It really shows B yard of Union Railroad at Munhall, Pa. However, the same corporation controls both steel company and railroad, so your caption is okay. Two tracks visible in that photo on the right are the PRR main stem; those along the river are the Union's main line into Homestead and Rankin.—W. J. Mitchell, (*condr., Union RR.*), 512 2nd Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Photo by D. S. Richter, 1412 6th Ave., San Francisco

Espee semaphores, Medford, Ore., control opposing traffic streams but are located on same side of track. Who can explain why?

* * *

Side-door cabooses are hooked to Frisco trains out of Amory, Miss., despite a remark that such hacks are not em-

ployed in main-line service on larger roads. I've seen them.—Stuart Covington, Columbus, Miss.

* * *

A correspondent at Bow Island, Alta., Canada has asked us to revise the spelling of a military title which appeared in the Feb. "Spot." It is that of L/Cpt. Gilbert Haymon, who has offered to distribute old copies of *Railroad Magazine* to men in the armed forces. L/Cpt. Haymon's address is 166 Mcpherson St., Bronte, New South Wales, Australia.

* * *

Sets of *Railroad Magazine* from Dec. '29 to date are owned by Edwin S. Tompkins, 226 Partition St., Hudson, N. Y., James Estep, Jr., 147 Cherry St., Mt. Holly, N. J., and W. Paul Sweet (*retired Pullman traveling passenger agent*), 725 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C., in addition to 60 or so files already reported.

* * *

TWO more stations which have street numbers, in addition to those we've already listed, are those of the C&NW (915 E. Wisconsin Ave.) and the CMSP&P (321 Everett St.) in Milwaukee, Wis., contributes A. H. Christiansen, manager of the Greyhound Travel Service there.

Olney station of the Reading is at 137 W. Tabar Rd., Philadelphia, Pa., writes F. R. Kern of that city.

Bert Pennypacker of Coatesville, Pa., thinks the Pennsy's Broad St. station in Philadelphia has the number 1617 Pennsylvania Blvd. The Los Angeles Union Station is at 800 N. Alameda St.

* * *

ADDITIONAL father-son engine crews are noted by readers. On the Pennsy out of Hagerstown, Md., you find Engr. G. N. Lininger and Fireman G. N. Lininger, Jr. "I ought to know," says Brakeman R. J. Hussong, 413 Elizabeth St., Hagerstown, "I'm their rear shack."

An engine crew on the Southern Pacific between Ashland, Ore., and Montague, Calif., consists of A. S. Clawson, Sr. and Jr. Our informant is M. Carmichael, 1004 Main St., Klamath Falls, Ore. He also states that an Oregon, Calif. & Eastern engineer, M. T. Arnett, often has his nephew, Paul Arnett, firing for him, while his sons Nolan and Merwin brake on the same train. And on the local Great Northern enginemen's board Mr. Carmichael mentions three more sets of fathers and sons who work together occasionally: J. F. and Paul Stafford, T. W. and W. E. O'Brien, and R. K Schouboe, Sr. and Jr.

From C. M. Uber, 926 Maryland Ave., New Castle, Pa., we learn that on the B&O, Akron Division, Wm. Hetrick, Jr. fired for his father for a couple of weeks on trains 197 and 192. "This division," says Mr. Uber, "runs through a golf course at Brady's Lake near Kent, O."

* * *

BOB WHITE'S "Section-Car" heads our March popularity list, with "True Tales of the Rails" a close second. The list was compiled from Reader's Choice coupons (see page 159, clipped or home-made), plus comments in letters and cards sent to us. Other items in the March consist follow in order of number of votes received:

3. Light of the Lantern
4. Tank Cars Rolling, *William E. Hayes*
5. On the Spot
6. The Runt, *Theodore Wallace*
7. Railroad Camera Club
8. Texas & New Orleans Locomotives
9. Along the Iron Pike, *Joe Easley*
10. March in Rail History, *D. H. Hilliker*
11. Railfan Activities
12. Gandy-Dancer Ballads
13. New Publications

"Best" photo in our March issue, as shown by reader votes, is Bob Ruchardson's shot of a mixed train on a trestle, page 139. Following this are the double-spread of a Santa Fe backshop, 72-73; Bob White's right-of-way scene, 34; David Cope's picture of an AC&S car, 107, and the view of an old logging train, 50-51. Other popular subjects are those on pages 12, 66, 69, 75, 118 and 122. Which photo in this issue is best?

The Reader's Viewpoint

Photo by Lad G. Arend

Never again will trains of the two-foot-gage Colorado Central (or any road) pull up to this old deserted depot at Jefferson

BECAUSE of slim-gage tracks which wind through the Rockies, Colorado has a great fascination. I could sense its glamor in "Cripple Creek Hogger," which Carl Lathrop wrote for the April issue. Last summer I roamed up the Clear Creek branch of the old Colorado & Southern, which was then being dismantled. For an old railroader like myself it was like yanking my own teeth to watch the men pulling spikes. My heart ached to see the Colorado Central pass into history.

As No. 70 chuffed along with flatcars of rail and gondolas of ties, the mountainsides echoed her shrill whistle. The little old train carried white flags as an extra, but to me they were the markers of a funeral car. I rode the caboose, No. 1003. Every mile was packed with memories. Even the crew under F. W. Morton, hardened by years of mountain railroading, told me many a tale of the days gone by. They were close to tears when we got near Denver. It was the end of C&S narrow-gage railroading out of Denver except a few miles to Waterton.

Wandering over the old South Park, I found the station at Jefferson defying the elements, waiting for passengers who will never enter the doors again. The old water tank was full and running over, ready to slake the thirst of some iron horse long since turned to rust. At Como I scanned the remains of a once busy station. In the enginehouse, which now shelters cattle, I could almost see engines 68, 69, 537 and 58, while hostlers were readying 61 and 65 for their run and out beyond old No. 9 was trailing a dusky plume as she headed the passenger train for Leadville. Surrounded by memories, I could not feel alone.

From Como I followed the old line of the Denver, Leadville & Gunnison, where I found some ties as good as the day they were laid. At Alpine Pass I could hear those little engines blasting out the stillness with their exhausts, the shrill of their whistles and the slow clanging of their bells. I heard the exhausts die away in the tunnel, and again I was alone with the stillness of the mountains.—LAD G. AREND (*shortline boomer*), 729 S. Front St., Franklin, O.

WHO CAN TELL US THE STORY BEHIND THIS RARE OLD PHOTOGRAPH?

The original is a tintype taken in 1875 at Ashton, Mich., showing engine No. 7 and a caboose on the Grand Rapids & Indiana (now part of the Pennsylvania). It was loaned to us by a Michigan Railroad Club member, C. C. Buskirk of Big Rapids, Mich.

NOT all single iron is hot. I am thinking of the Wisconsin logging road where I first grabbed the fireman's scoop in 1906. For nearly two years I stoked one of our twin 35-ton Taunton standards with iron boilers. The old *Two-Spot* was my engineer's pride and joy. Heaven pity the new brakeman who scratched a match on her graphited and highly polished boilerhead. My hogger was a church member, but he would burn that guy's ears off. We carried passengers and mail, met the Soo and the C&NW, but our switches were all stubs and we didn't have a passing track in the home yard. A brakeman worked for us, but not a conductor. The engineer himself was the "brains." As tallowpot I got $32 a month and "eat myself," as the Swede lumberjack said.

Leaving home, I rambled west. Five years later, in Wisconsin, I was amazed to find that the Super had finally decided to hire a conductor, so right there I was set up. I put the bum on a Soo brakeman for a cap and wore it until it got too small for my head. One day in February the sawmill ran out of logs 15 minutes before quitting time, because I was too lazy to switch the cars which the pond foreman had asked for. Next morning the hogger and I got out early to cover up if we could by pushing eight cars up to the pond track.

I was riding the pilot. Near the top, to save the walk around 8 moving Russell cars, I gave the "go ahead" and started over the cars. Some angel must be watching fools and punks. I made it over six cars, but slipped down between the next two. By a lucky accident I caught the end of a log with my left arm, right in the crook of my elbow, my feet dangling a yard above the rails. I stopped so quickly that the snap put out my light and I couldn't even throw it out where the engineer would see it. He stopped, however; I crawled out, lit my lantern, spotted the cars against the bumper and chained them.

At that moment I noticed the Super standing there. "Why in hell didn't you spot those cars last night?" he demanded. I was just shaky enough to tell him in good American what to do with his railroad. Then I marched back down the track, got my junk out of the crummy, and turned in all company property at the office.—Wm. J. Young, 109 S. Lincoln St., Bay City, Mich.

* * *

ODDITIES: When the Tennessee Central's Eastern Division was operated by the Southern, years ago, an engineer named West went east with Fireman (W.L.) Northern on the Southern.

Fifteen years ago I was car-record clerk of the TC. One day two boxcars came in on the same train, both bearing the number 44444. They were coupled together, stayed together throughout the terminal movement and left together.

We went in for colors. The first-trick "op" was Green, the first-trick clerk was Brown, the second-trick clerk was White and we had a man in the yard named Blue. Working for a brick company right behind us was a lady named Black. One day we had a "Brown" train: The tonnage was figured and line-up arranged by E. L. Brown, myself: the drag was inspected by T. A. Brown; orders were issued by C. O. Brown, a dispatcher; the engineer was F. R. Brown and the conductor was N. E. Brown.

A short while ago train No. 4 left Nashville behind engine 553, a mountain type. After rolling 162 miles on a hot passenger schedule to Harriman, the jack was returned two miles to Emory Gap, where hostlers were bug-eyed to find a tire missing from one driving wheel. Pieces of the tire were picked up at Mill Creek, four miles out of Nashville—evidently the tire had burst, the pieces had come off without striking anything, and the engine had gone 164 miles!—Everett L. Brown (*ex-clerk and fireman, Tennessee Central*), 2249 Caldwell Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

Freda Tremble

EVER since 1902 I have considered myself a *railfanette,* although the word was not coined then. In that year, when I was a little girl I paced my buckskin pony, day after day, in the clouds of rolling dust behind a huge excavator that was grading the roadbed for the Nevada-Calif.-Oregon narrow-gage line from Reno toward Madeline and my father's ranch.

It was an event when the first regular train came in. I was there with everybody else from Madeline plains, including Indians from a nearby camp. We shouted, "Here she comes!" as the train creaked up to the dimly-lighted canyon. Only one passenger got off, a Chinaman leading a bulldog. After that we felt quite metropolitan, going to the post office for mail that came by rail every day instead of getting it from a canvas bag off a fence post, where the stage had formerly left it twice a week.

In the spring of 1904 Madeline was cut off by a washout at the head of Long Valley, with both up and down trains on the Reno side of the break. Fireman Tom Coffman, an uncle of mine, borrowed the steam gage and gage cocks from the threshing-machine engine on our ranch and fixed up a discarded, rusty, little, old, Mogul type locomotive that stood in the sagebrush at the end of the wye at Madeline. He stopped up holes with red wood pegs, used nickels and dimes for blind gaskets where pipes were broken, and got the section crew to jack up the old girl and get her onto the track. With this engine he took a train load of laborers and materials from Madeline to the break, and thus got it repaired. In recognition of his services President Dunway of the N-C-O promoted Uncle Tom to the throttle. Mr. Dunaway has been dead for years and the Espee has absorbed the narrow-gage pike, but Uncle Tom is still wheeling trains, 100-car freights, sitting proudly in the cab of a Mallet engine.

When the N-C-O was building from Madeline to Likely, I rode with a crowd on a flatcar over the mountain and down the Juniper Flat grade before regular service started.

Later, I saw the end of another narrow-gage road, the branch of the Northwestern Pacific that ran between the lumber towns of Duncans Mills and Cazadero, in Sonoma County, Calif. The exciting event of an engine whistle sounding up the timbered canyon and the train's daily arrival were followed by the crew's letting me help to pull around the little turntable that headed the engine southward. Alas, that train no longer runs! Its roadbed is now an automobile highway—FREDA B. TREMBLE, 558 Locust, S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

FOR 70 years I have been a patron of the Illinois Central, and I well recall my first trip as a boy from Mason, Ill., to Chicago with my father. Every seat of that 1871 train had a small Bible in a metal container on which were the words, "Read and return." In the center of each window was a smaller sliding pane for tobacco-chewing pasengers.—ROBT. E. MCCLOY, Blue Island, Ill.

* * *

WAR DEPARTMENT asks us to print this request: Don't discuss with anyone the movement of trains carrying troops or military supplies. Train crews should refrain from pointing out to passengers or others the location of defense industries or Government property.

* * *

FOR a dozen years trains coming into Atlantic City, N. J., were met by a flop-eared mutt named Rags. Commuters on the Pennsylvania-Reading Seashore Lines were so fond of Rags that men brought him hamburgers, women knitted him sweaters which didn't fit, and employees raised funds for whatever else their canine host might need.

One day Rags skinned very close to an automobile, so close that his friends

agreed it was time to pension him with the SPCA. But the friendly pooch was lost without his work and died soon afterward. Today, on a cornerstone of the $4,000,000 terminal, there is a bronze placque which reads, "In memory of Rags, a great mascot and a good railroader, 1928-1941." When the placque was unveiled, railroad men, business leaders and even the Mayor spoke in eloquent memory of their beloved raildog.—Lois M. Drueke, 8038 Floral Ave., Skokie, Ill.

* * *

PROPOSED abandonment of PRSL steam and gas-electric passenger service on the Pennsgrove, Salem and Bridgeton branch, in New Jersey, which was to have become effective Feb. 17th, has been postponed till May 30th, and may even be delayed until the War ends, because of highway-traffic curtailment.—David H. Cope, 94 E. Stewart Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

* * *

CONSIDERING the rubber-tire situation and the shortage of automobiles and "gas," this would be a splendid time for the railroads to get back much passenger traffic from highways.—C. W. Shaw, State Division of Minerals, Baton Rouge, La.

(*Editor's Note: One objection to this excellent idea is that the railroads haven't enough passenger equipment to move all the soldiers as well as regular passengers. They have been forced to cancel many regularly scheduled excursions. Incidentally, bicycle racks are being set up in some suburban railroad stations. A C&NW official says: "Restrictions on the sale of automobiles and tires are bringing back the bicycle. Where we have bicycles we must have racks for parking."*)

The British Empire Heard From

WHEN the editor accepted my story, "A Man's Job," he asked me for a few remarks. In the course of more than 30 years' railroading (25 as an engineman) I have had many hair-raising experiences. Some were funny Others I would rather not discuss.

One trip was both amusing and exciting. A section foreman, through a misunderstanding with the dispatcher about trains, had removed a rail without providing flag protection. When we rounded a curve, glimpsed that gap in the rails, and saw the foreman rushing wildly toward us waving his hat, the engine crew, not to mention the head shack, decided to "join the birds." A lake was located on one side of the right-of-way and the land was marshy up to the tracks. On the eastbound rails a Wabash manifest freight was zooming toward us.

The three of us in the cab were in a mad scramble to reach first one gangway, then the other, as we tried to make up our confused minds which gangway to unload from. At length the other two men decided that the lake marsh offered the softest spot, and they jumped. Taking a chance on the double-track, I left via the fireman's gangway. Fortunately, the Wabash freight was stopped. The hogger had given his mill the "big hole" and our train sideswiped the first reefer. I must be tough, for the only damage I received was to my railroad watch, which was smashed beyond repair.

On another occasion, in the days of the coal oil headlight, a fireman removed the headlight from its cage to fill and light it. Then he placed it back in the cage with the reflector facing the smokebox! Upon being told to remove the headlight and replace it properly, the fireboy retorted: "Yuh didn't tell me which way yuh were going!"

Best passenger run I ever made was with the Great War Veterans Special, 12 cars, Windsor to London, Ontario, 110 miles in 105 minutes, including two stops —Chatham for water, Glencoe for orders. I used Mountain-type engine 6004. My

best freight run was from London to Chatham, 64 miles in 145 minutes, with 98 cars, 4700 tons, and Northern-type engine 6189.—Wm. J. Parry (*CNR engineer*), 924 Chatham St., E., Windsor, Ont., Canada.

* * *

IN ENGLAND for over two years, I have felt the old bombing raids, for I was stationed right outside of London on the night of April 16, 1940. We worked on old Jerry with our gun and I sure wished I was back on the CNR-Grand Trunk where I started years ago as a callboy and where I went switching in 1934. My heart stills calls me back. Print more stories by Bill Parry, CNR engineer.—Gunner F. H. O'Neil, H3556, 3rd Field Regt., Base P.O., Canadian Overseas Forces, England.

* * *

WHO says girls aren't interested in railways? I'm a member of the Young Railroaders' Club, age 15. My family have been railway employes for two generations, as follows: my father, Charles La Violette, retired after 42 years of train service; Frank, trainman for 40 years, retired; Joe, trainman for 41 years, deceased; Louis, brakeman for 30 years; Felix, railway machinist for 10 years, and Margaret, railway office worker for several years. My ambition is to become a CNR stenographer.—Leola La Violette, 697 Pt. St. Charles, Montreal, Canada.

* * *

SWASTIKA JCT., Ont., Canada, recently had its post-office name changed to Winston, in honor of Britain's Prime Minister; but Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Ry. still uses the old designation. This answers your editor's note in March issue. — D. Regimbal, (*T&NO yard checker*), Iriquois Falls, Ont., Canada.

(*Editor's Note: J. M. Garson of Kirkland Lake, Ont., Canada, sends us a clipping from the* Sudbury Daily Star *insisting that the name of the town in question is still Swastika, junction point for the T&NO and the Nipissing Central, but that the name originally came from an Aztec symbol on a woman's hatpin and that this symbol shows the cross turned in the opposite direction from the Nazi version of it.*)

* * *

I AM 14 and live near Sheffield, England. My friend Harry is a signalman at Wortely on the L&NR. The first time Nazi planes came over in 1940 they tried to hit the railway, and Harry admits he

Photo from Richard J. Anderson, 4607 N. Marnova Ave., Chicago

This special type of "tram" (trolley car) is used in Christchurch, New Zealand, to carry bicycles

Photo from Harold A. Jemkins, Windsor, Nova Scotia, Canada

Dominion Atlantic train at the Kingsport, Nova Scotia, wharf; date unknown. Her engine, *Kentville*, No. 12, was scrapped years ago

got frightened up there in his glass box. One plane was caught in the barrage and searchlights and dropped his bombs between the road and the railway. Another night the Germans tried to bomb a goods train (freight). After two bombs had exploded on the track the porter at Fortely was detailed to walk in front of an 0-6-0 type engine in the middle of the raid and see where the damage was. One track had been blown away, but a time bomb slowed us up and it took eight hours to get one track working. Each signalman has a steel shelter, sand, a shovel and a mustard-gas-proof coat and a gas mask, but the main thing is to keep traffic moving.

Harry's mate gets quite scared in air raids and there are stories about him going into the shelter as soon as they get the purple. One night during a raid, when a goods train was pulling hard on the grade past Wortely, he heard five "eggs" drop and he was certain they were dive-bombing the train. He called up the military and had them all searching for unexploded time bombs until somebody found high explosives had been dropped on Pennistone Moor five miles away. In the big raid on Sheffield, Dec. 11, 1940, one bomb fell behind the signal box at Rotherham Junction and blew the signalman through the glass, but he was only shaken.

When I visited the U. S. I once went to Dedham, Mass., and saw a deserted station and four-road bridge with all the rails taken up except one, which was blocked. Apparently it was a loop from South Station. Could readers give me dates of construction and purpose of this line? – Paul Richard Pratt, Tilton School, Tilton 1, N.E.W., Hampshire, England.

* * *

BESIDES keeping me posted about railways all over the globe, *Railroad Magazine* put me in touch with the helpful Ass'n of American Railroads. Our New Zealand Railway has just issued a 312-page timetable. I have come out of Auckland Hospital after 18 days and hope to start work with the railway in a month. There is a shortage of trained men here, as 4300 railway employes are serving in the armed forces—J. S. Gall, 17 Selkirk Rd., Mt. Albert, Auckland, New Zealand.

Photo from M. A. Miner, 5943 Ethel Ave., Van Nuys, Calif

Old car of San Bernardino Valley Traction Co. (now Pacific Electric)

JUICE FANS can do their country and their hobby a big favor at this time if they will use publications such as *Railroad Magazine, Railway Age, Transit Journal,* and *Mass Transportation* as clearing houses for dope about used rolling stock or other railroad equipment. Many street-car systems and steam railroads sorely need spare parts, rail or extra equipment that cannot readily be obtained because of priorities.

For instance: The City of St. Louis has for sale two steel double-end cars, equipped with Westinghouse motors, 4-ft. 8½ in. gage, seating capacity about 52, structural condition good, last operated in 1939. These cars are available at scrap prices and are suitable for one-man suburban or interurban operation. St. Louis Public Service Co. wants to buy 20 to 40 Peter Witt or double-truck Birney cars, each seating 44 to 55, for one-man operation. No lot of less than 20 identical cars cauld be used—Edwin A. Schell, 2855 St. Vincent Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

(Editor's Note: Salt Lake City has had a stomach-full of busses and now we hear the Seattle transit commissioners would give almost anything to get back a few of the cars they scrapped a few months ago. They are having a time carrying defense workers to and from

Portland, Maine, has given up street-cars; but they're still used in Portland, Ore., as photo from George Chope shows

plants. Can't get busses, so they sure miss the street-cars. Thus writes Geo. Chope, 2224½ 2nd Ave., Seattle, Wash.)

* * *

GOOD NEWS: The District of Columbia is building a subway terminal for trolleys on 14th St. SW, between Independence Ave. and D Street in Washington. It will take the form of a loop.—JAMES T. WILSON, 138-30 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.

(Editor's Note: From the other side of the country comes the encouraging word that the San Diego Electric Railway, Calif., has bought 30 old street-cars and will start express service to an airplane factory over track once abandoned.)

* * *

YOU can travel 38 miles for one fare on the Chicago Surface Lines, a three hour ride involving three changes of cars. The route begins on the far North Side, continues through the Loop and ends in the South. On the elevated you can go 24 miles for 13 cents without changing trains, from Wilmette to Jackson Park, a ride which many people take on sweltering nights. The 1,600,000 daily transfers issued by surface cars are printed at the 75th St. and Vincinnes Ave. carbarn. It is against the law to give away a transfer or even to throw one away without tearing it up.—ALEX L. H. DARRAGH, 4710 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago.

(Editor's Note: Like those of Portland, Ore., transfer issued by the Kansas City Public Service Co., Missouri, have route maps printed on them, writes Noble Gilkeson, 6214 E. 16th St., Kansas City, Mo.)

* * *

LAST Jan. 26th the newspaper PM published an excellent double-page two-color map of New York showing the lines of all the city's transit companies operating under unification. Copies of this map may be obtained for 5 cents each as long as the supply lasts by writing to PM's Back Number Dept., 24 Johnson St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The newspaper reports that S. Siegle Picture Frame Co., 85 4th Ave., N. Y. City, offers a special price of $1.25 (plus shipment charges) for mounting the map on

Photo by Mervin E. Borgnis, 1108 13th St., Washington, D. C.

Capital Transit car 372 on 7th St., Washington, D. C. Background shows National Art Gallery and Capitol

Special trackwork of the Baltimore Transit Co., manufactured in the company's Carroll Park shops, Baltimore, Md.

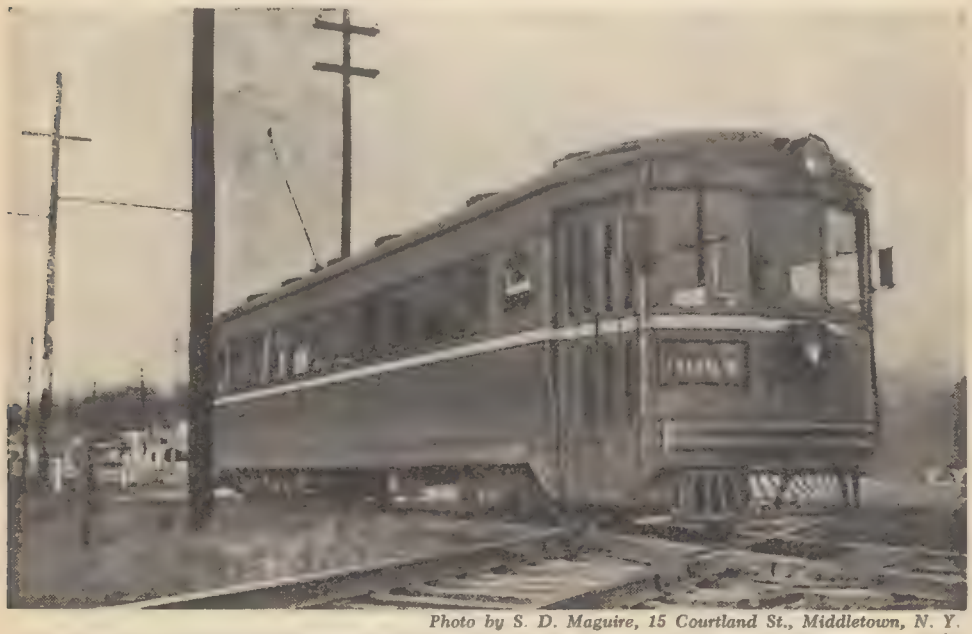


Photo by S. D. Maguire, 15 Courtland St., Middletown, N. Y.

A photo for memory's album: Car 104 of Nashville-Franklin Railway in Tennessee. This line was abandoned last November 9th

Photo by E. G. Baker; from W. E. Dahlman, 2511 Meadow Rd., Louisville, Ky.

No. 424 was the last car to go over the Bardstown Road line of the Louisville (Ky.) Railway on October 27th, 1940

board, coating it with varnish and fitting it into a black three-quarter-inch frame.

* * *

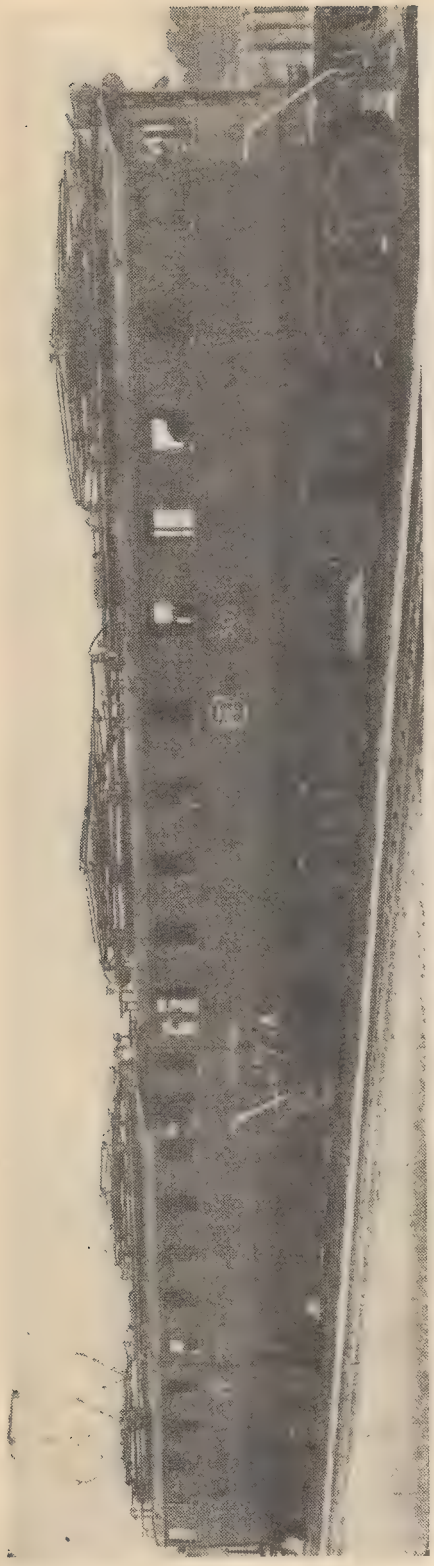
APRIL 26th is set for the season's first fantrip of Long Island Rail Roaders' Club. B&O train leaves Liberty St., N. Y. City, 8:15 a.m.; arrives Baltimore, Md., 12.10 p.m. Excursionists will visit Bailey's roundhouse, in which are stored many famous old engines, cars and other B&O relics; also the Baltimore & Annapolis Electric, "with picture-taking privileges in the B&AE yards and shops, a rare privilege these days," says Herbert Du Russel, the club's president. A sightseeing tour of Annapolis is included. Train will leave Baltimore 5.45 p.m., arriving back in N. Y. City 9.50 p.m. Total fare, including lunch in Annapolis and refreshments on the train homebound, is $6.50. Information about this and other trips, and the club itself, may be had from Mr. Du Russel, Islip, N. Y.

* * *

IN REPLY to Vitaly Uzoff, who has the impression that the 3rd Avenue Railway of New York plans to keep four electric lines, I would say that this company has agreed to motorize *all* lines within 20 years. Due to the war, however, it has put some trolleys back on Westchester County lines already motorized. An odd feature of this system is that all Manhattan lines run by underground conduit, while those in Bronx and Westchester use overhead wire, so the carmen have to fold down the poles and change to underground pick-ups when they cross the Harlem River.—WALTER BROSSHART, Ridgewood, N. Y.

* * *

THE name of one trolley route at Portland, Ore., Council Crest, is derived from the highest peak in the city where Indians of old held their powwows. It is one of seven lines remaining in Portland, besides two short interurbans. However, the Portland Traction Co.—like so many others—wants to replace the bridge-master buses with electric cars, since the tracks are still in place. Cars shown on page 127, Feb. issue, travel such a hilly route that they have to use magentic track brakes. Where else in the U. S. A. will you find trolleys without airbrakes?—JOHN SCHMITT, 1223 S.E. 15th Ave., Portland, Ore.



In 1923, Henry Ford electrified the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton between River Rogue and Flat Rock, Mich., and built two motor-generator type locomotives whose 250,000,000 pound tractive effort made them the world's most powerful engines. They've since been scrapped.

NARROW-GAGE trolleys of Portland, Ore., have employed magnetic brakes for many years. These hold the speed to about 10 miles an hour on steep grades, when the final stop is made with a gooseneck hand brake. The cars have two controllers, a very large one for the braking control being located in the center of the vestibule. Portlanders see many types of cars, narrow and standard gage, city and interurban, including some freightcars. — MARION T. CHARLES, 397 Bonair St., La Jolla, Calif.

* * *

REPLYING to Bill Malcolm: Streetcars came to Sault Ste Marie, Canada, on March 30, 1903. They were double-truck cars until 1922, when the International Transit Co. switched over to singles. When the last car rolled mournfully to the barn on Nov. 1, 1941, to make way for stink-wagons, the fare was still five cents. — ALVIN CHARETTE (*CPR brakeman*), Y.M.C.A., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada.

* * *

BECAUSE of unusually dry weather, Switzerland's reservoir lakes have reached a dangerously low level, curtailing the waterpower available to make electric current for the Swiss Federal Railroads. Timetables have been cut, for that and other reasons, and heating of passenger trains regulated strictly.

By producing eight billion kilowatt-hours of electric energy a year, this neutral nation occupies first rank in Europe in the use of waterpower resources. Recently, however, public consumption of electricity was reduced 15 percent by order of the Federal Dept. of Economics, while 30 per cent of the country's street-lighting was eliminated. Shop-window lights must be turned off every night at 8:30. No electric heaters may be operated in homes, regardless of weather, except in case of illness.

Of Switzerland's winter electric power, 77 percent comes from direct water supplies, the rest from reservoirs filled during the summer season. Since the first World War, power stations in Switzer-

land have quadrupled their productive capacity. At a first glance it is hard to understand why there should be a power shortage. Bear in mind that artificial illumination since 1914-'18 has switched almost entirely to "juice." So has the power in factories. And 90 percent of the Swiss Federal Railroad traffic is now handled electrically.

Construction costs of power stations has reached 700 million Swiss francs by the outbreak of the first World War. Since then a further two billion Swiss francs (normally about 460 million dollars) have been invested in this field. Even so, the production of electric power in Switzerland has not been able to keep pace with the ever-increasing demands.

Switzerland, which has long been an exporter of electric power, now finds this export is involved with the importation of coal. Although restrictions are necessary, Switzerland has to continue her exports of electric current in order to safeguard her markets for electricity after the present war.—F. DOSSENBACH, director, Official Information Bureau of Switzerland, 475 5th Ave., N. Y. City.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Switzerland is obliged to curtail its use of electricity, another neutral nation has just opened a new, 310-mile, electrified link of its railway system. I refer to Sweden. On Feb. 28th Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf placed in operation the electrification between Langsele and Boden, which formerly used coal- and wood-burning locomotives. Sweden now has completely electrified rail service for the 1200 miles between Tralleborg, at the country's southern tip, and Riksgansen, on the Norwegian border north of the Arctic Circle. This makes a total of 2629 miles of electric trackage operated by the Swedish State Railway System, besides 372 miles of privately operated "juice" lines.—IRA S. FRENCH, 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Due to the war emergency, old trolley-cars in many cities are being reconditioned for further service. This scene is in the Boston Elevated Railroad Plant at Everett, Mass.

Dramatic shot by E. L. Gilkeson, of Osceola, Mo., shows Frisco engine 1003 plowing through a spring flood

New High-Speed Schedules

By DONALD M. STEFFEE

WAR, coming right at the outset of what promised to be the greatest winter tourist season in history, naturally gave rise to much speculation concerning the effect of heavy freight and troop movements in the future schedules of America's passenger trains. While it is still too early to draw long-range conclusions, our supplementary list of mile-a-minuters, this month, reflects trends in speeds and services that would seem to vary with geographical location. As heretofore, we deal only with the latest highlights, and do not attempt to bring the entire annual survey up to date.

PPhoto by Charles Elston, 106 Downing Ave., Downingtown, Pa.
Service without delay. A station agent at Whitford, Pa., hangs a mail pouch for the Pennsy's eastbound *Rainbow Limited*. The overpassing bridge carries tracks of the diverging Trenton Cutoff

On the very day that Pearl Harbor was attacked, the New York Central System launched its magnificent new *Empire State Express* between New York and Cleveland and Detroit. While the schedule remains unchanged east of Buffalo, we imagine that at the first opportunity, running time will be made worthy of the train's tradition, and that the Cleveland service (pulled off on two occasions) is now here to stay.

Observing the success of the New York-Chicago all-coach trains *Pacemaker* and *Trail Blazer*, the Baltimore & Ohio has jumped on the band wagon with its Washington-Chicago flyer *Columbian*. Steam-powered and composed of completely refurbished de luxe equipment, this train should prove an able running-mate of the now all-Pullman *Capitol Limited*.

As is usual during the winter season, chief interest focused on travel to Florida resorts. The dream of bringing Miami within the 24-hours' rail time of New York City is at last realized with the ACL and Seaboard aristocrats *Florida Special* and *Orange Blossom Special*, respectively.

Spurred by the outstanding success of their all-coach streamliners, the three leading Chicago-Florida routes have now pooled two all-Pullman fleets which operate over each route on successive days. The *Dixieland, City of Miami* and *Jacksonian* provide morning departure from, and evening arrival in Chicago, with daylight service to all Florida points. On the other side of the ledger, increased pressure of defense traffic seems to have compelled withdrawal of the "evening fleet," made up of the *Dixiana,* the *Floridan,* and the *Florida Arrow.* The two last-named trains had been in daily service for a number of seasons past, but the Dixiana was an entirely new venture over the famous Dixie Route, and it is regrettable that her career was so short-lived. The Central of Georgia rejoins the ranks of speedsters with a fine run by the *City of Miami,* and a welcome is extended to the newcomer, the Louisville & Nashville, which presents a surprising "mile-a-minuter" between Evergreen and Brewton, Ala.

In the middle west, the latest broadside on the Chicago-Milwaukee front was delivered by the Chicago & North Western, which launched a whole fleet of *400* streamliners; three of them diesel-powered and the fourth—the *Minnesota 400*—hauled by a streamlined steam locomotive. No less than five of the intercity runs are made in 75 minutes, intermediate stops included. Seven trains dash the first twelve miles from Chicago to Evanston in twelve minutes flat, while out of Milwaukee, five others sprint to Racine (23.1 miles) in twenty minutes.

The ever-enterprising Milwaukee Road has an imposing program of its own, calling for no less than fourteen trains to flash over its 85 mile speedway in 75 minutes or less. For the first time in the world's rail history an entire intercity service maintains an average overall speed of better than a mile a minute! The 28 daily trains in this pool cover an aggregate of 2380 miles in 2345 minutes, for an average of 60.9 miles per hour.

The Rock Island Lines, together with the Southern Pacific, have again established the *Arizona Limited* between Chicago and the Apache State resorts. Officials of the former line call our attention to the fact that the Chicago Express (Train 20) from West Liberty to Walcott, Ia., is handled by a gas-electric motorcar, and not a steam locomotive, as indicated in our Annual Survey. Thus, for a second time, the CRI&P crashes the mile-a-minuters with this type of power.

On the famous Overland Route to the Pacific Coast, and again on the active Kansas City-Denver front, the speedup meets its first reverse. Drastic slowings of transcontinental schedules have resulted in the loss of many spectacular runs. But with the exception of the *City of Salina*—replaced by a steam train—the streamliner schedules remained untouched. We may attribute this to the progressive theory that by getting passenger trains over the road in the quickest possible time, tracks are kept clear for hotshot freight traffic. By annulling some of the heavy standard-weight trains and scheduling others to run as sections one of another, this principle is further expedited.

Chicago Rock Island & Pacific

	Train	From	To	Miles	Time (mins.)	Speed (mph)
20	Arizona Limited	Moline	Bureau	64.7	56	69.3
29	Arizona Limited	Joliet	Ottawa	44.3	41	64.9
30	Arizona Limited	Dalhart	Liberal	111.2	105	63.5
20	Chicago Express	West Liberty (c)	Walcott (c)	26.4	25	63.4
30	Arizona Limited	Ottawa	Joliet	44.3	43	61.7
29	Arizona Limited	Bureau	Moline	64.7	64	60.7
30	Arizona Limited	Liberal	Pratt	132.6	132	60.2

No. 20 is gas-electric. Nos. 29 and 30 are diesel-powered and operate every second day.

Florida East Coast

4	Chicago Streamliner*	Vero Beach	Melbourne	33.6	29	69.5
1	Champion	Boca Raton	Pompano	8.6	7½‡	68.8
87	Florida Special	St. Augustine	Ormond	48.1	42	68.7
2	Champion	Vero Beach	Melbourne	33.6	30	67.2
	4 trains	Pompano†	Boca-Raton†	8.6	8	64.5
3-31	Chi. Str'l'r*-Gulf Stream	Titusville	Coca-Rockledge	19.1	18	63.7
2	Champion	Coca-Rockledge	Titusville	19.1	18	63.7
4	Chicago Streamliner*	Daytona Beach	Bunnell	23.2	22	63.3
2	Champion	Daytona Beach	St. Augustine	53.7	51	63.2
1	Champion	Melbourne	Vero Beach	33.6	32	63.0
3	Chicago Streamliner*	St. Augustine	Bunnell	30.5	29	63.0
1-3	Champion-Chi. Str'l'r*	Jacksonville	St. Augustine	36.7	35	62.9
	3 trains	Coca-Rockledge†	Melbourne†	20.7	20	62.1
	5 trains	Stuart	Hobe Sound	13.3	13	61.4
88	Florida Special	Ormond	St. Augustine	48.1	47	61.3
87	Florida Special	Jacksonville	St. Augustine	36.7	36	61.2
79	Vacationer	Coca-Rockledge	Eau Gallie	16.3	16	61.2
87	Florida Special	New Smyrna Beach	Coca-Rockledge	48.9	48	61.1
4	Chicago Streamliner*	St. Augustine	Bunnell	30.5	30	61.0
	3 trains	West Palm Beach	Hobe Sound	24.3	24	60.8
	3 trains	Titusville	Cocoa-Rockledge	19.1	19	60.3

No. 31 steam-powered; all others diesel-powered.

Illinois Central

(Florida trains)

53	City of Miami	Champaign	Mattoon	44.6	37	72.3
14	Sunchaser	Champaign	Kankakee	71.9	64	67.4
53	City of Miami	Centralia	Carbondale	55.7	50	67.0
53	City of Miami	Kankakee	Champaign	71.9	65	66.4
13	Sunchaser	Woodlawn	Kankakee	48.0	44	65.5
13	Sunchaser	Champaign	Mattoon	44.6	41	65.3
52	City of Miami	Haleyville	Corinth	78.5	73	64.5
13	Sunchaser	Mattoon	Effingham	26.8	25	64.3
14	Sunchaser	Mattoon	Champaign	44.6	42	63.7
13	Sunchaser	Kankakee	Champaign	71.9	69	62.5
9	Seminole	Champaign	Mattoon	44.6	43	62.2
14	Sunchaser	Effingham	Mattoon	26.8	26	61.8
53	City of Miami	Woodlawn	Kankakee	48.0	47	61.2
52	City of Miami	Milan	Jackson	22.1	22	60.3
52	City of Miami	Centralia	Effingham	53.0	53	60.0
14	Sunchaser	Kankakee	Woodlawn	48.0	48	60.0

No. 9 is steam-powered. Nos. 13, 14, 52 and 53 are diesel-powered and operate every 3rd day.

NOTES: (EC) East Coast section. (WC) West Coast section (NE) New England section.
† Runs listed in both directions. (c) Includes intermediate conditional stop or stops.
‡ Listed at half-minute more than timetable allowance.
* DIXIE FLAGLER, CITY OF MIAMI and SOUTH WIND on succeeding days.

Louisville & Nashville

	Train	From	To	Miles	Time (mins.)	Speed (mph)
1	Azalean	Evergreen	Brewton	24.8	24	62.0

Pennsylvania

(Florida winter trains)

	3 trains	Baltimore†	Wilmington†	68.4	60	68.4
Adv. 176	Sun Queen	N. Philadelphia	Newark	76.0	67	68.1
114	Silver Meteor	Baltimore	Wilmington	68.4	61	67.3
	5 trains	Baltimore†	Wilmington†	68.4	62	66.2
119	Florida Special (WC)	Wilmington	Baltimore	68.4	63	65.1
140	Florida Special (EC)	N. Philadelphia	Trenton	27.9	26	64.4
140	Florida Special (EC)	Baltimore	Wilmington	68.4	64	64.1
136	Florida Special (WC)	Trenton	Newark	48.1	45	64.1
304-308	Jacksonian-South Wind	Englewood	Van	108.1	102	63.6
136	Florida Special (WC)	Baltimore	Wilmington	68.4	65	63.1
	4 trains	Newark†	Trenton†	48.1	46	62.8
105	Champion	Trenton	N. Philadelphia	27.9	27	62.0
305-309	Jacksonian-South Wind	Van	Englewood	108.1	105	61.8
105-113	Champion-Silver Meteor	Newark	Trenton	48.1	47	61.3
165	Florida Special (NE)	Phila. (30th St.)	Washington	134.2	132	61.0
164	Florida Special (NE)	Washington	Phila. (30th St.)	134.2	133	60.6
308-309	South Wind	Indianapolis†	Van†	84.2	84	60.2
104	Champion	Washington	Baltimore	40.1	40	60.1

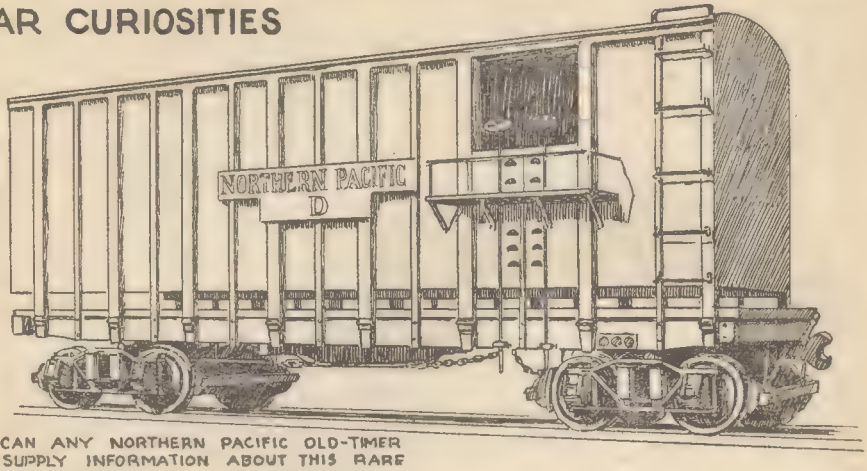
All electric-powered, except Nos. 304, 305, 308 and 309 which are steam-powered and operate every 3rd day.

Seaboard Air Line

43	Silver Meteor	Waldo	Ocala	45.2	36	75.3
43	Silver Meteor	Wildwood	Winter Haven	65.4	54	72.7
8-44	Or. Blos. Spl.-S'lv'r M't'r	W. Palm Beach	Sebring	102.6	85	72.4
44	Silver Meteor	Ocala	Waldo	45.2	38	71.2
808	Sun Queen	Hialeah (c)	Hollywood (c)	16.6	14	71.1
44	Silver Meteor	Avon Park	W. Lake Wales	22.4	19	70.7
7	Orange Blossom Sp'l	Wildwood	Winter Haven	65.4	56	70.1
7-8	Orange Blossom Sp'l	Baldwin†	Wildwood†	108.9	95	68.8
8	Orange Blossom Sp'l	Baldwin	West Savannah	140.7	123	68.6
43	Silver Meteor	Sebring	W. Palm Beach	102.6	90	68.4
43	Silver Meteor	Jacksonville (c)	Waldo (c)	55.9	49	68.4
807	Sun Queen	Sherman	Indiantown	22.0	19	66.8
108	Sun Queen	Hawthorne (c)	Waldo (c)	14.4	13	66.5
7	Orange Blossom Sp'l	Sebring	W. Palm Beach	102.6	93	66.2
43-44	Silver Meteor	Lake Worth(c)†	Deerfield (c)†	21.8	20	65.4
43	Silver Meteor	Savannah	Thalmann	66.4	61	65.3
44	Silver Meteor	Jacksonville	Thalmann	71.0	66	64.6
43	Silver Meteor	W. Lake Wales	Avon Park	22.4	21	64.0
7-8	Orange Blossom Sp'l	Columbia†	West Savannah†	138.6	130	63.9
7	Orange Blossom Sp'l	West Savannah	Baldwin	140.7	133	63.5
8	Orange Blossom Sp'l	Winter Haven	Wildwood	65.4	62	63.3
44	Silver Meteor	Savannah	Columbia	141.9	135	63.1
8	Orange Blossom Sp'l	Sebring	W. Lake Wales	31.5	30	63.0
807	Sun Queen	Indiantown	W. Palm Beach	33.6	32	63.0
5	Florida Sunbeam	Sebring	Indiantown	69.0	66	62.7
44	Silver Meteor	Winter Haven	Wildwood	65.4	63	62.3
8	Orange Blossom Sp'l	Ft. Lauderdale	W. Palm Beach	42.4	41	62.1
7	Orange Blossom Sp'l	W. Lake Wales	Sebring	31.5	31	61.0
108	Sun Queen	Yulee	Thalmann	47.6	47	60.8
43	Silver Meteor	Avon Park	Sebring	9.1	9	60.7
44	Silver Meteor	Wildwood	Ocala	26.1	26	60.2

Number 5 steam-powered; all others diesel-powered.

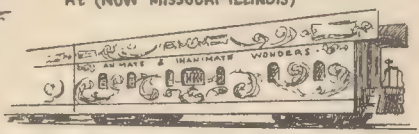
CAR CURIOSITIES



CAN ANY NORTHERN PACIFIC OLD-TIMER SUPPLY INFORMATION ABOUT THIS RARE TYPE OF CAR, BUILT BY PENINSULAR CAR CO. IN 1885?

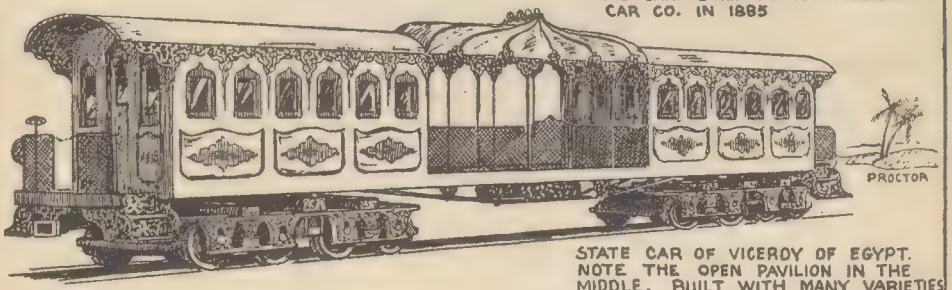
JACKSON & SHARP BAGGAGE AND MAIL CAR. BUILT IN 1870 FOR DENVER PACIFIC RY. (NOW UNION PACIFIC)

DANAHY'S DUMP CAR BUILT BY ST. CHARLES CAR CO. IN 1891 FOR NARROW-GAGE MISSISSIPPI RIVER & BONNE TERRE RY (NOW MISSOURI-ILLINOIS)



W.C. COUP RAILROAD MUSEUM OF ANIMATE & INANIMATE WONDERS - 1890

PLATFORM REFRIGERATOR CAR. ICE WAS LOADED IN THE END OF THE CAR. BUILT BY THE PENINSULAR CAR CO. IN 1885



STATE CAR OF VICEROY OF EGYPT. NOTE THE OPEN PAVILION IN THE MIDDLE. BUILT WITH MANY VARIETIES OF WOOD IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS., IN 1860

ALL DRAWINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF AMERICAN CAR & FOUNDRY CO.

We'd like to hear from readers familiar with any of these cars

Railroad Camera Club

No. 5, the *Mount Vernon*, ran on the old "Iron Railroad," now DT&I (see page 94), between Ironton and Center Station, O., 13 miles. Built by Baldwin in 1863, she weighed 22½ tons, carried 120 pounds of steam pressure and had no injectors or lubricators. She was shipped from Phila. to Pittsburgh, Pa., on a flatcar because of being wide-gage, 58 inches. From there she was hauled by Ohio River barge to Ironton. Fireman Royer, now deceased, stands on gangway. On the ground you see the man who sent up this photo: S. H. Tulga, then an Iron Railroad brakeman, now a retired Pennsy conductor, 1078 16th Ave., Columbus, O.

The Switch List

FREE listing in this department is subject to a few simple conditions:

Submit your item on separate sheet or card containing your name and address. Don't bury it in a letter. Briefly include all essential details. Some entries are too vague to get results.

Redball handling is given to items we receive the first ten days of every month, especially if accompanied by Reader's Choice coupon (clipped from page 143 or home-made).

Use these abbreviations: *Pix*, photos; *cond.*, condition; *ea.*, each; *elec.*, electric; *env.*, envelope; *eqpmt.*, equipment; *esp.*, especially; *incl.*, including; *exc.*, except; *info.*, information; *mag.*, magazine; *n. g.*, narrow-gage; *negs.*, negatives; *p. c.*, postcard; *pref.*, preferably.

And these photo sizes: Size 127—1⅝x2½ inches; Size 117—2¼x2¼; Size 130—2⅞x4⅝; Size 118 or 124—3¼x4¼; Size 122 or pc.—3x5½; Size 116—2¼x4¼; Size 616 same as 116, on thin spool;; Size 120—2¼x3¼ inches.

The term *tts.* always refers to public timetables—unless preceded by *emp.*, when it means employes' or operating timetables.

(R) indicates a desire to buy, sell or swap back issues of *Railroad Magazine* or its predecessors, *Railroad Man's* or *Railroad Stories*. Condition of magazine should be specified.

(*) indicates juice-fan appeal.

It is common courtesy to enclose a stamped envelope when writing to any of the names listed here—or, in fact, to any stranger.

Back copies of the *Oficial Guide* are obtainable from National Railway Publication Co., 424 W. 33rd St., N. Y. City. Howard Moulton of 25 Valley St., Medford, Mass., says be bought a 1911 issue from the publishers for $5. More recent editions are lower priced.

* * *

(R) AL BAHR, 2967 W. 2nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y., offers reas. price for *Railroad Magazine* issues of Apr., Aug. 1935; Mar., Sep. '36; Feb. '37; Apr., June '32; Apr. '33, Nov. '34, good cond. Also wants good N&W and Vgn. engine pix, size 616 or p.c. Send lists.

(*)R. R. BALLINGER, 1641 N. Fair Oaks Ave., Pasadena, Calif., wants pix of PG&E Elec. eqpmt. in Sacramento. Has many PE tts. and assorted trolley transfers from Mkt. St. Ry., San Francisco.

MEMBERSHIP in the Railroad Camera Club is open to all who collect pictures of engines, trains, cars, stations, etc., or other railroadiana such as books, timetables, tickets, train orders, passes, trolley transfers, etc. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

Membership card and pin are given free to anyone sending us the latest Reader's Choice coupon (page 159) and self-addressed stamped envelope. If you don't want to clip the magazine, make your own R. C. coupon.

Address Railroad Magazine at 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell us what you want or offer. Unless you do so, your name will not be printed here.

DUANE BEARSE, 19645 Telbir Ave., Rocky River, O., will send new 5-page list of pix and railroadiana he sells, for 3c stamp. Buys pix, size 116. Send lists. Also buys ry. postcards, bonds, passes, match covers. Offers pix, 4½x3¼, NKP No. 6 leaving Rky. River, 10c postpaid.

(R)GUIDO BLOBEL, 750 N. 28 Place, Milwaukee, Wis., has *Railroad Magazine*, Sept. 16, 1917; April to Oct. '17, Jan. to Oct. '18 (incl. Nov. 9, '16, Dec. 7, '18); and *Railroad Magazine* June '31 to date, exc. Feb. '38. No torn or missing covers. Best bid takes them; write first.

HAROLD BLOOM, 819 Indiana Ave., Spokane, Wash., wants emp. tts. of GN east of Williston; NP Rocky Mt. and Yellowstone divs.; SP Portland, Salt Lake and San Joaquin divs.

(R*)GLENN BOGGS, 315 Minshall Ave., Viroqua, Wis., wants to hear from fans in Canada, England, Mexico, Egypt, USSR, Australia, China and Africa; also D&RGW n.-g. employes. Will trade Nov. '41 and Jan. '42 *Railroad Magazine* and Feb. '40 *Signalman's Journal* for old switch key. Swaps pix of CMStP&P, C&NW loco and depots Milw. Elec., M&O, IC, C&EI and others, size 116-120, for WCF&N, Des Moines & Cent. Ia., Ft. Collins Munic., Rockford & Int., and Ohio int. lines, any size. Wants info. on aband. Wis. interurbans.

(*)JOHN BRINCKMANN, 44 Charles St., Metuchen, N. J., sells 6x9 illustrated, historical, anecdotal book on Pub. Ser. Middlesex div., *The Toonerville of Metuchen*, 10c. Prints 100 letterheads (8½x11) and 100 envs. $1.35; two-color job $1.75. Choice of rr. cuts available.

(*)WALT. BROSCHART, 6624 Forest Ave., Ridgewood, N. Y., sells pix of 3rd Ave., B&QT, Pub. Ser. and NYC Trans. sub. and els, size 5x3, at 7c ea. Sample and list 12c. Many B&QT work eqpmt. and cars. Wants pix of any N.Y., N.J. and L.I. elec. lines now aband. Trades transfers.

KEITH BUCHANAN, Box 148, Amsterdam, O., sells or trades 5x7 pix of Western rrs. Sells 5x7 glossy of NYC 2-6-6-2 and B&O GM streamliner, 25c ea.

C. W. BURNS, 403 15th St., N.W., Canton, O., sells or swaps negs., size 116 and 122. Also some NYC Mallets and few N&W negs., size 122. All are good, still shots. Also many Pennsy speed shots.

W. E. BUTLER, 1515 Front St., San Diego, Calif., selling all his rr. books, negs., 4200 pix (some loose, some in albums which are sold complete). Low prices. Will send circular for 3c stamp.

* * *

(*)GEO. CAPDEVIELLE, 5354 Bond St., Oakland, Calif., wants negs., size 116 or 122, of Denver & Intermt., Grafton & Upton, Sou. N.Y., Union Trac. and Utah-Idaho Cent. eqpmt.

DON CARNERIE, 176th Sig. Rep. Co., Ft. Ord, Calif., buys all size pix of UP, D&RGW, D&SL and WP steam engines.

(*)GEO. CHOPE, 2224½ 2nd Ave., Seattle, Wash., offers negs., size 616, of last SMSry. car no. 706, taken Jan. 20, for two 10c defense stamps. 10-page juice photo list (616 size) and sample for dime. *(Editor's Note: We admire George's patriotism in using defense stamps as a medium of exchange.)*

WALT. CHUBB, 327 E. 237th St., N. Y. City, selling 1832 issue of semi-monthly *Railroad Journal*, vol. 1, No. 5 to No. 25, Bound, cover rather poor, contents perfect.

(*)EDW. CLEAVER, 159 E. 21st St., Paterson, N. J., sells pix, size 616, of NYS&W 4-6-0, 4-6-2, 2-10-0, 0-6-0, Diesel streamliners, new Diesel-elec. switchers and gas-elec. cars. Also Erie 825 (G-1, 4-6-0) and 512 (E-1, 4-4-2, now scrapped) both for 15c. Sus. caboose pix and negs., few Erie pix and elec. engine No. 1 from Federal Creosoting Co. of Athenia.

C. L. COLLOM, 491 Walnut St., Meadville, Pa., has enlisted. No more trading or corresponding for the duration.

WALT CORBETT, 5240 38th Ave., N.E., Seattle, Wash., buys tr. orders of all rrs. in the East and Southwest. State price. Answers mail promptly.

A. CORKILL, 1119 Dorchester Ave., Calgary, Alta., Canada, swaps British or Canadian loco pix (write for details) for CN or CP, size 120. Wants CP and CN rosters; offers British rosters and data.

RICHARD DILL, 115 River St., Piqua, O., trades steam and Diesel action pix with other 3¼x4¼ Graflex and Speed Graphic fans. Specializes in C&O and N&W action shots; other roads also.

NORMAN DOUGLAS, Box 3352, Brentwood, Calif., offers these tts. for 8c ea. or any size loco pix: Milw. Rd., Pennsy, C&O, B&O, CP, MoP, NYC, C&NW, Burlington, Wab., Rock Is., GN, Frisco, SP and NP.

(R)HOWARD DOWNING, 4201 W. 41st Ave., Denver, Colo., selling for highest bid *Railroad Magazine* issues for Aug. '33; Jan. '34; Sep.-Dec. '35; July, Aug., Oct. '36; Feb. '37-May '42. Also switch lock, no key.

* * *

J. FODEN, Rte. 3, New Minster, B. C., Canada, sells size 616 prints of CP, CN, BCE, NA, other Canadian roads; also GN, SP. Will send list and sample for 10c.

(*)JOE FORDE, 201 E. 33rd St., N. Y. City, trades 3rd Ave. Ry. and Chicago surface line transfers for those of other cities.

(R)MELVIN FRANKEL, 129 E. 88th St., Rockaway Beach, N. Y., selling back numbers of *Railroad Magazine* and *Model Craftsman*. Will send list for 3c stamp.

LEON FRANKS, 30 N. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa., wants *Off. Guides* for 1905-'10. Selling 1928-'37 Pennsy calendars, Moody's *RR. Manuals* 1934-'38, Del French's *Railroad Man*, O'Sullivan's *Only a Yankee Dared*, and Poors 1874-'75 *RR. Manual*. List of tts., etc., for sale will be sent for 3c stamp.

MEARL GALLUP *(SP timekeeper)*, 925 Court St., Woodland, Calif., wants emp. tts. any road since 1939. Has SP *Bulletins*, trip passes and tr. orders, and Football Annuals (1938-'41 inc.) to trade.

(R)JOHN GANIN, 577 Westside Ave., Jersey City, N. J., offers 50c plus postage for Dec. '29 *Railroad Magazine;* 25 ea. plus postage for Jan.-Dec. '36 and Dec. '38. Clean, unclipped copies with entire covers. Buys info., pub. and emp. tts., maps, pix and negs. of engines, rolling stock and scenes on Alaska RR. and White Pass & Yukon.

(*)BILL GAVIN, 314 Innis St., Oil City, Pa., buys trolley-car pix of Citizens Trac. (Oil City), West End Trac. (Sharon, Pa.), Dunkirk & Fredonia, Bflo. & Erie, and Jamestown (N. Y.).

(R)ROBT. GELLERSTEDT, Jr., Box 398, Troy, Ala., wants *Railroad Magazine* issues from Nov. and Dec. '37. Also desires to correspond with fans in South.

F. P. GEYER, 430 Nebraska, S.W., Huron, S. D., offers CNW tts., tr. orders, dispatcher sheets and rule books, new cond. Wants ry. pencils, uniform buttons, keys, annual passes.

(*)ED. GIBBS, 729a Macon St., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants info. on N. Y. City, Bklyn. and L. I. aband. lines.

(R*)PVT. CHAS. GIBSON, 47th Quartermaster Rgt.,

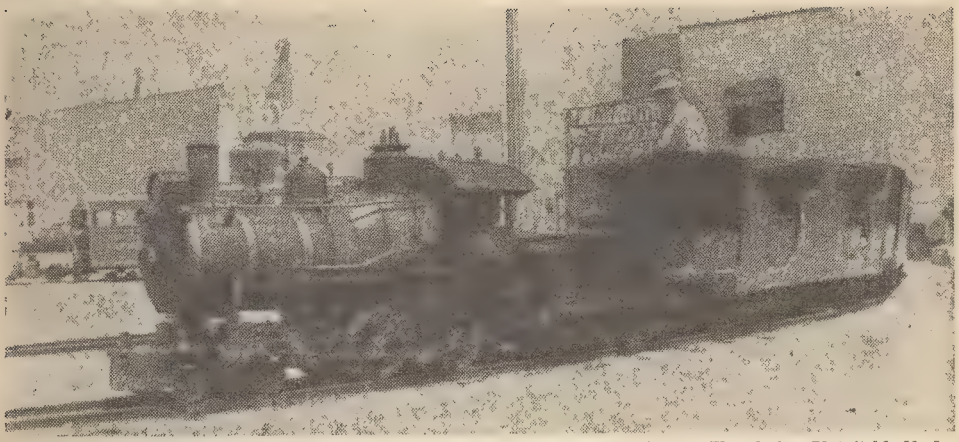


Photo by Howard E. Johnston (pres., North Jersey Chapter, NRHS) 1228 W. 4th St., Plainfield, N. J.

Last live-steamer in N. J. amusement-park service is this Cagney at Seaside Heights

Co. E, Fort Lewis, Wash., beginning to collect trolley pix, city lines and interurbans. Asks fans to send lists. Wants to buy Aug. '37 *Railroad Magazine*; write first.

(*)EUGENE GILLESPIE, 501 N. Mariposa St., Los Angeles, buys or trades tickets, passes, pub. and emp. tts. of SP, Santa Fe, IC, FEC, and C&NW. Will buy *Off. Guides*, 1905-'25. Buys and trades dining-car menus and info. on obsolete routes in Chicago and Los Angeles

W. E. GLOEB *(trainman)*, 4314 Center St., Omaha, Nebr., offers UP emp. tts. (has 500) in exchange for 3 engine pix each, p.c. size or smaller, or a 10c defense stamp. Sells C&NW and CB&Q emp. tts. 15c ea. May. July-Sep. '41 *Off. Guides* $1 ea. or 30 engine pix. Railroad menus dime apiece or 3 pix; UP condr. or brakeman badges 25c ea.; switch key 50c; engr's. badge 50c. Engine pix, p.c. and 116 size, 30 for $1. Color litho 13x24 *City of* L. A. and *City of Denver*, $1 ea. or 30 pix. *(Editor's Note: We commend Trainman Gloeb for his patriotism in using defense stamps as a medium of exchange.)*

J. S. GORHAM, La Plata, Mo., pays reas. price for tts., good cond., from GN, Grand Trunk, DL&W, NP. NYC and IC. Offers CRI&P, AT&SF, etc., in trade.

GEO. G. GRAFFMAN, Gen. Del., Balboa, Canal Zone, buys summer tts. of old Atl. City RR.-and W Jersey & Seashore. Also wants *Official Guides*, any summer, 1824 to '27.

BILL GRAU, 640 E. Passaic Ave., Bloomfield, N. J., will buy, sell or swap rr. tickets, tts., and passes; small rr. systems pref.

(*)ROY GRIES, Box 325, Schenectady, N. Y., offers pix, size 116, of Schdy. trolleys with new red and white *Express* dash signs at 10c per print, 3 for 25c. Type 200 cars only. Free transfers to those who include stamped env. No list.

(R)GILBERT GRIFFIN, Rte. 2, Box 155, Tracy, Calif., will pay well for June '35 *Railroad Magazine*.

JOHN W. GRIFFIN *(Vice Pres., Upper Canada Ry Soc.)*, 101 Douglas Dr., Toronto, Canada, collects engine pix of all Canadian, all n.-g., and all small U. S. roads, esp. 4-4-0's; any size, esp. p.c. Wants R&LHS Bulletins 39 and 41.

(*)KARL GROH, 3107 Park Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City, makes prints from your negs., any size up to 116, at 15 for 25c. Negs. returned safe. Sends free TARS transfers for stamped env. West Coast juice fans, write. Wants rosters of elec. rys.

CLIFF GURLEY, Gen. Del., Kannapolis, N. C., wants to hear from fans. Is starting photo collection; would appreciate advice and help.

* * *

(R)FRANK HAGER, 602 Eron Ave., Barrington, Ill., wants C&NW roster from Dec. '34 *Railroad Magazine*.

FRANK HANNAH, Box 1493, Phoenix, Ariz., selling 600 builders' engine pix, also McShane's *The Loco. Up To Date*, 1920, good cond., cost $2, and 1924 *Pocket List of RR. Officials* No. 119. Best offer takes.

HARVEY HARRISON, 1451 Hamilton Ave., Trenton, N. J., trades recent emp. tts. of DL&W, NYLB, PRSL and Pennsy (N.Y. and P.T. divs.) for steam loco or n.-g. pix, size 116 or larger. Also 1940 *Off. Guide* to trade for best offer in steam loco pix.

H. F. HARVEY, 65 Olean St., Worcester, Mass., buys sharp negs., any size, of C&O, B&O, other action shots.

L. T. HAUG, 3207 Adeline, Berkeley, Calif., wants photos of CNR open obs. 15100 and pass. eqpmt. in U. S., British Empire and Latin Amer., pref. p.c. size. T&NO p.c. size collectors, write. Wants photos and bldr. data on McKeen cars and anything on Latin Amer. roads. Writes Spanish. Offers many good SP and WP loco negs., p.c. size. Wants to buy loco and car cyclopedias.

ED. HAYNES, 609 2nd Ave., Tarentum, Pa., wants pix, size 120, of either Shawmut road; also Pennsy, B&O and N&W coach expresses, etc.

(*)VERNON HESS, 211 E. Douglas St., Goshen, Ind., sells pix of Nn. States Pwr. trolleys at Eau Claire, Wis., sizes 120, 116 and p.c. Write for details. Answers all mail.

W. R. HICKS, 25 Hawthorne Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J., trades N. J. short line engine negs. for other engine negs., p.c. size.

ROBT. HOPEWELL, Bonnyville, Alta., Canada, wants any size pix, CNR locos, Central or Eastern div.

RUSSELL HORTON, you forgot to send address.

(*)E. P. HUGHES, 6 Oak St., Evansville, Ind., wants pix and info. on elec. line RPO cars and covers.

C. J. HURTT *(CB&Q employe)*, 1155 5th St., Aurora, Ill., interested in pix of various types of steam locos. *(What size and what roads? Editor asks.)*

W. F. INSELMAN, 404 N. Pebble St., Fremont, Nebr., will buy broad-side view loco and tender photos, size 116, 130 or p.c., of CB&Q class F-2 (O-8), O-2 (2-8-2), M-1 (2-10-2), B-1 (4-8-2); C&S class S-3 (4-6-2), M-2a (2-10-2); KC&S E-4 (2-8-0), H (4-6-2); Frisco T-71 (2-8-2), T-66 (2-8-2), T-82 (2-10-2), T-54 (4-8-2); D&RGW F-81 (2-10-2), K-55 (2-8-2), P-42 (4-6-2); CStPM&O 2-10-2 No. 492, 2-8-2 No. 402-439; GN 2-8-2 No. 3213, 2-10-2 No. 2181, etc. Write before sending list. Answers mail with return postage.

* * *

HAROLD JENKINS, Windsor, Nova Scotia, Canada, sells prints, size 116, of Dom. Atl. train 13 at Kingsport, N. S. (Cornwallis Val. RR.), hauled by engine No. 12 *Kentville*, date unknown, 20c postpaid.

W. R. JOHNSON, 244 N. 11th St., Lincoln, Neb., sells CB&Q, CRI&P and other loco pix, also D&RG wreck pix (original prints before 1900). List for stamp.

(R)G. W. JOHNSTON, 135 S. Vendome St., Los Angeles, wants *Railroad Man's Magazine* from Oct. 1906 to Jan. '19; *Lionel Mag.* from first issue in 1931 to Sep.-

Carol Lorell, New York railfanette, had a dress made to match the pine-cone motif on window drapes and menu cards of the Seaboard's streamlined *Silver Meteor*

Oct. '35; *Mod. Railroader* Jan.-May, July-Nov. '34, Jan.-Mar., May, June, Aug.-Nov. '35, Aug. '36, May '39; *Mod. Craftsman* Dec. '33 and May '39. Also any model cyclopedias or other books on model railroading. Offers cash or Sep. '34 *Railroad Stories*; Mar. 41 *Miniature RRing.*; Nov. '40 *Trains*; *various Mod. Railroader* and *Mod. Craft.*; or Santa Fe, UP, SP, NYC or other pix.

(*)E. D. JONES, 427 Osborne Ave., Verdun, Que., Canada, sends 3-page list of size 116 pix Canadian and U. S. roads, steam and elec., plus 2 sample prints, for 10c. Also has misc. items (tickets, tts., etc.).

(*)JAS. JONES, 2900 Romana Place, Oakley, Cincinnati, O., collects city ry. transfers, elec. tts., maps and pix. Offers C&LE and CH&D zone checks, Cinn. St. Ry. transfers and city map in exchange.

PAUL JONES, Orwell, O., offers cash for good copies Nov. '39 *Model Craftsman* and Oct. '41 *Pop. Science.*

LESLIE JUDSON, 725 So. 6th St., San Jose, Calif., will take pix of roads in his vicinity on order.

* * *

ROY KEENEY, 441 Extension Ave., Washington, Pa., wants old calendars with scenes of steam engines, any rr. Pays cash. State price in first letter.

ROBT. KERKER, 5 Seaman Ave., Castleton, N. Y., offers cash or tts. in exchange for 1920 RR. guide and pix of engines and cars.

(*)B. J. KERN, 3.6 S. Oak St., Marysville, O., wants to hear from fans in central Ohio. Trades NYC and C&O tts. and MRP Co. pix for juice pix.

F. R. KERN, 6029 N. American St., Philadelphia, Pa., pays cash for PRR steam loco negs., size 116-616. Has over 200 pix to trade or sell. Fans on Pennsy's western lines, write.

(*)KEN KIDDER, 1948 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, sells pix, size 616, speed shots of SN, IER, Key Sys. and Stockton Elec., 5c ea., 30 for $1. No list. Money back if not satisfied.

(R)C. H. KIEFNER, RFD 12, Box 580, Houston, Texas, will swap big collection p.c. and size 116 negs., many enlargements, Sou. West and misc. rrs.; also booklets, tickets, misc. railroadiana and 1935-'41 *Railroad Magazine* issues. Wants old U. S. and foreign stamps on covers, U. S. envs. and Wells-Fargo covers.

(*)FRED KUMMER, 3248 W. 48th St., Cleveland, O., wants to hear from railfans, stamp and p.c. collectors in Houston, St. Louis, Seattle, Charlotte, Los Angeles, and Canada, also U. S. and British soldiers and sailors. Wants neg. and pix lists (all sizes), steam and elec. Fans near Wab., Erie, AT&SF, SP, CN, CP, Rock Is., write.

* * *

(R)PETER LESIK, 666 Burrows Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada, offers 25c for good Aug. '41 *Railroad Magazine.*

(R)DAVID LOWELL, 108 Brooks St., Brighton, Mass., selling *Railroad Magazine* issues May '32-Dec. '35 at 25c ea.; '36 to July '39 at 20c ea.

D. F. LUND, 217 N. Catalina Ave., Redondo Beach, Calif., sells p.c. pix of Rdg. and Santa Fe, 3 for 25c; others 5c ea. Will send list for 3c stamp.

* * *

(R)JACK MACK, 254 S. Clinton St., East Orange, N. J., sells and trades rr. fusees, condr. coat buttons, tts., old condr. rr. passes, pass. tickets, etc. Will send info. for 3c stamp. Trades for model eqpmt., any gage, and catalogs.

(*)EARLE MAIER, 6832 Wayne Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., note new address, trades U. S. trolley, suby. and rr. tts., maps, guides and photos for all Latin American countries.

AUBREY MATTINGLY, 6a Washington Ave., Montreal South, Que., Canada, offers prints size 616 of CVt, Rut., NYC, H&M, CP, CN, D&H and Temaskaming & N. Ont. Trades T&NO for WMd and D&RGW. D&S Lake only. Swaps few T&NO negs. for D&RGW n.-g. or H&BTM n.-g. Offers 5x7 pix of old-time Canadian power for 5x7 views of ships of old Allen Line *Elder-Dempster*, No. German Lloyd *First Bismark*, Collins Line and Galloway, etc. Give historical data if possible.

B. N. McLAREN, 34 Irving Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., wants pix and info. on Spain's rrs. before and after her civil war.

(R)D. McLAUGHLIN, 28 Locust Ave., Rockville Cen-

tre, N. Y., offers many old copies of *Blue Book, Motorboat, Outdoor Life, Sports Afield,* etc., for *Railroad Magazine* before June '35. Buys engine negs., any size between 35 mm. and 120. Trades p.c. LIRR and PRR engine pix for engine pix, size 116 and p.c., any rr., esp. RGS, D&RGW, F&CC and other 3-ft. gage. Wants to hear from n.-g. fans.

EDGAR MEAD *(ex-Supt., Bridgton & Harrison)*, Box 893, Williamstown, Mass., studying modern railroad economics in college. Wants to hear from experts who would correspond with him, esp. profs, authors or rr. officials.

(*)A. W. MELCHING, 804½ W. 85th St., Los Angeles, sells much misc. railroadiana, inc. old tts., elec. interurban tickets, maps prior to 1900, *Off. Guides,* some interurban pix, old rr. books. Will send list for 5c stamp. Answers all mail.

C. W. MENDENHALL, 1133 W. 57th St., Seattle, Wash., wants pix, size 116 or larger, of Western short and n.-g. lines, esp. Sumpter Val., Gt. Sou. (Ore.) and other Pacific Northwest rrs., esp. SV No. 14.

WM. J. MILLER, 15219 Regina Ave., Allen Park, Mich., new address. Formerly 2239 Cortland Ave., Detroit.

HUGH MOOMAW, 117 Mountain Ave., S.W., Roanoke, Va., sells set of 8 pix, size 124, of new N&W 4-8-4 streamliners, incl. angle and action shots, 75c postpaid. Also 3 LNER (England) 4x6 enlargements, mounted, 40c ea. All for $1.

(R)THOS. MOUNT, Jackson St., Fairhaven, N. J., entering Army. Selling *Railroad Magazine* issues Jan., Mar. '37 (both 7c); May '39 (10c); following at 15c ea.: June '39, July (2), Aug., Sep. (2), Oct.-Dec. '39; all '40, '41 (2 Nov.); Jan.-Mar. '42. *Handybook for Mod. Bldrs.* (1941) 50c; Nov. '41 *Trains* 25c. All for $6, with souvenirs of *RRs. on Parade* and *RRs. at Work* (N. Y. World's Fair) free.

E. MUELLER, 332 Blake St., Baraboo, Wis., trades and sells baggage stickers; offers 2 *Carmen's Mags.* cheap. Write for info.

* * *

(R)H. F. O'NEIL *(SP timekeeper)*, 2536 Lincoln Ave., Ogden, Utah, offers reversible gold-braided ribbon badge of Minneapolis Lodge 30, S.U. of N.A., used about 1900 for parade or funeral, for SP rulebook or all 1939 issues of *Railroad Magazine.*

* * *

R. M. PARK, 508½ E. Healey St., Champaign, Ill., offers early 4-4-0 pix, size 116; also 5x7's of historic engines; clear blueprints of old modern locos. Blueprints of *J. W. Bowker* and early Moguls, 25c ea. Free list of CMStP&P, IC, No.Sh. and misc. loco prints. Will buy good 5x7's of early 4-4-0 pass. locos in South; also early C&NW and St. Paul 4-4-0.

D. W. PECKHAM *(pensioned train despatcher)*, Middlefield, Conn., looking for engine pix, any size, Nos. 1 to 142 of New Haven, Naugatuck, Housatonic, Hartford & New Haven and NY & New Haven. Please write.

R. H. PEEPLES, 2026 Spring Rd., Cleveland, O., wants any type pix, any size, of all gas-elec. cars in North, Central and S. America. Also literature, advertising material and builders' photos of same.

(*)E. S. PEYTON, Box 443, Ft. Collins, Colo., wants to hear from fans who swap trolley slugs and tokens. Also trades C&S tr. orders with clearance forms for other roads.

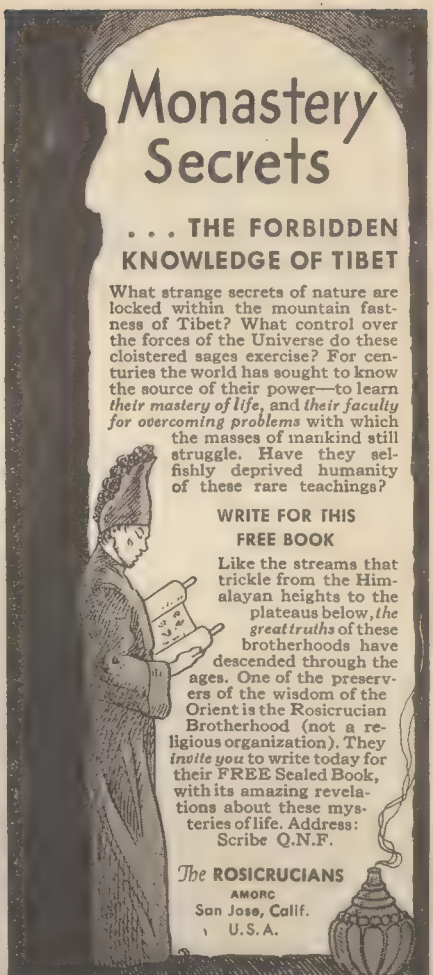
* * *

(R)RICHARD PIAGET, 127 Clark St., Hillside, N. J., offers Jan. '41, Feb. and Apr. '37, Dec. '36 and Dec. '34 *Railroad Magazine,* postpaid, for best offer in cash or good loco negs., size 116.

(R)WESLEY RAHN, Fairview Sanitarium, New Lisbon, N. J., would appreciate donations of any kind of rr. books or mags., old or new. *(Editor's Note: It's not very much fun to lay on your back in a hospital and gaze at the ceiling. Maybe some fan with a heart will give Wesley some railroad literature to read.)*

(R)AL REINSCHMIDT, 4839 Quincy St., Chicago, will sell *Railroad Magazine* Feb. '36-Dec. '41, complete, good cond., none clipped, covers intact. Also 9 misc. 1935 copies without covers. $5 for the lot, plus postage.

D. RICE, 149 Oakland St., Springfield, Mass., will pay 25c for August '41 *Railroad Magazine* and 50c ea. for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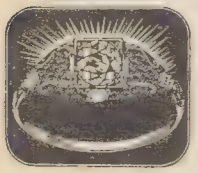

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(R)HUBBARD RICHARDSON, Box 124, Leicester, Mass., sells back copies of *Model Airplane News*, perf. cond., for 10c ea., or will trade for old issues (prior to Jan. '38) *Railroad Magazine* in good cond.

PAULINE RIDDLE, 720 W. Fruit Ave., Albuquerque, N. Mexico, trades negs., size 116, of *Super Chief* and other trains thru Albuquerque for negs. of various streamliners. Also swaps picture post cards of trains and rr. scenes for those of *Super Chief* and *City of Denver*.

H. ROSOVE, 718 E. 93rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants pix of D&H power and cars and copies of *The Recorder*. Send lists; will return them with stamps for postage you use. Fans who used to correspond, please write.

(R)NEWTON ROSSITER, Oakville, Ont., Canada, says best offer from a Canadian takes *Railroad Magazine* file, Jan. '33 to date (except Jan., June '35 and Apr. '36). All good cond., some covers slightly torn. Also, 276-page ICS textbook, *Steam Loco.*, many charts, brand new cond., $3.60 postpaid. Cost $4.60. Trades or sells pix, size 116, of CN 7103 (O-6-0-OT). Canadian fans only.

(R)WM. RUSSELL, 404 N. Broom St., Wilmington, Del., will sell 50 copies *Railroad Magazine*, Mar. '34-Nov. '41, good cond., 15c to 35c ea. plus postage. July '37 *Off. Guide* 75c. Emp. tts.; Pennsy (1938 Md., N.Y. and P.T. divs.), CB&Q 1933 (Chi. and Aur. divs.) and Pennsy calendars '37 and '40. Make offers.

* * *

(*)EDWIN SCHELL, 2855 St. Vincent, St. Louis, Mo., has complete sets current St. L. transfers (also many old) to swap for those from anywhere exc. Calif., Chicago, N. Y. City, Pittsburgh or Phila. Also trades rte. maps, 5x7, for pix size 116, elec. tts. Has sets 50 dif. pub. steam tts. ('41) to trade.

(R)JOS. SENDERAK, 2619 Cortez St., Chicago, says best offer takes *Railroad Magazine* issues Sep. '34-Apr. '41, and 50 tts., all good cond. Mags. have covers and all articles intact.

BOB SHAW, 12 Church St., Poultney, Vt., wants pix, any size, of D&H locos 500, 600, 800, 900, 1000 and 1500 classes. Has D&H pix, size 127, to trade; or will buy.

(*)RALPH SHEARS, Palatine Hill Rte., Portland, Ore., wants trolley condr. cap and a destination sign from interurban car (pref. with rotating spools turned by handle). Also pix of Des Moines & Cent. Ia., Mason Cy. & Clear Lakes, Ind. RR., Sac. Nor. and So. Sh. Line. Modest prices.

C. V. SIMON, 762 Cleveland Ave., Dubuque, Iowa, will sell No. 1A pocket Kodak, F:6.3 lens, size 116, good cond.; or trade for p.c. camera in equal cond.

K. GUS SMAREY, Suttons Bay, Mich., wants to hear from fans who have 16-mm. silent movie films of rr. subjects for sale or rent.

H. K. SNYDER, 1409 N. Washington St., Wilkes Barre, Pa., buys or trades pix of cabooses, all types; also collects heralds.

R. SOWLER, 43 Dundee St., Stockton-on-Tees, County Durham, England, collects tts. and tr. orders. Wants to hear from North Americans. Answer all letters.

GILES STAGNER, 105 N. Chestnut St., McPherson, Kan., wants Frisco and CRI&P train and engine action shots, size 116-616; also same size Frisco 4200 class 2-8-2's.

JUNIOR STEVENSON, Walkerton, Ind., sells still and action pix size 620 at 5c ea., 12 for 55c. List free. Also, few Wab., NYC, GTW, etc., items such as tickets, passes, 8x10's, etc. Send stamp for misc. list. Also list of B&O wreck pix.

BILLY STOKES, 334 Fairfax Ave., Norfolk, Va., sells pix, size 116, of Vgn. 2-8-2, 2-8-8-2, 4-6-2; Pennsy 2-8-0; C&O 0-6-0; NS 2-8-0; Seaboard 0-6-0, 0-6-0a, 2-8-2, 4-6-2; Rdg. 2-8-8-2, 2-8-0, 0-4-0, and others. Will send list for 3c stamp.

(R)O. STOOS, P. O. Box 126, Copper City, Mich., will swap *Railroad Magazine* for *Model Railroader* Jan., Feb. '40, April to Dec. '41. Also has *Model Builder* July to Aug. '36, Nov., Dec. '36, and Feb. '40.

(*)STAN STYLES, 502 Sherburn St., Winnipeg, Canada, sells engine pix, size 616, at 6c ea., or trades for CP, CN and We Co. electrics. Also 4x6 CP pix, 15c ea.

(*)HERB. SUMMERS, 187 Hobart St., Pearl River,

N. Y., sells 1000 dif. trolley and interurban pix, size 116, 90 dif. companies, incl. AC&S, B&QT, Conn., H&F, HT, PSNJ, TARS, WBRY, etc., 6c ea., 20 for $1. List and sample 10c.

JOE SUTHERLAND, Veterans Home, Napa Co., Calif., will trade 21-jewel Waltham rr. special gold watch, adj. 5 positions, size 16, good cond., for good fast camera.

(*)(R)W. A. SWARTZ, 159 W. 6th St., Peru, Ind., sells many steam and elec. pix, p.c. size, 12 for $1. List and sample 10c. Trades for p.c. pix of U. S. steam roads. Wants *Railroad Magazine*, Dec. '29-Dec. '33. Offers few *Model Builder* mags. from 1937.

* * *

(*)ED TAYLOR, 466 Esplanade, Pelham, N. Y., sells or trades pix of 3rd Ave. RR., Conn. Co. and Hagerstown & Frederick RR. List if desired. Also trades transfers.

(*)E. L. TENNYSON, Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh, Pa., sells elec. pix, size 116, 19 dif. for $1. Varied assortment includes 10 LVT frt. and pass., 7 PSNJ sub. and el, 8 Pgh. Rys., 5 Hershey Trac., 2 W&OD, 6 W. Penn. Others on inquiry.

ED TOZIER, Van Buren, Maine, wants Soo line loco pix. Buy or trade.

* * *

F. D. WALTON, 5561 Jeanne Mance So., Montreal, Canada, desires May, June '41 *Loco. Engrs. Journal* and any 1940 or '41 issue of *Ry. Age*. Canadian fans only. State prices.

(*)ROBT. WARD, 117 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y., supplies pix of any car desired of TARS, B&QT, PSNJ (lines running), Darby & Leadon and over 50 elec. lines; has 2500 pix. Wants pix and negs, of Utah Lt. & Trac., Conn. Ry., Trenton, Princeton & Steinway, and obsolete PSNJ eqpmt. Buys, trades or sells negs. and prints. Trades view of 3133 and 3137 running St. Johns Place, one print for one print or neg.

DON WELCH, 29 Bow St., Freeport, Maine, has small collection MeC and B&M loco pix, and few odd CN and BAR. Trades any size, 2¼x2¼ to 11x14. Write, stating wants.

(*)CHAS. WERNTZ, 11 N. Hanover St., Margate, N. J., offers reas. price for one emp. tt. of old W. Jersey & Sh. Elec. at time it ran from Camden to Tennessee Ave., Atl. City. Summer tt. pref.

C. W. WITBECK, Rm. 1041, Edwards Hotel, Jackson.

(Concluded on next page)

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(*)EDMUND WILKINSON, 176 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., trades B&QT, NYCTS trolley, BMT and IND div. and interurban transfers for other city transfers. Will swap BMT emp. tt., sell or trade 5x7 pix of NYCTS trolleys, interurban (BMT), and few DL&W steam goats switching, 25c ea. 8x10's 50c. Also old B&QT trolley control handle for best offer; and spikes, signs, 1930 *Eastern Year Book*, 1916 Pennsy travel booklet with map. Will send list for 3c stamp.

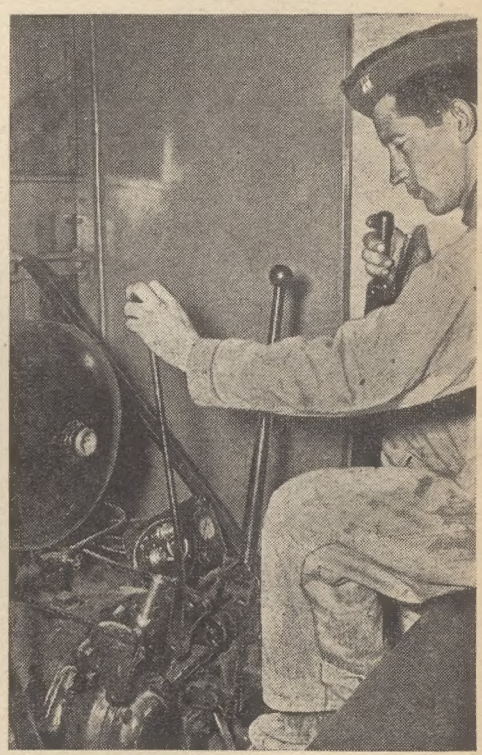
GERARD WOLFE, 75 Barbey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants pub. or emp. tts. of Kenn. Cent., SS&S, Nev. North., Eur. & Pal., Nev. Cent., all aband. Colo. n.-g. roads and other short, aband. or n.-g. lines. Has few current pub. and emp. tts., transfers and engine pix, size 620, to trade. Offers Apr. '41 *Off. Guide*, 50c. Free stickers to all who trade with him.

HERB. WOLTERS, 128 Chestnut St., East Orange, N. J., will trade 8x10 bldr. photos of D&H 1402 *(Jas. Archibald)* N&W 500 (with specifications), IC 930 (4-4-0), and mounted 6x10's of GN 2017, NYC 5220, DL&W 1502, and GN 2579 for Feb. or Mar. '42 *Off. Guide*, exc. cond. Offers 6 fine pix, size 616, U. S. and Canadian power, for dime and stamp. Swaps 5x9 bldr. photo CN 5700 for 200 mint poster stamps, gummed. Write first.

(*)ROBT. WORBOIS, Box 3, North Chili, N. Y., wants good side or ¾ view of trolley on old BL&R or Rochester & Manitou, any size up to 3¼x5½.

* * *

(*)G. E. ZAHORIK, RFD 2, McHenry, Ill., sells 6 Manila, P. I., trolley pix size 127 for 25c. Also, prints size 116 of U. S. elec. lines and size 116-120 of Australian cars, 5c ea. Trades Chi. and vicinity elec. negs. size 116 Fans who owe him negs., please remit.



Cab of gasoline-powered locomotive on Army railroad, Fort Dix, N. J.

Railroads Do Titanic Defense Job

Feat of Moving 600,000 Troops Unparalleled

By DAVID LAWRENCE

Now it can be told. A high Government official has released the information that 600,000 troops were moved within the boundaries of the United States in less than seven weeks since Pearl Harbor. But accomplishment of that movement, a feat unparalleled in the Nation's history must be credited to the railroads of America, their executives and their workers. * * * * For 18 months the War Department and the railroads have been studying this very contingency—what should be done if orders were suddenly issued for mobilization. * *

* * What makes the performance of the American railroads even more remarkable is that along with the troops traveled freight cars which bore their supplies and equipment. The soldiers went fully equipped—ready for action. That means they had everything along. To carry this equipment—tanks, guns and ammunition—was a tremendous transportation job in itself. But it was done. * *

Feat Would Amaze Hitler

* * The troops were moved—some 600,000 of them—and they arrived at appointed places on a schedule that would have amazed Hitler. For it is doubtful whether he has ever moved so many troops so fast as America did.

To the locomotive engineers, the trainmen, the conductors, the brakemen, the dispatchers and the hundreds of thousands of maintenance men who worked long hours and with a spirit of co-operation that was typical of their efficiency —for they have always been in the forefront of American labor—there is a tribute due. * *

* * When the Government called every thought except the military purpose was subordinated. It was a masterful achievement.

...and the Army working together!

THIS is a war of movement — a war of wheels and wings and machines and power — but still, and above all, it is a war of *men*. As a vital part of the vast machine which is needed to fight such a war, the American Railroads and railroad men — in themselves a great mechanized army — pay tribute to the men of the Army and the Navy of the United States—the fighting men whom we all are backing up.

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